Gospel Bells

U.B.

GOSPEL BELLS

A
CHOICE COLLECTION
of

Gospel Songs and Standard Hymns

for

Church, Sunday School, Endeavor and Evangelist

Edited by
E. O. EXCELL AND W. E. M. HACKLEMAN

PRICE LIST

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Gospel Bells

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281 NUMBERS: OVER **50** INVITATIONS

SOLOS, DUETTES, QUARTETTES,
CHORUSES for CONVENTIONS,
REVIVALS, CHURCHES and
SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, teaching and admonishing one another in *Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs* singing with grace in your hearts to God."

Col. 3:16

That this book shall prove a worthy successor of previous books issued by the authors, is the sincere desire of the Editors and Publishers.

Gospel Bells.

No. 1. I Walk With God.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Eben E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When the way is rough and steep, Or in pleas - ant paths I trod,
2. O the joy so deep and sweet That is mine from day to day!
3. Trust - ing whol - ly in the love That is ev - er round my way,
This glad thought is mine to keep— I walk with God.
For 'tis God who guides my feet A - long the way.
God's sweet prom - is - es I prove From day to day.
I walk, I walk with God.
CHORUS.
What-ev-er be-fall and wher-ev-er I go, While earth's pilgrim journey is trod,
My soul is at peace, for 'tis heav-en to know I walk with God.
I walk, I walk with God.

No. 2. O Do Some Good Deed Every Day.

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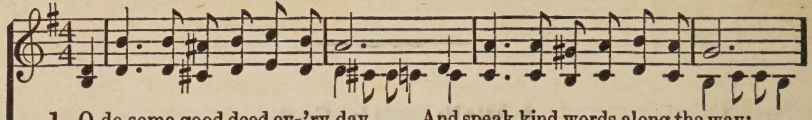
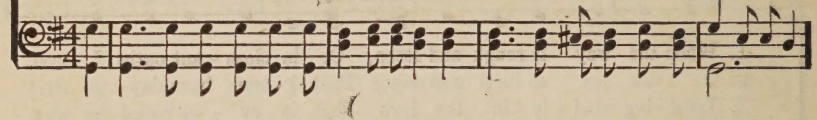
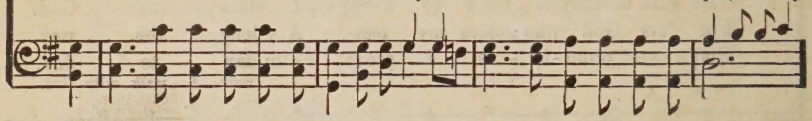
Eben E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.



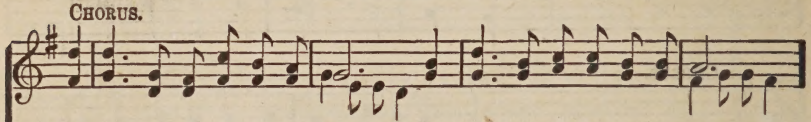
1. O do some good deed ev-'ry day, And speak kind words along the way;
   ev-'ry day, 'long the way;
2. O help a broth-er bear his load O'er life's up-hill and drear-y road;
   bear his load drear-y road;
3. O seek, and you will always find The sheaves of good to reap and bind;
   always find reap and bind;



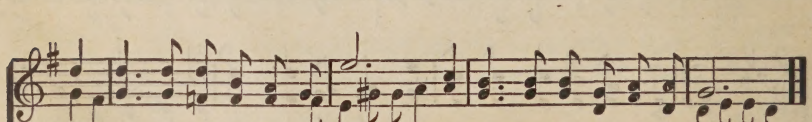
O sing a glad and cheerful song, For it may make some weak heart strong.
cheerful song, weak heart strong.
With those who need, share ev'ry day The blessings God has sent your way.
ev-'ry day sent your way.
There's something you can do or say For Christ the Master's sake each day.
do or say yes, each day.



CHORUS.



O do some good deed ev'ry day, Then will the lov-ing Mas-ter say:
ev-'ry day, Mas-ter say:



"Your deeds wrought in My name shall be Re-cord-ed as done un-to Me."
e'er shall be un-to Me."

No. 3. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

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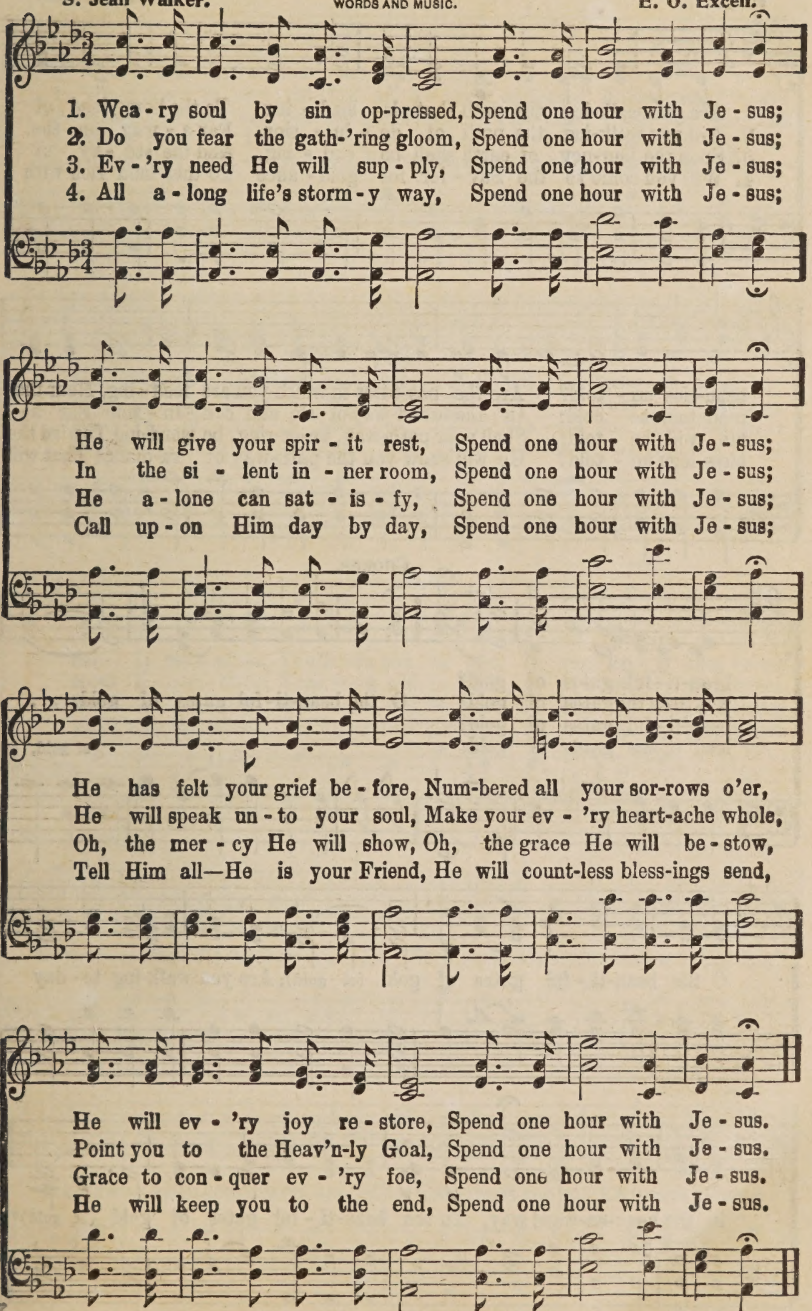
S. Jean Walker. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. Wea - ry soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm - y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor-rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all—He is your Friend, He will count-less bless-ings send,
He will ev - 'ry joy re - store, Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal, Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe, Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end, Spend one hour with Je - sus.

WILSON NcU

No. 4.

The Beautiful Gates of Gold.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Are you walk-ing the path that is lead - ing To the home-land of
2. Are you walk-ing the path of de - lu - sion, Far a - way on the
3. Soon the jour-ney of earth shall be end - ing, And the sto - ry of
4. Will you come to the Sav - ior for guid - ance To this land rich with

beau-ties un - told? Are the pas-tures in which you are feed - ing, Near the
mountains so cold; Or, the broad-way of sin and con - fu - sion Far a-
life will be told; Shall your path-way, un-er-ring, be wend-ing Tow'rd the
bless-ings un - told? He will show you the path-way of ra-diance That will

CHORUS.

beau-ti - ful gates of gold?
way from the gates of gold?
beau-ti - ful gates of gold?
lead to the gates of gold.

O the beau-ti - ful gates of gold,....

of gold,

O the beau-ti - ful gates of gold (of gold); Are you walk-ing to - day

in the heav-en-ward way, To the beau-ti - ful gates of gold (of gold)?

No. 5. Keep Sweet.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

N. A. McAulay. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When down in the val-ley of sor-row and care, When pressed by the
2. When oth-ers are toil-ing great wealth to se-cure, When you are still
3. When striv-ing to hon-or your Sav-ior a-bove, When tell-ing his
4. When bil-lows of sad-ness like waves o'er you roll, When sore dis-ap-
bur-dens you oft-en must bear, Tho' bit-ter temp-ta-tions you
kept in the ranks of the poor, Tho' much of your ef-fort may
sto-ry of mer-cy and love, Tho' oth-ers are try-ing your
pointment brings grief to your soul, Tho' sometimes you gath-er the
rit.
dai-ly must meet, You'll win out at last, if you on-ly keep sweet.
seem in-com-plete, Your work will be blest, if you on-ly keep sweet.
work to de-feat, Suc-cess will be yours, if you on-ly keep sweet.
tares with the wheat, God's grace will pre-vail, if you on-ly keep sweet.
CHORUS.
Keep sweet when the shadows are falling; Keep sweet when your fears are appalling;
Keep sweet when great duties are calling, Keep sweet and you'll triumph at last.

No. 6. O What Must It Be to Be Lost?

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. O what must it be to be lost In the gloom of e-
2. No smile from the Sav-ior's bright face; No peace for the
3. No Sav-ior, no friend-ship, no love, No sun-shine, no
4. O come to the Sav-ior to-day, While His mer-cy is
ter-ni-ty's night? O what is the in-fin-ite cost Of re-
poor, wear-y soul; No more of God's mer-cy and grace; No
flow-ers, no song; No light ev-er falls from a-bove— 'Tis
of-fered to thee; O come, not a mo-ment de-lay, Be
CHORUS.
ject-ing God's mes-sage and Light?
hope while the a-ges shall roll.
night, an e-ter-ni-ty long!
saved thro' e-ter-ni-ty.
What must it be, what must it be
To be lost thro' e-ter-ni-ty? In the dark-ness and gloom
Of an e-ter-nal doom, O what must it be to be lost?

7. The Hope Set Before You.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;

The Sav-ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad - ly His mer-cy ac - cept-ing, You tru - ly re-pent and be-lieve.
It tell - eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je - sus, the low-ly and meek.
O haste to the bless-ed Re-deem-er, The lov - ing, the perfect and pure.

CHORUS.

Lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - - tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay

hold . . . . on the gift of God's on - ly Son; Lay hold . . . . on His in-
hold, lay hold . . . . . on God's on - ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . .

fi - nite mer - cy, Lay hold . . . . . on the Might - y One!
on His mer - cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might - y One!

No. 8. Jesus is Always at Hand.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

N. A. McCauley. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Je - sus is al-ways at hand (at hand), My foot-steps to guide in the
2. Je - sus is al-ways at hand (at hand), To help me life's burdens to
3. Je - sus is al-ways at hand (at hand), When sorrow would darken my
4. Je - sus is al-ways at hand (at hand), Till homeward my soul takes its
way (the way); He helps me in sad-ness, He fills me with gladness, His
bear (to bear); His love is my treas-ure, His serv-ice my pleas-ure, How
soul (my soul); His crim-son ob - la-tion Brings sweet con-so-la-tion, And
flight (its flight); He'll guide me to glo - ry, Where love's sweetest story I'll
CHORUS.
word is my com-fort and stay.
sweet His pro-tec-tion to share.
makes my poor wounded heart whole.
sing in the mansions of light.
Je - sus is al-ways at hand,.....
Je - - sus is al-ways at hand.
By faith in His mer - its I stand;..... O the rich - es of
By faith in His mer - its I stand;
grace I be - hold in His face, For Je-sus is al-ways at hand.....
al - ways, is al - ways at hand.

No. 9. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E O EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal
far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of
turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how
CHORUS.
realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye
reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 10. The Rally Call is Sounding.

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Lizzie DeArmond. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Hark! the ral-ly call is sounding, Swelling loud and clear and strong; Come, ye
2. See, the light of truth is shin-ing, Backward drift the shadows drear, There's a
3. Hark! the ral-ly call is sound-ing, Colors streaming to the sun; On, ye
soldiers brave and loyal, Round His banner gladly throng; Fight against the hosts of
vision great and glorious, There's a cause for-ev-er dear; Bear the blessed cross of
val-iant Christian soldiers, Till the mighty war is done; Then we'll shout our halle-
e - vil, Gird your ar-mor on to-day, In His Name go forth to conquer, Captain
Jesus, That the whole wide world may see, Tho' the conflict wildly rages, Soon we'll
lujahs, Till the mountains high shall ring, Hail, all hail the great Commander! He shall
CHORUS.
Je - sus leads the way.
shout for vic-to - ry. Ral-ly, O ral-ly, be strong and true, Forward re-joi-cing the
reign for-ev - er King.
work to do; Rally, O rally, come join the throng, Shouting and singing the vict'ry song.

No. 11. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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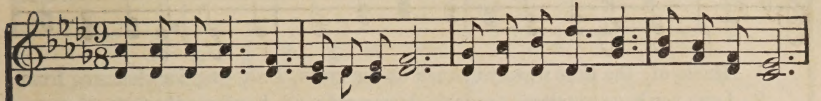
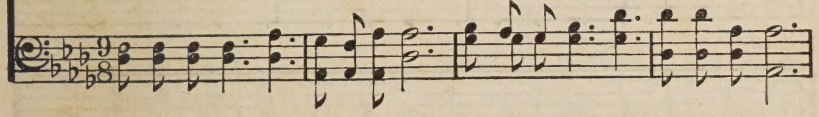
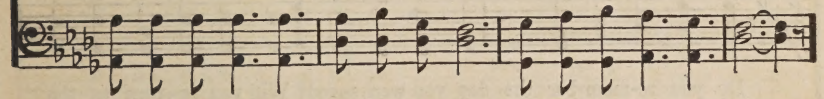
Chas. H. Gabriel.



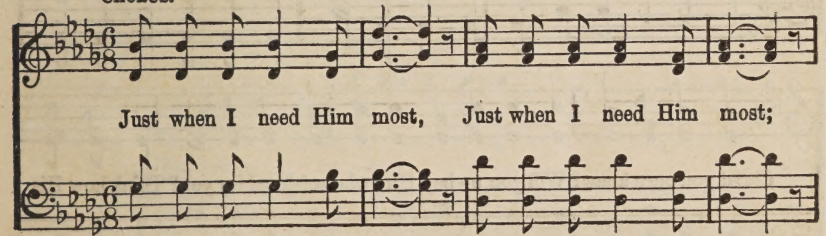
1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;



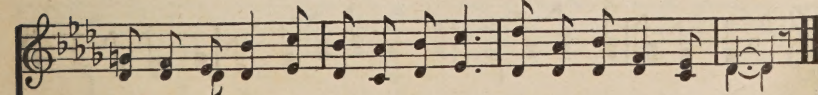
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



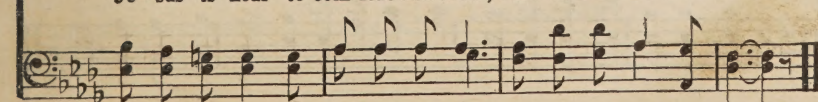
CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



No. 12. The Day You Were Saved.

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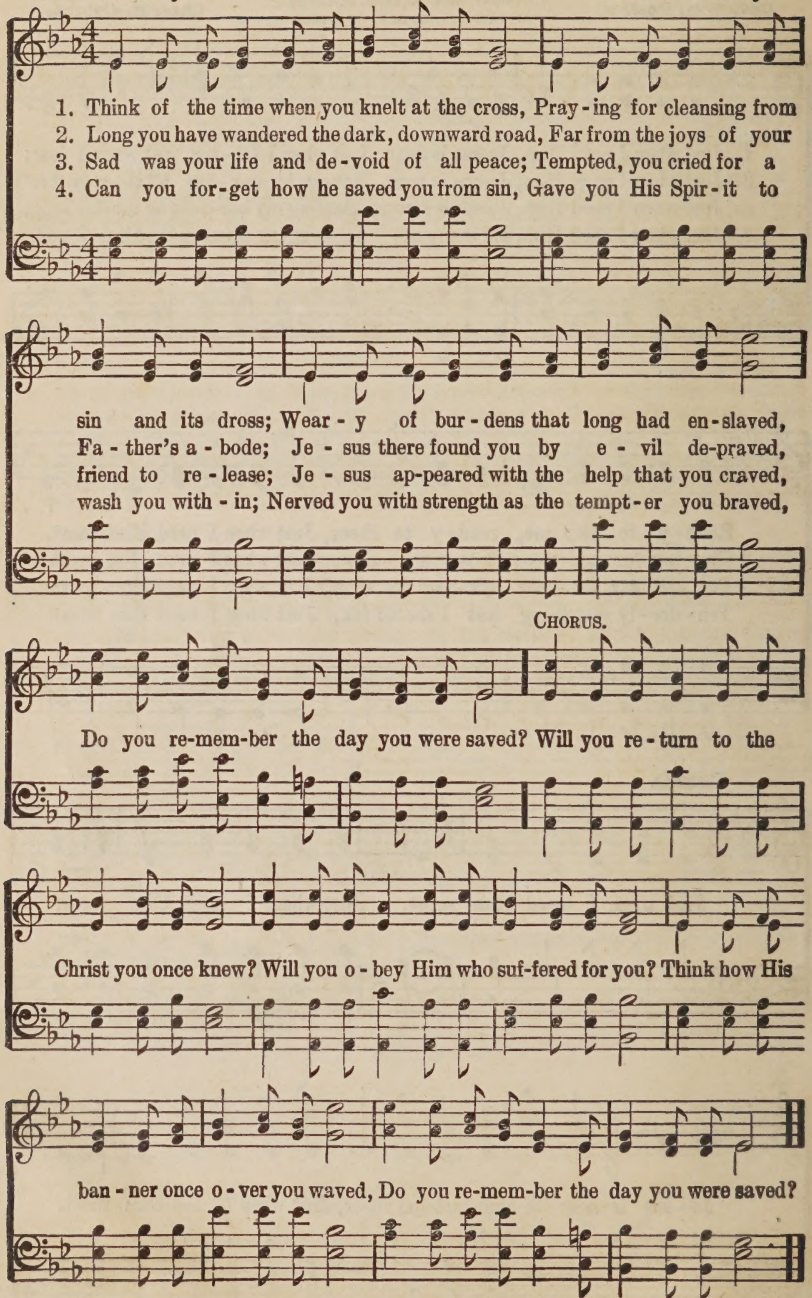
N. A. McAulay. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Think of the time when you knelt at the cross, Pray-ing for cleansing from sin and its dross; Wear-y of bur-dens that long had en-slaved,
2. Long you have wandered the dark, downward road, Far from the joys of your Fa-ther's a-bode; Je-sus there found you by e-vil de-praved,
3. Sad was your life and de-void of all peace; Tempted, you cried for a friend to re-lease; Je-sus ap-peared with the help that you craved,
4. Can you for-get how he saved you from sin, Gave you His Spir-it to wash you with-in; Nerved you with strength as the tempt-er you braved,
CHORUS.
Do you re-mem-ber the day you were saved? Will you re-turn to the Christ you once knew? Will you o-bey Him who suf-fered for you? Think how His ban-ner once o-ver you waved, Do you re-mem-ber the day you were saved?

No. 13.

For a Smile.

James Rowe.

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Wm. Edie Marks.

1. In this world of sin and strife, In this cold and storm-y life, Where we
2. Friends to help them they have had, Whose sweet voices made them glad, As their
3. Heav-y burdens press them down, Stormy skies a-bove them frown, And the
see so much of troub-le all the while; There are those who, day by day,
mu-sic would the wear-y hours be-guile; One by one they all have gone,
path seems growing dark-er ev-'ry mile; No one points them to the throne,
Tread a lone-ly, friendless way, Vainly waiting, vain-ly watching for a smile.
Left a-lone to wan-der on, Vainly waiting, vain-ly watching for a smile.
So they wan-der all a-lone, Vainly waiting, vain-ly watching for a smile.
CHORUS.
For a smile, for a smile, They are waiting, they are watching for a smile;
For a smile, for a smile, for a smile;
For a smile, for a smile, They are waiting, they are watching for a smile.
For a smile, for a smile,

No. 14. Still Out of Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Harriet E. Jones. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Still out of Christ! O fear - ful tho't; No change with - in thy
2. Still out of Christ, of friends the best, In whom is found such
3. Still out of Christ, when bur - dens press; Still out of Christ, when
4. Still out of Christ! O soul un - done, Heed now the call from
sad heart wrought; No sweet as - sur - ance of His love, No part in
bless - ed rest; In whom 'tis heav - en to be - lieve, From whom we
in dis - tress; Far from His ten - der love and care, Who longs your
God's own Son; Kneel at His throne, His word be - lieve, And ev - er-
CHORUS.
all the wealth a - bove!
rich-est joys re - ceive! Still out of Christ! O come with-out de - lay;
ev - 'ry grief to share.
last-ing life re - ceive.
He waits to wash your sins a - way; Still out of Christ! O
come and taste His love, And He will make you heir to joys a - bove.

No. 15. Turning Away.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Mrs. C. S. Hoover. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Turn-ing a-way from the world's pomp and pride, Turn-ing from
2. Turn-ing a-way from the dark-ness of night, Turn-ing from
3. Turn-ing a-way from the tur-moil and strife, Turn-ing from
4. Turn-ing a-way from earth's pleas-ures so gay, Turn-ing from
sin with its path-way so wide, Turn-ing in faith to the
all that op-po-ses the right, Turn-ing with joy to the
by-ways where e-vil is rife, Turn-ing in love to the
joys that last on-ly a day, Turn-ing in hope to a
CHORUS.
soul-cleans-ing tide, Turn-ing a-way to Je-sus.
realms of de-light, Turn-ing a-way to Je-sus.
Giv-er of life, Turn-ing a-way to Je-sus.
heav-en for aye, Turn-ing a-way to Je-sus.
Turn-ing a-way,
yes,
turn-ing a-way, Turn-ing a-way to Je-sus; Turn-ing from
yes,
sin to the Sav-ior of men, Turn-ing a-way to Je-sus.

No. 16. Now is the Time.

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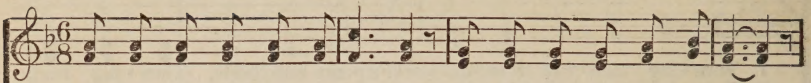
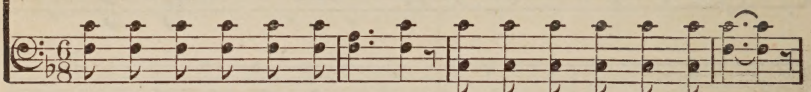
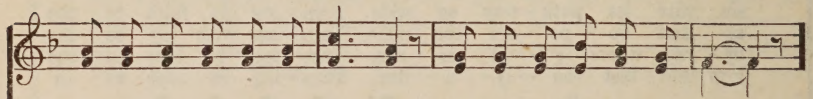
H. L. Haldor Lillenas.



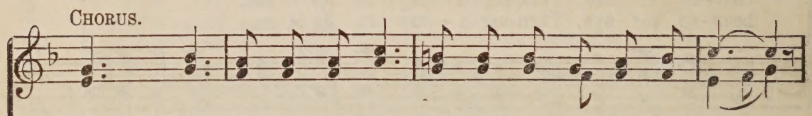
1. Now is the day of sal-va - tion, Now you are hear-ing God's voice,
2. Now, while life's sun still is shin - ing, Now, while the sky still is bright,
3. Now, while for you we are pray - ing, Now, while the Spir - it still pleads,
4. Now, says the Fa - ther of mer - cy, Now, says the Spir - it to thee,



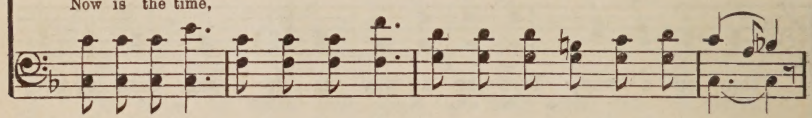


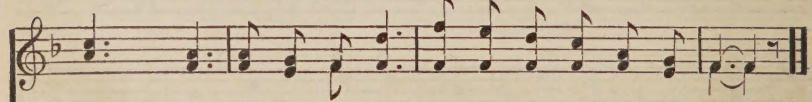
Now is the time to seek par - don, Now make the Savior your choice.
Now there is grace free-ly of - fered, Now is the time to get right.
Now, while all heav-en is wait - ing, Now come, supply your great needs.
Now, says the Sav-ior so lov - ing, "Now, sin-ner, come un - to Me!"

CHORUS.

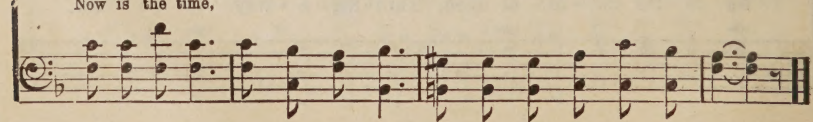


Now, now, now is the time, Now is the time to be saved;
Now is the time,





Now, now, now is the time, Now is the time to be saved.
Now is the time,



No. 17. All Glory Be Thine.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. Jno. R. Sweney.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly the Lord; Truth, mer-cy, and
2. Thou on - ly art ho - ly; In Thee is our trust; Thy laws are un -
3. Thou on - ly art ho - ly; The an-gels in light With prophets and
judg - ment Shine forth in Thy word. Thou rul - est and reign - est
chang-ing, Thy stat-utes are just. All na-tions and peo - ple
mar - tyrs Their an-thems u - nite. Thou on - ly art ho - ly,
All oth-ers a - bove; Thy throne is e - ter - nal, Thy scep-ter is love.
Be-fore Thee shall fall, The Fa-ther, Re-deem-er, And Sav-ior of all.
O An-cient of days; The boundless cre-a - tion Is filled with Thy praise.
CHORUS.
Thy reign ev - er - last - ing, Thy king - dom di - vine,
Hence - forth and for - ev - er All glo - ry be Thine.

No. 18. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

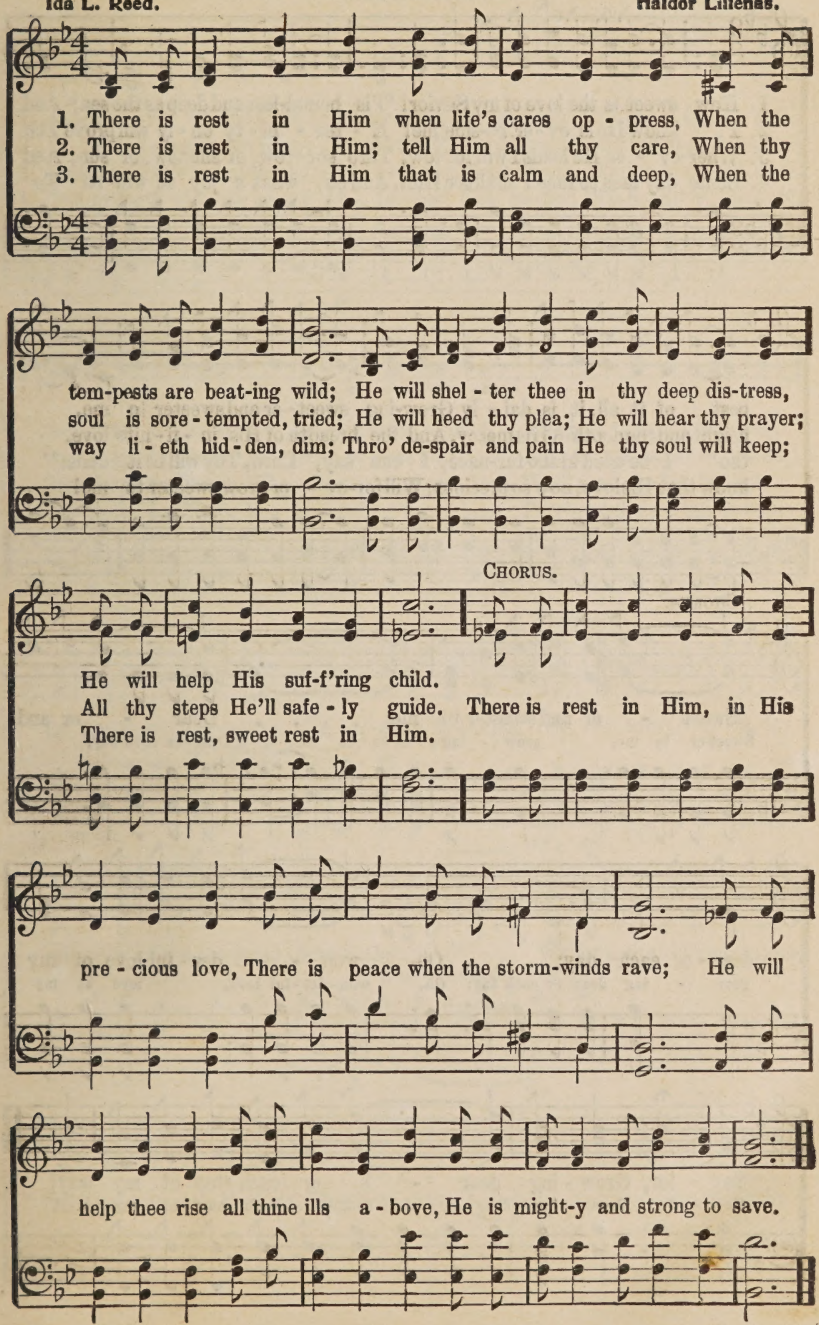
Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
The way of the cross leads
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home,
leads home;
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 19. There is Rest in Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Ida L. Reed. Haldor Lillenas.


1. There is rest in Him when life's cares op - press, When the
2. There is rest in Him; tell Him all thy care, When thy
3. There is rest in Him that is calm and deep, When the
tem-pests are beat-ing wild; He will shel - ter thee in thy deep dis-tress,
soul is sore - tempted, tried; He will heed thy plea; He will hear thy prayer;
way li - eth hid - den, dim; Thro' de-spair and pain He thy soul will keep;
CHORUS.
He will help His suf-f'ring child.
All thy steps He'll safe - ly guide. There is rest in Him, in His
There is rest, sweet rest in Him.
pre - cious love, There is peace when the storm-winds rave; He will
help thee rise all thine ills a - bove, He is might-y and strong to save.

No. 20. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

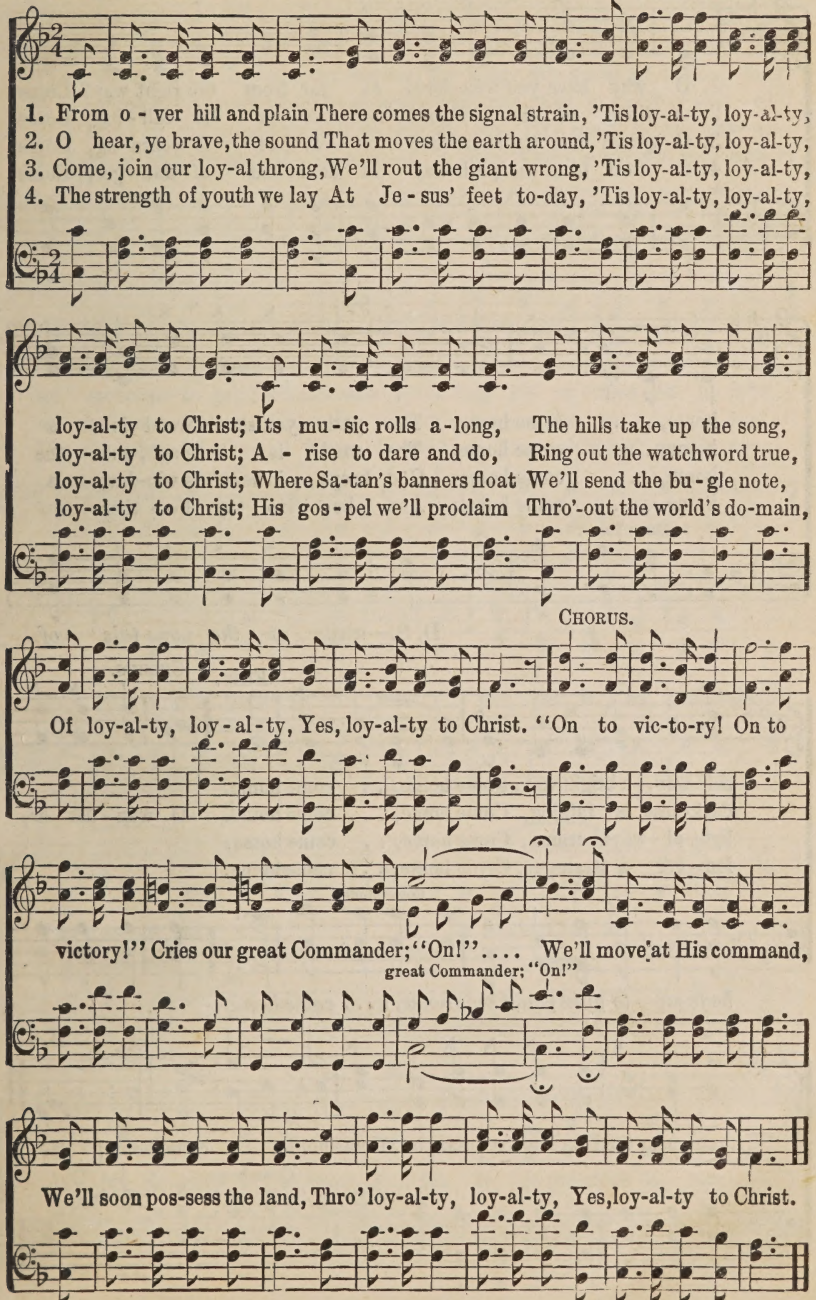
1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!
CHORUS.
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,
dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 21. Loyalty to Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.


1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,
CHORUS.
Of loy-al-ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to
victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!".... We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"
We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 22. O Wanderer, Come Home.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Samuel W. Beazley.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. O why have you wan-dered so far from the right way? Come
2. O think of the love that for - ev - er is call - ing, Come
3. O grieve not the heart that for - ev - er is yearn-ing, Come
4. O turn from the path-way of doubt and of dan - ger, Come

home, ... come home; The path you should tread is a
home, ... come home; The road is so rough, and the
home, ... come home; God keeps in heav'n's win-dow a
home, ... come home; And be to thy Fa - ther no

Come home:

D. S.—*waits at the por - tals of*

FINE. CHORUS.

safe way, a bright way, Come home, . . come home.
dark-ness is fall-ing, Come home, . . come home. O wan - der - er,
light al - ways burning, Come home, . . come home.
lon - ger a stran-ger, Come home, . . come home.

Come home,

heav-en to greet you, Come home, ... come home.

D. S.

come, hear the Fa - ther en-treat you, Come home, . . . come home; He

Come home.

No. 23. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless - ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in
with rap - ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en - treat - ed in vain,
a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His won - der - ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,
CHORUS. Faster.
For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to
so
pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;
me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-
rit. - - -
low My Re-deem - er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

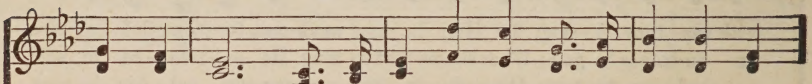
No. 24. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Henry P. Morton.

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of

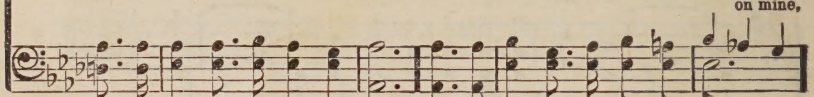


Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

FINE. CHORUS.

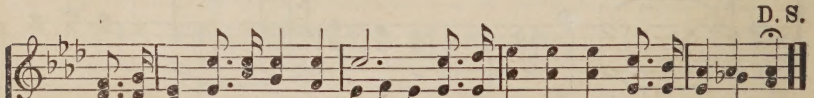
By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,

on mine,



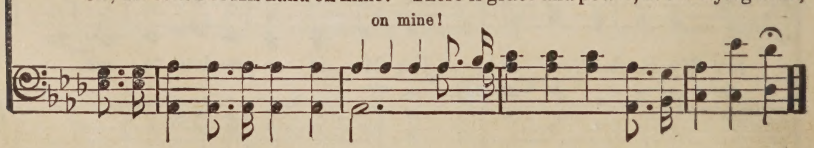
D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.*

D. S.



Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,

on mine!



No. 25. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

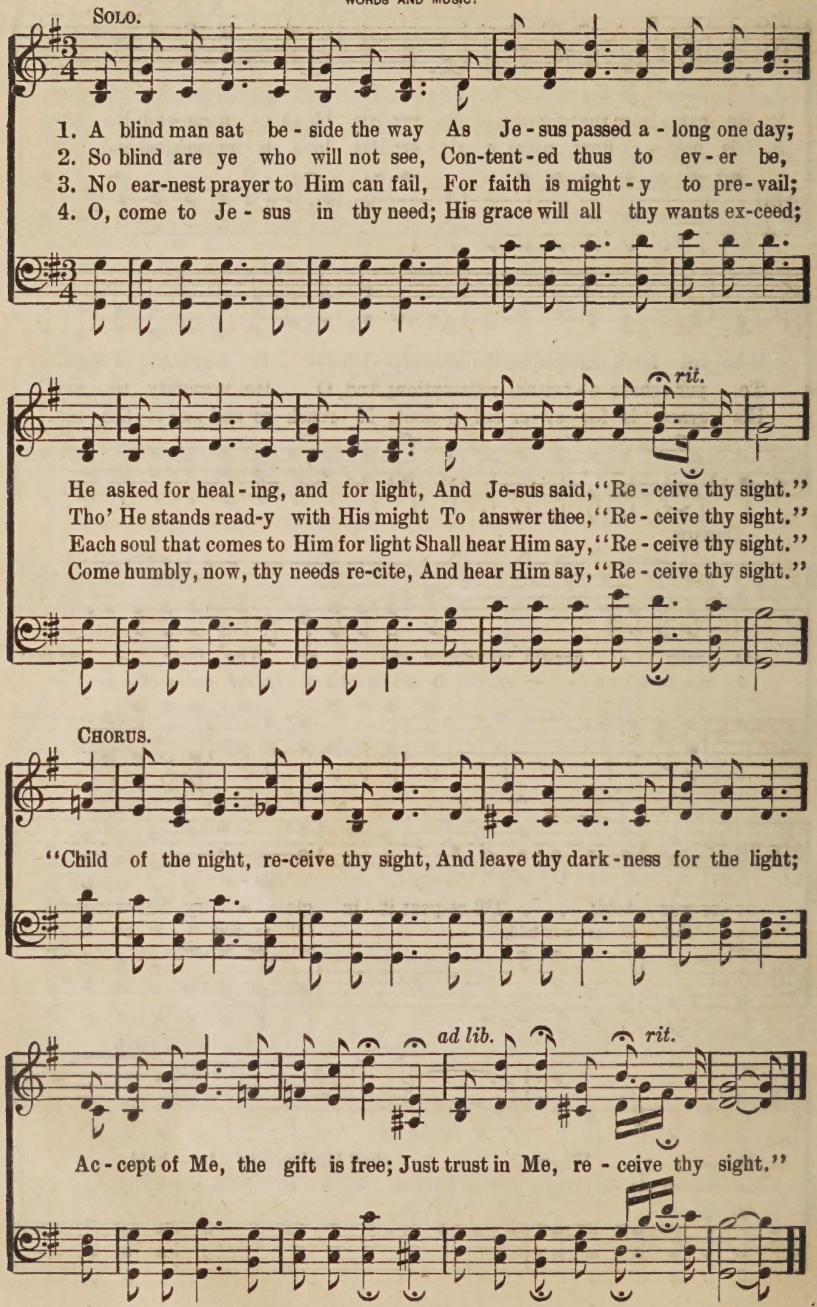
1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;
Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.
CHORUS.
O won-der-ful, wonderful sto-ry, The dear-est that
O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-
ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry. The
rit.
sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty be-hold.
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

No. 26. Receive Thy Sight.

W. C. Martin.

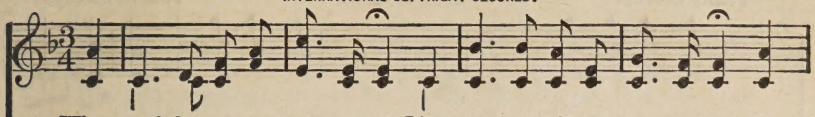
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.

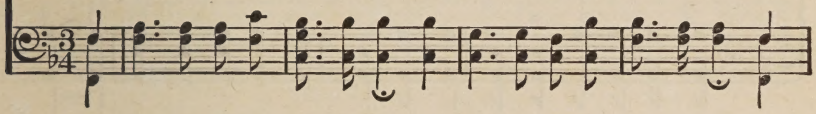

SOLO.
1. A blind man sat be - side the way As Je - sus passed a - long one day;
2. So blind are ye who will not see, Con-tent - ed thus to ev - er be,
3. No ear-nest prayer to Him can fail, For faith is might - y to pre - vail;
4. O, come to Je - sus in thy need; His grace will all thy wants ex-ceed;
rit.
He asked for heal - ing, and for light, And Je-sus said, "Re - ceive thy sight."
Tho' He stands read-y with His might To answer thee, "Re - ceive thy sight."
Each soul that comes to Him for light Shall hear Him say, "Re - ceive thy sight."
Come humbly, now, thy needs re-cite, And hear Him say, "Re - ceive thy sight."
CHORUS.
"Child of the night, re-ceive thy sight, And leave thy dark - ness for the light;
ad lib.
rit.
Ac - cept of Me, the gift is free; Just trust in Me, re - ceive thy sight."

No. 27. Bring Peace to My Soul.

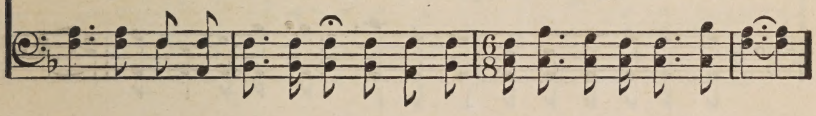
Helen M. Dungan. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. J. M. Dungan.



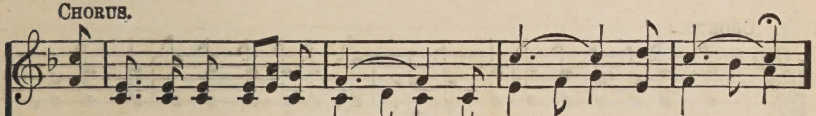
1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o-cean's billows o'er my soul, No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on-ward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's



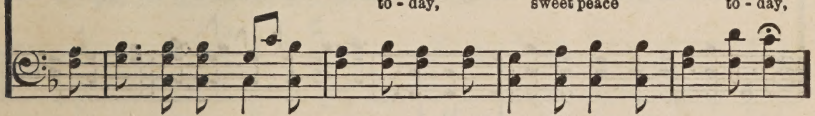
tem-pest can my barque control, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
ar-rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with-in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
chan-ges can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.



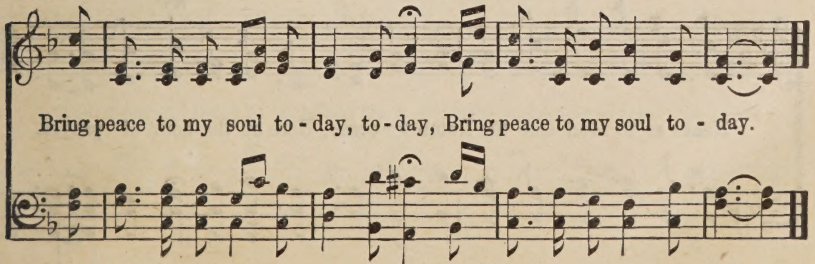
CHORUS.



Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . Bring peace . . to-day, . . .
to-day, sweet peace to-day,



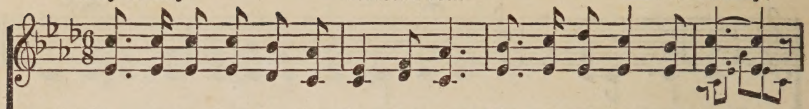
Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to-day.



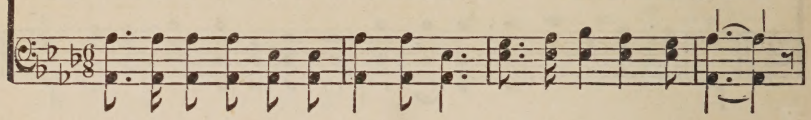
No. 28. The Hour of Prayer.

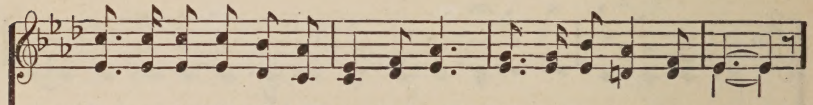
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Fanny Crosby. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.



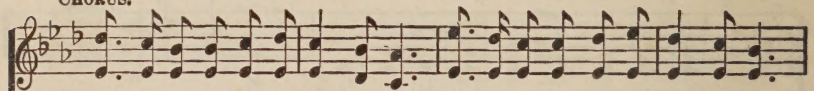
1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re-pose, Here at the hour of prayer;



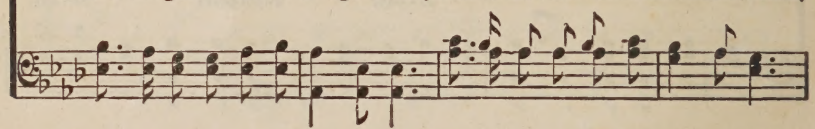


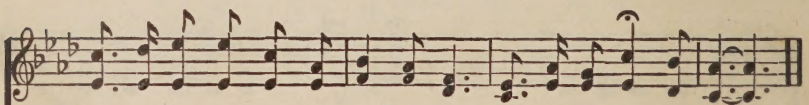
Wel - come the bliss of com-mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wea - ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er-flows, Here at the hour of prayer.

CHORUS.

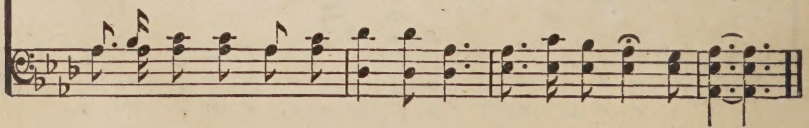


Nearer the gate to the souls bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,



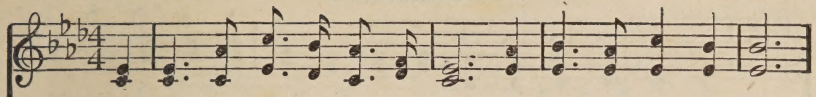


Near - er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.

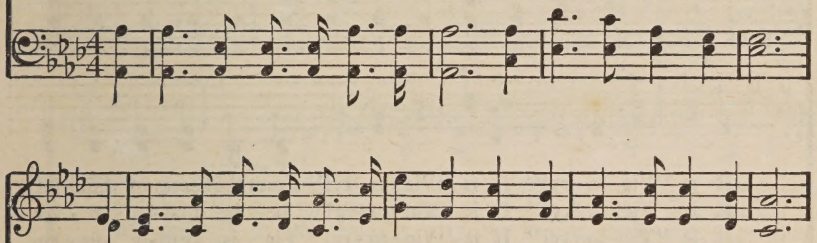


No. 29. The Gifts of God.

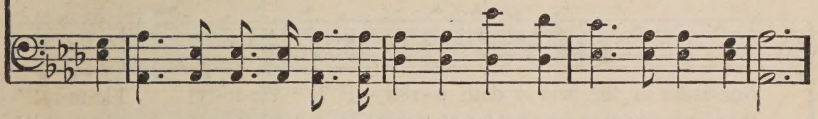
Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.
WORDS AND MUSIC.



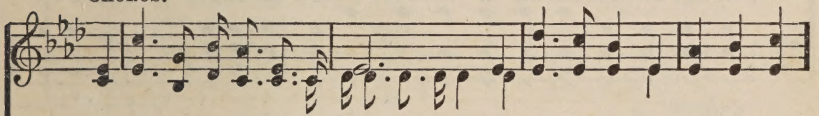
1. His gifts are great-er than my dreams, The gifts of God to me;
2. I ask a part, He gives the whole—Him-self, and all be-side;
3. "His ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, His paths are paths of peace;"
4. With-in my heart He shall have place To rule and reign su-preme;



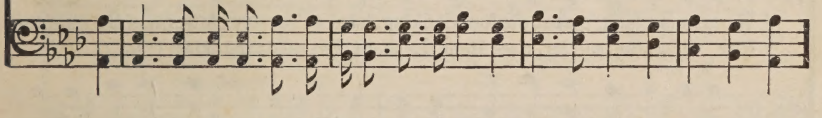
As count-less as the sun-set's gold-en beams, As bound-less as the sea.
His lov-ing-kind-ness o-ver-flows my soul, In-rush-ing as the tide.
His hand is ev-er reaching out to bless; He bids each sor-row cease.
My voice will ev-er praise Him for the grace Of which I ne'er could dream.



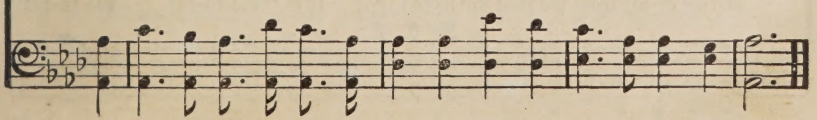
CHORUS.



His gifts are greater than my dreams, The gifts of Him who set me free;
His gifts are great-er, they are greater than my dreams.



And more and more a-bun-dant dai-ly seems The grace of God to me.



No. 30. It is "Victory."

James Rowe.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you hear, O faint-ing sol-dier, that sweet word which rends the skies?
2. Do you see, O faint-ing sol-dier, how the gos - pel ban-ner waves?
3. Lift your eyes, O faint-ing sol-dier, see His ar - my march-ing on!
It is "Vic - to - ry!" It is "Vic - to - ry!" From the hearts of faith-ful
It is "Vic - to - ry!" It is "Vic - to - ry!" It is float-ing o - ver
It is "Vic - to - ry!" It is "Vic - to - ry!" Sin is swift-ly dis - ap-
com-rades in the field it doth a - rise,—It is "Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry!"
thousands who were once but fee-ble slaves! It is "Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry!"
pear-ing, darkness fad-ing in - to dawn; It is "Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry!"
CHORUS.
1
We are marching 'gainst the foe, Striking hard-er ev-'ry blow; Soon the tempter
Rise, O fainting soldier, rise! Hear the shout that rends the skies; [Omit]
2
and his ar-my from the field will have to go! It is "Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry!"

No. 31. The Grand Old Bible.

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C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble to the peo - ple! De - ny it or neg - lect it
2. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble and proclaim it The word of God by proph-ets
3. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble of our fa-thers, And send it un - to ev - 'ry
4. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble, proudly own it, Be-lieve, and search its sa-cred]

nev - er! Un-fail - ing it has stood the test of a - ges, And it shall
spo - ken; His seal im-print - ed glows up - on its pa - ges, And not a
na - tion; It is the cloud by day, the fire in dark - ness, That lights the
pa - ges; There you may find the way of life e - ter - nal—Im-mor-tal

CHORUS.

stand un-changed for - ev - er!
pre - cept can be bro - ken. O bless-ed book, ... the on - ly
way un - to sal - va - tion. O bless - ed book,
life thro' end - less a - ges.

book, ... The pow'rs of earth can change it nev-er! The test of
the on - ly book,

fire and flood thro' a-ges it hath stood, And it shall stand unchanged for-ev - er.

No. 32. The Savior's Invitation.

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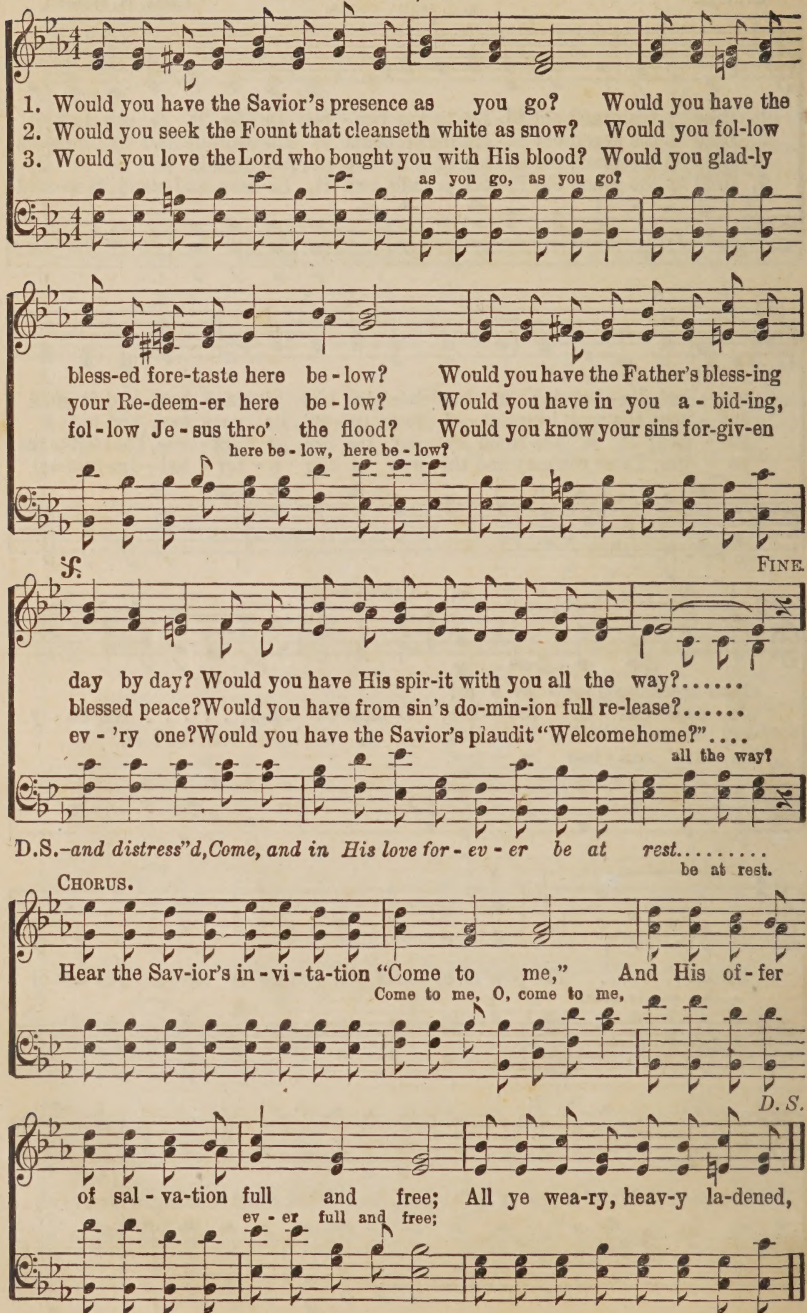
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Wm. C. Stokes. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Would you have the Savior's presence as you go? Would you have the
2. Would you seek the Fount that cleanseth white as snow? Would you fol-low
3. Would you love the Lord who bought you with His blood? Would you glad-ly
as you go, as you go?
bless-ed fore-taste here be - low? Would you have the Father's bless-ing
your Re-deem-er here be - low? Would you have in you a - bid-ing,
fol - low Je - sus thro' the flood? Would you know your sins for-giv-en
here be - low, here be - low?
FINE.
day by day? Would you have His spir-it with you all the way?.....
blessed peace? Would you have from sin's do-min-ion full re-lease?.....
ev - 'ry one? Would you have the Savior's plaudit "Welcome home?"....
all the way?
D.S.–and distress"d, Come, and in His love for - ev - er be at rest.....
be at rest.
CHORUS.
Hear the Sav-ior's in - vi - ta-tion "Come to me," And His of - fer
Come to me, O, come to me,
D. S.
of sal - va-tion full and free; All ye wea-ry, heav-y la-dened,
ev - er full and free;

No. 33. Just a Little Nearer.

N. A. McAuley.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Are you grow-ing more like Je-sus ev-'ry day (ev-'ry day)? Is His
2. Are you liv-ing more like Je-sus ev-'ry day (ev-'ry day)? Help-ing
3. Are you do-ing more for Je-sus ev-'ry day (ev-'ry day)? Tell-ing
bless-ed Spir-it shin-ing on your way (on your way)? Does the
those who walk be-side you in the way (in the way)? Do you
out the sav-ing sto-ry while you may (while you may)? Do you
path-way bright-er grow As you strive His will to know? Are you
bring the Sav-ior near By a life of hope and cheer? Are you
strive in love to win Pre-cious souls now lost in sin? Are you
D. S.—lit-tle clos-er to Him I do so much a-dore, Just a
FINE. CHORUS.
grow-ing more like Je-sus ev-'ry day?
liv-ing more like Je-sus ev-'ry day?
do-ing more for Je-sus ev-'ry day?
Grow-ing just a lit-tle stronger
As be-neath the shadow of His
lit-tle near-er to my Sav-ior's side.
1
2
D. S.
as I trust Him more, wings I hide; Just a
trust Him more and more, I safe-ly hide;

No. 34. Let Us Be Strong.

Jennie E. Hussey.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL,
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's an e - vil in our land, And a foe we must withstand, Let us be
2. There are du - ties to be done Ere the world for Christ is won, Let us be
3. Then for God, and home, and right, Pressing forward in His might, Let us be
strong, ... let us be strong in the Lord! There's a work that we must do;
strong, ... let us be strong in the Lord! Then to cleanse the haunts of sin,
strong, ... let us be strong in the Lord! For the work is His we know;
Let us be strong,
That we may be just and true, Let us be strong, let us be strong and courageous!
Truth and right to ush-er in, Let us be strong, let us be strong and courageous!
Where He leads us we will go; Let us be strong, let us be strong and courageous!
CHORUS.
1
Let us be strong (Let us be strong) to fight the wrong (to fight the wrong), Pressing a-
Un-til we join (Un-til we join) the victor's song (the victor's song); [Omit.]
2
long .... with the conq'ring throng,
Pressing along
Let us be strong .... and courageous!
Let us be strong

No. 35. As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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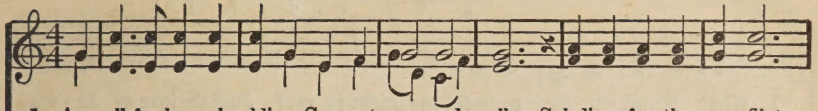
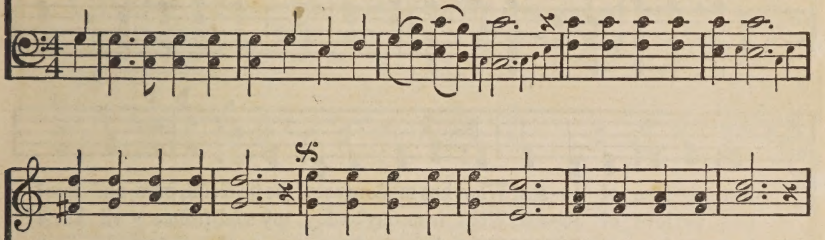
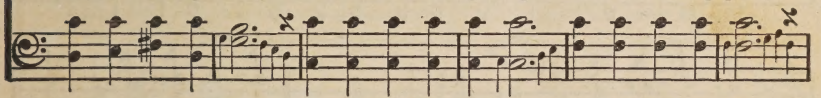
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A call for loy - al soldiers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con - flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic - t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful

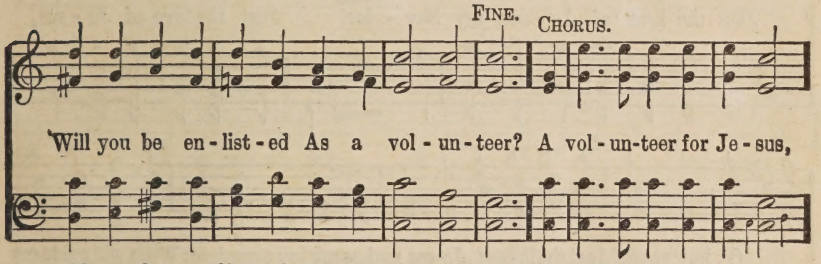


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read - y cheer,
Ev - 'ry day and hour; He will not for - sake you, He is ev - er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo - ry All who there ap-pear;



D. S.—*Je - sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev - er fear;*

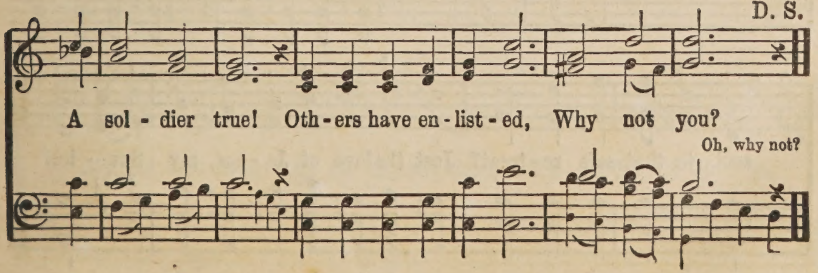
FINE. CHORUS.



Will you be en - list - ed As a vol - un - teer? A vol - un-teer for Je - sus,

Will you be en - list - ed As a vol - un - teer?

D. S.

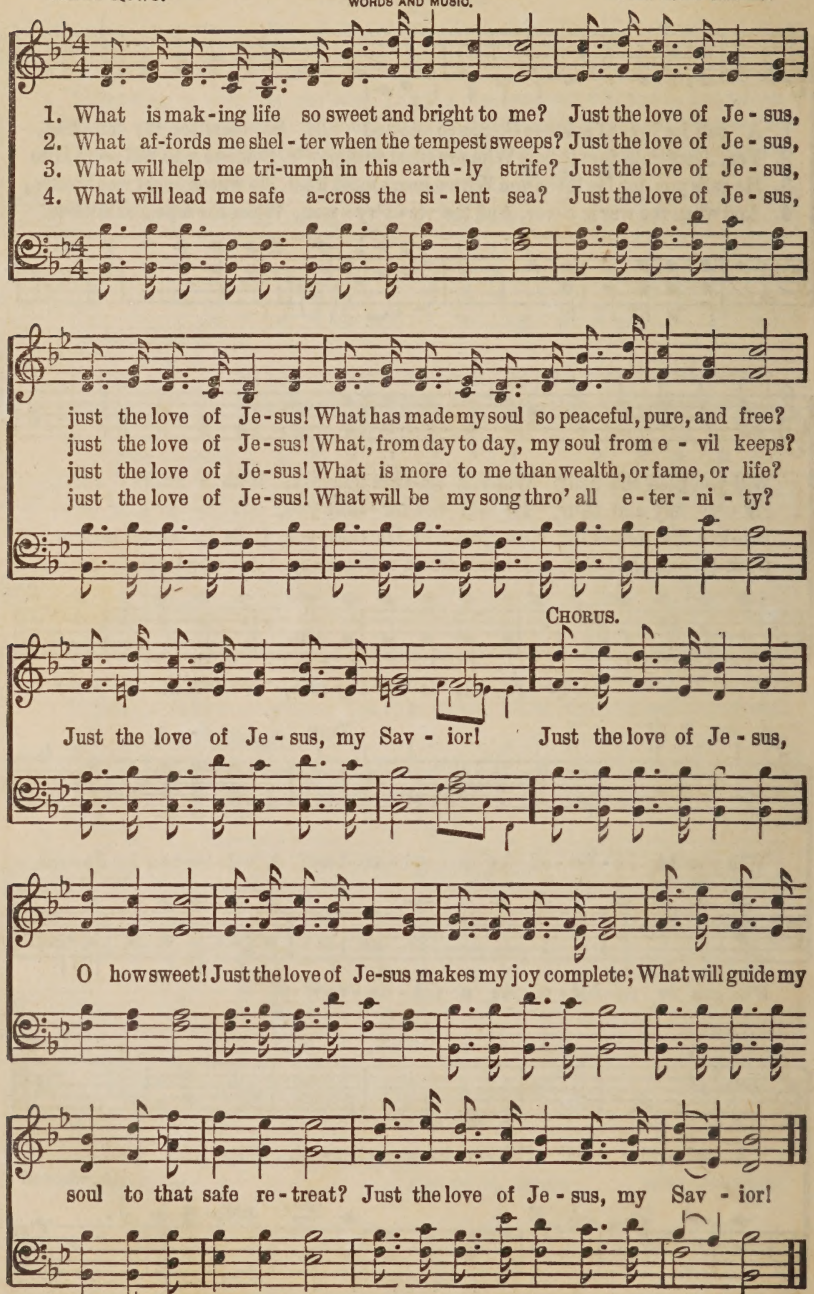


A sol - dier true! Oth - ers have en - list - ed, Why not you?

Oh, why not?

No. 36. Just the Love of Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Wm. Edie Marks.


1. What is mak-ing life so sweet and bright to me? Just the love of Je-sus,
2. What af-fords me shel-ter when the tempest sweeps? Just the love of Je-sus,
3. What will help me tri-umph in this earth-ly strife? Just the love of Je-sus,
4. What will lead me safe a-cross the si-lent sea? Just the love of Je-sus,
just the love of Je-sus! What has made my soul so peaceful, pure, and free?
just the love of Je-sus! What, from day to day, my soul from e-vil keeps?
just the love of Je-sus! What is more to me than wealth, or fame, or life?
just the love of Je-sus! What will be my song thro' all e-ter-ni-ty?
CHORUS.
Just the love of Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Just the love of Je-sus,
O how sweet! Just the love of Je-sus makes my joy complete; What will guide my
soul to that safe re-treat? Just the love of Je-sus, my Sav-ior!

No. 37. I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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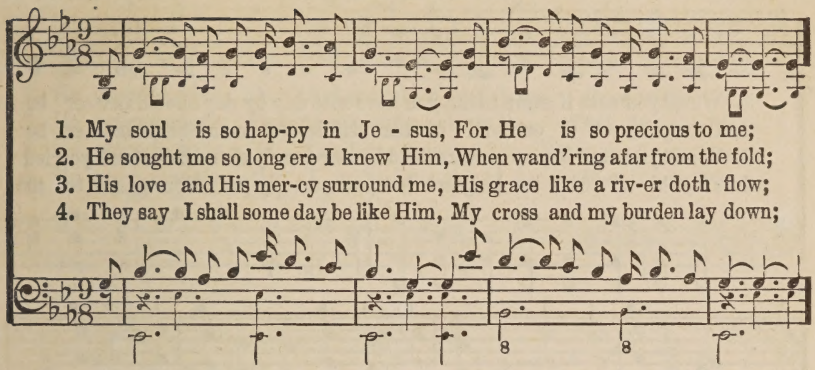
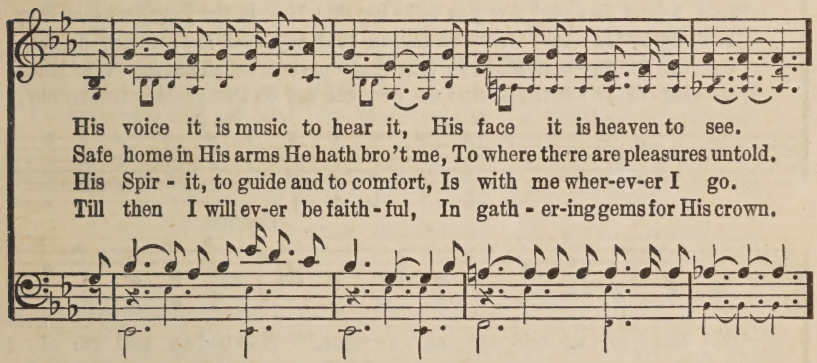
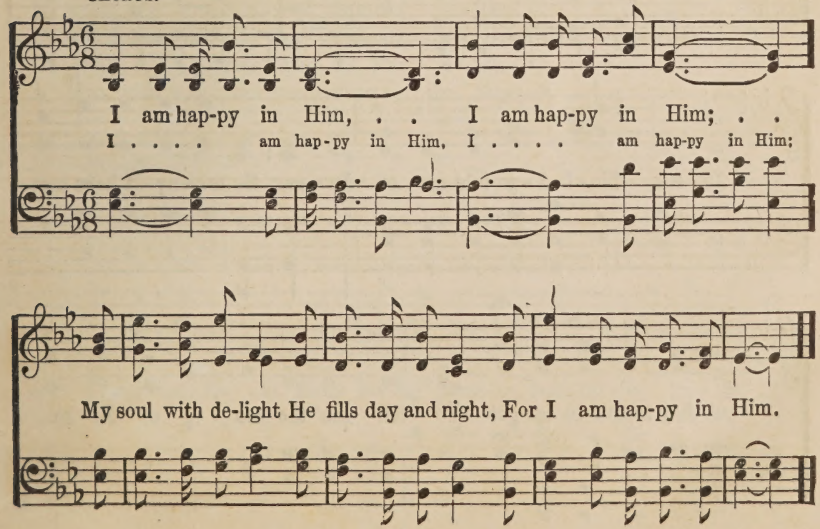
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.


1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;


His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.


I am hap-py in Him, . . I am hap-py in Him; . .
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him;
My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 38. Nobody Told Me of Jesus,

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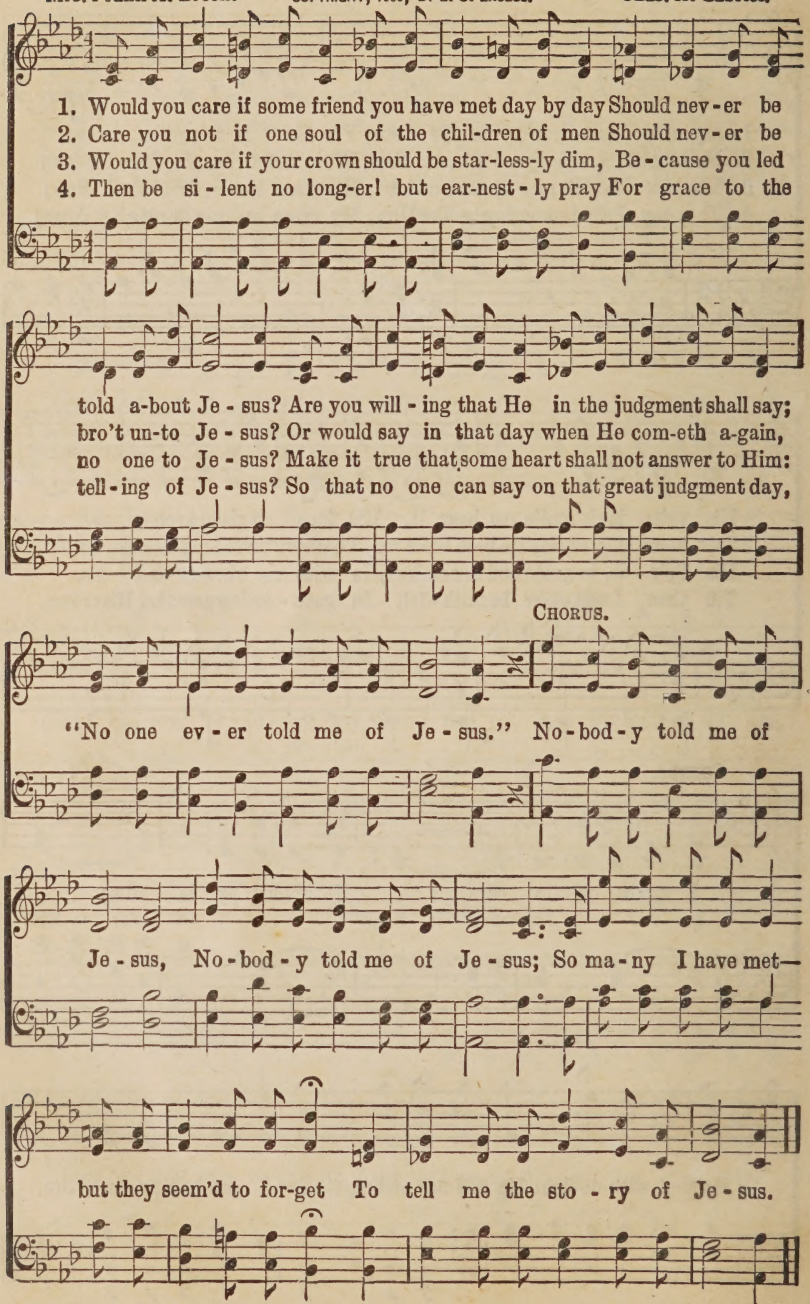
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev-er be
told a-bout Je-sus? Are you will-ing that He in the judgment shall say;
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev-er be
bro't un-to Je-sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a-gain,
3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be-cause you led
no one to Je-sus? Make it true that some heart shall not answer to Him:
4. Then be si-lent no long-er! but ear-nest-ly pray For grace to the
tell-ing of Je-sus? So that no one can say on that great judgment day,
CHORUS.
"No one ev-er told me of Je-sus." No-bod-y told me of
Je-sus, No-bod-y told me of Je-sus; So ma-ny I have met—
but they seem'd to for-get To tell me the sto-ry of Je-sus.

No. 39. He Promised Me.

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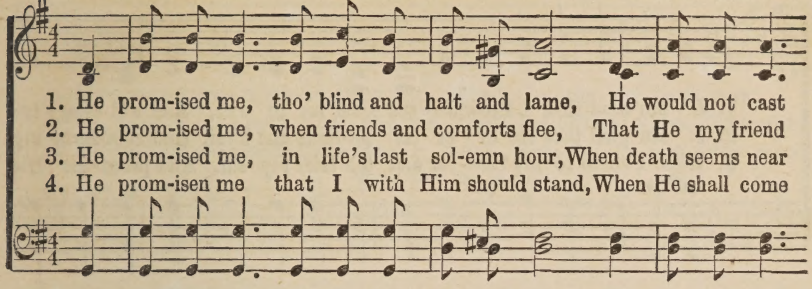
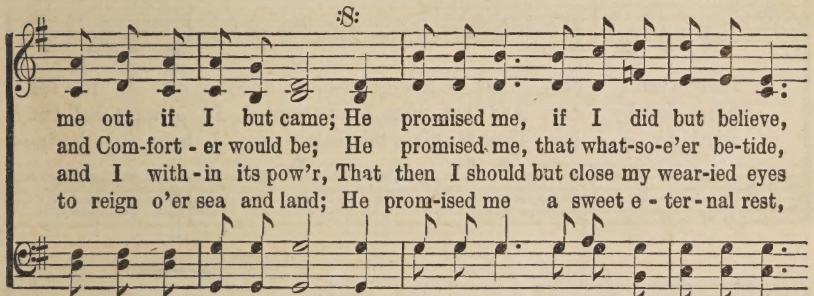
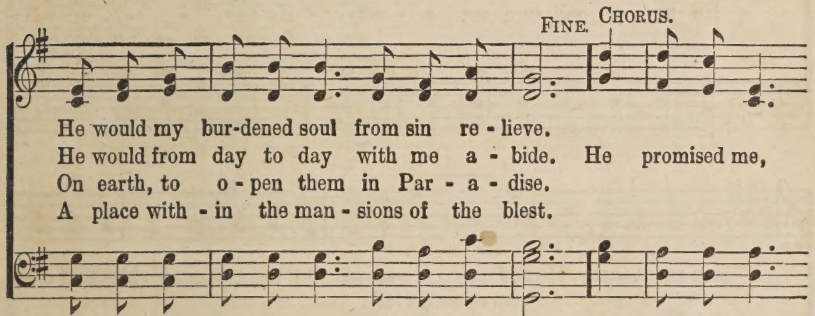
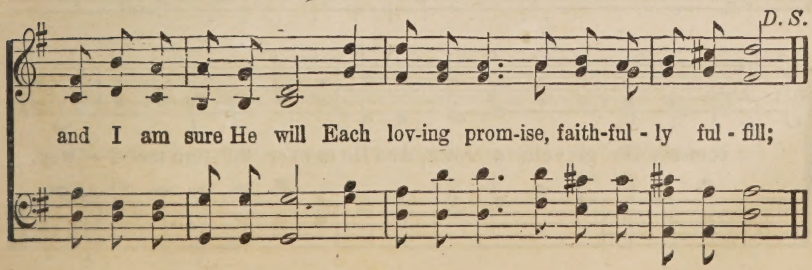
John Crombie White. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. He prom-ised me, tho' blind and halt and lame, He would not cast
2. He prom-ised me, when friends and comforts flee, That He my friend
3. He prom-ised me, in life's last sol-emn hour, When death seems near
4. He prom-isen me that I with Him should stand, When He shall come


:S:
me out if I but came; He promised me, if I did but believe,
and Com-fort - er would be; He promised me, that what-so-e'er be-tide,
and I with - in its pow'r, That then I should but close my wear-ied eyes
to reign o'er sea and land; He prom-ised me a sweet e - ter - nal rest,

D. S.—*For all the coun - sels of the Lord are sure,*


FINE. CHORUS.
He would my bur-dened soul from sin re - lieve.
He would from day to day with me a - bide. He promised me,
On earth, to o - pen them in Par - a - dise.
A place with - in the man - sions of the blest.
His word, it shall from age to age en - dure.



No. 40. He Never Will Turn Me Away.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I am glad that I know Je - sus loves me so well, And will - ing - ly
2. I am glad that He ev - er is pa-tient and kind, And com-forts my
3. When I come to my Sav - ior and tell Him my sin, And prom - ise His
hears when I pray, That He free-ly for-gives, and tho' oft I re - bel,
heart day by day; And that, when I am tempted, I al-ways shall find
word to o - bey, Then He gives this as-sur-ance—I have it with - in—
CHORUS.
He nev - er will turn me a - way. He nev - - er will
He nev - er, no, nev - er will
turn me a - way, He nev - - er will turn me a - way; To him that o'er-
nev - er, no, nev - er
com-eth He giv - eth a crown, And He nev - er will turn me a - way.

No. 41. In Touch With Thee.

Miriam E. Arnold.

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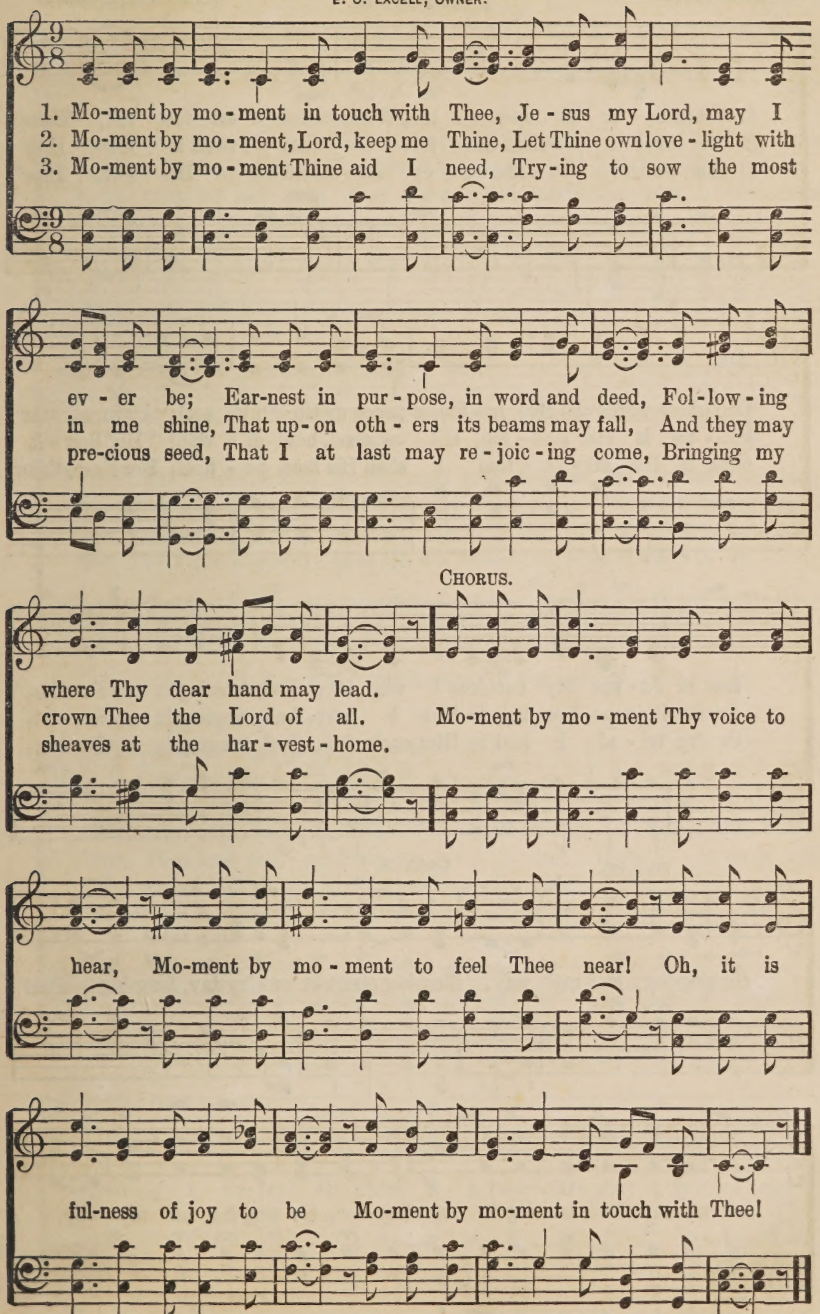
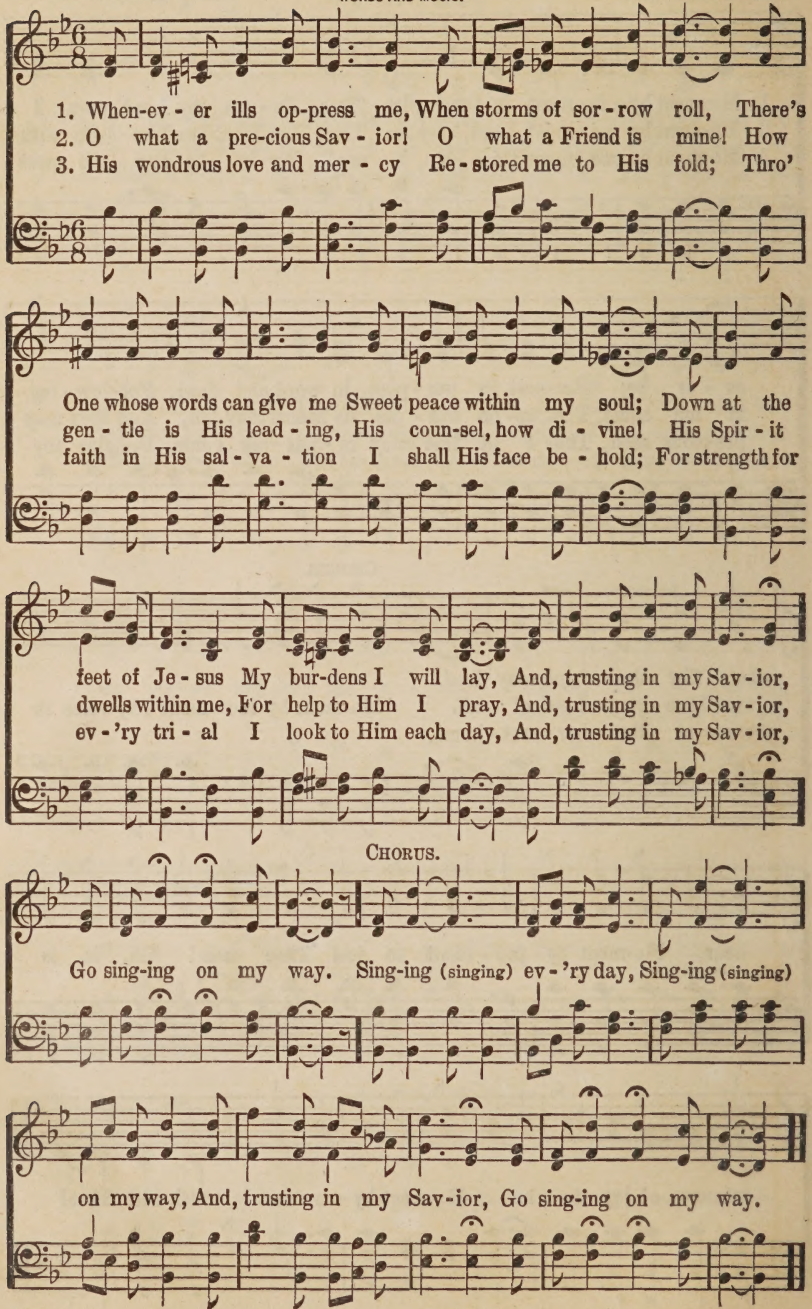
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Mo-ment by mo-ment in touch with Thee, Je-sus my Lord, may I
2. Mo-ment by mo-ment, Lord, keep me Thine, Let Thine own love-light with
3. Mo-ment by mo-ment Thine aid I need, Try-ing to sow the most
ev-er be; Ear-nest in pur-pose, in word and deed, Fol-low-ing
in me shine, That up-on oth-ers its beams may fall, And they may
pre-cious seed, That I at last may re-joic-ing come, Bringing my
CHORUS.
where Thy dear hand may lead.
crown Thee the Lord of all. Mo-ment by mo-ment Thy voice to
sheaves at the har-vest-home.
hear, Mo-ment by mo-ment to feel Thee near! Oh, it is
ful-ness of joy to be Mo-ment by mo-ment in touch with Thee!

No. 42. Singing on My Way.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. When-ev - er ills op-press me, When storms of sor - row roll, There's
2. O what a pre-cious Sav - ior! O what a Friend is mine! How
3. His wondrous love and mer - cy Re - stored me to His fold; Thro'
One whose words can give me Sweet peace within my soul; Down at the
gen - tle is His lead - ing, His coun-sel, how di - vine! His Spir - it
faith in His sal - va - tion I shall His face be - hold; For strength for
feet of Je - sus My bur-dens I will lay, And, trusting in my Sav - ior,
dwells within me, For help to Him I pray, And, trusting in my Sav - ior,
ev - 'ry tri - al I look to Him each day, And, trusting in my Sav - ior,
CHORUS.
Go sing-ing on my way. Sing-ing (singing) ev - 'ry day, Sing-ing (singing)
on my way, And, trusting in my Sav - ior, Go sing-ing on my way.

No. 43. No Cross For Me?

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Jno. R. Sweney.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. No cross for me, O bless-ed Lord and Sav-ior? No cross for me, when
2. No cross for me, when Thou the King of glo - ry, The Well-Be-loved, the
3. No cross for me? shall I on Pis-gah's mountain Con - tent a - bide, from
4. "Take up the cross if thou art my dis - ci - ple!"—Deep in my soul I
Thou Thine own didst bear, At mid-night hour with - in the gar - den kneel-ing,
Fa - ther's on - ly Son, Didst with Thy blood a - tone for all trans-gres-sions?
care and tri - al free? Ah, no, but thro' the wil - der-ness of sor - row,
hear Thy words of love: "Take up the cross, and, when the war is o - ver,
D. S.—But Thou hast op'd the gate of life e - ter - nal,
FINE. CHORUS.
While pit - ying stars be - held Thy an-guish there?
For Thou hast tast - ed death for ev - 'ry one. There is a cross, and
Tho' pierced with thorns, my feet shall fol - low Thee!
Home, rest, and crown, with end-less joy a - bove!"
And Thou wilt let Thine own dear children in.
D. S.
glad - ly I ac - cept it; There is a war - fare with a host of sin;

No. 44. The Sunlight of His Love.

Miriam E. Arnold.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When the sun-light of the Savior's love Shines in beau-ty on us from a-bove,
2. When the sun-light of His love shines in, How our hearts yearn over those in sin!
3. May the Sav-ior's blessed sunlight shine In this heart and from this life of mine,
How it thrills us with a joy Earth-ly pow'rs can-not de-stroy, When the
That they, too, may know the peace That shall ev - er-more in-crease, When the
Till on heav-en's gold-en shore I shall praise Him ev - er-more, As the
CHORUS.
sun-light of His love shines in! When the sun-light of His love shines in,
How it scat-ters doubt, and fear, and sin! How the shad-ows flee a-way,
Turn-ing dark-ness in-to day, When the sun-light of His love shines in!

No. 45. Golden Grain.

John O. Foster, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

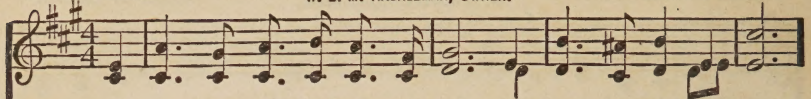
1. From the har-vest-field there's a bless-ed yield Of a rich and ripe dis-play;
2. Ev - 'ry want sup-plied, ev-'ry good applied, Naught but grat-i-tude we bring;
3. With our songs of joy in His glad employ, We will shout God's praise amain;
4. Aft - er toil is done, and the vic-t'ry's won, In the Ca-naan of our Lord,
For the Master's hand o - ver all the land Gives a hundred-fold to - day.
With a grate-ful heart each will bear a part, In a trib-ute to our King.
With the reaper's song we will join the throng That has gathered golden grain.
Where the skies are bright in the ho - ly light, We shall have our rich re - ward.
CHORUS.
Then we'll gath - er, gath - er, Then we'll gath-er from the
Then we'll gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, gath - er,
val - ley and the plain; Then we'll gath - er, gath - er,
Then we'll gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, gath - er,
With our hearts full of glad-ness, We will gath - er gold - en grain.

No. 46. Amazing Grace.

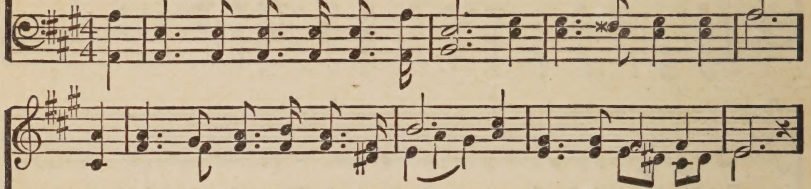
John Newton.

MUSIC AND CHORUS COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

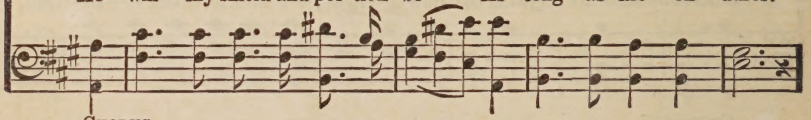
Chas. H. Gabriel.



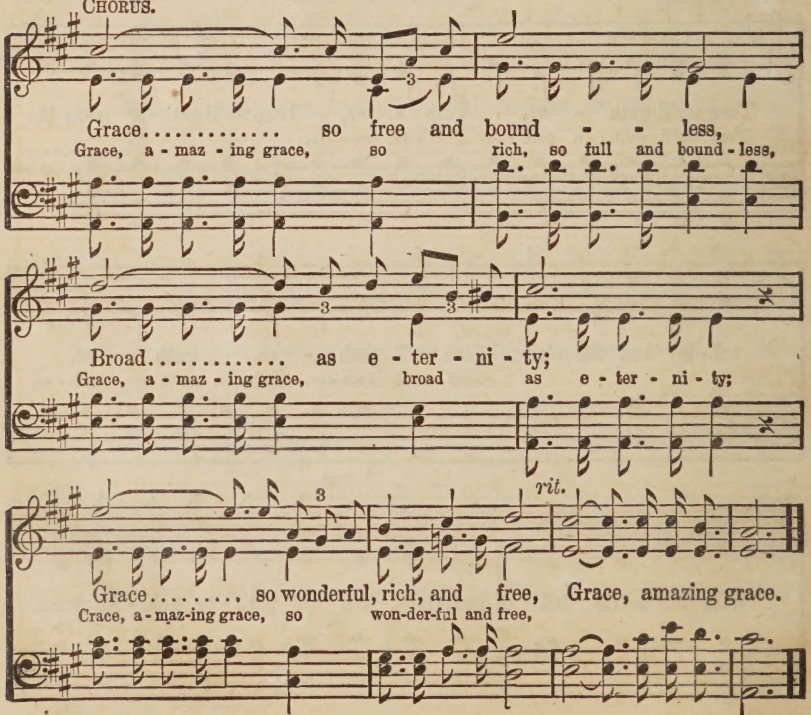
1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toil, and snares, I have al-read-y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en - dures.



CHORUS.



Grace..... so free and bound - - less,
Grace, a - maz - ing grace, so rich, so full and bound - less,

Broad..... as e - ter - ni - ty;
Grace, a - maz - ing grace, broad as e - ter - ni - ty;

rit.

Grace..... so wonderful, rich, and free, Grace, amazing grace.
Grace, a-maz-ing grace, so won-der-ful and free,

No. 47. Marching Orders.

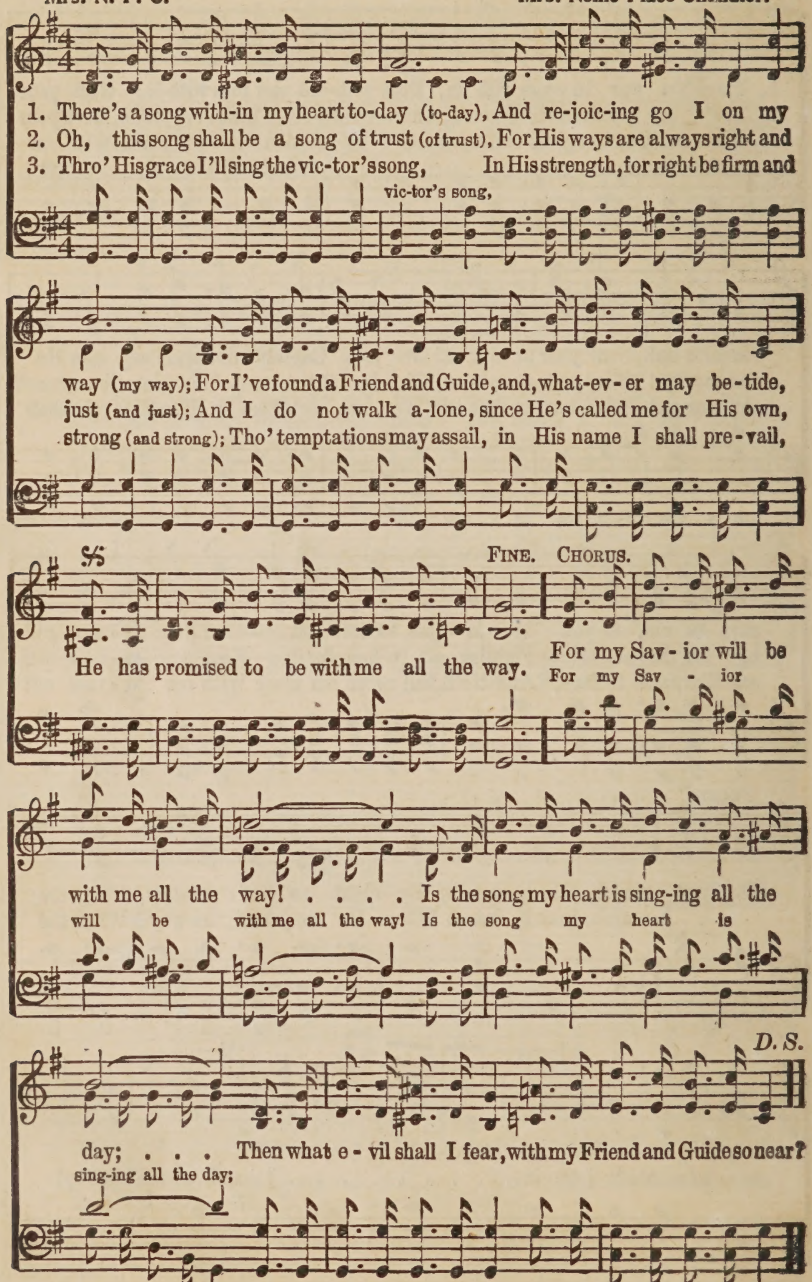
Eleanor W. Long. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a war to wage with sin, Foes with-out and foes with-in, Gird your
2. Tho' to - day the warfare cease, And the world seem hushed in peace, Keep your
3. When our Captain gives command, At "At-ten-tion!" we will stand, With our
ar-mor on! Gird your ar-mor on! We've a Captain tried and true, And He
ar-mor on! Keep your ar-mor on! Not far off the camp-fires shine; Soon there'll
ar-mor on! With our ar-mor on! We are sol-diers of His grace; We shall
ar - mor on! Gird your ar - mor on!
says to me, to you, It is time to dare and do—Gird your ar - mor on!
be for thee and thine Fighting all a-long the line—Keep your ar - mor on!
see Him face to face, And He'll find us in our place With our ar - mor on!
CHORUS.
We will march, march, march, By night as well as day, We are
march, march, march Where He may lead the way—When the
1
2
3
step-ping ev - er firm and stead - y! Yes, we'll
or - der comes to [Omit. . . . .] march, we are read - y!

No. 48. With Me All the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. OWNED BY R. M. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

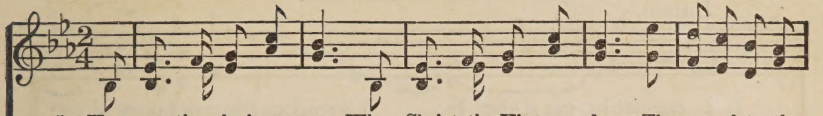
Mrs. N. P. C. Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.


1. There's a song with-in my heart to-day (to-day), And re-joic-ing go I on my
2. Oh, this song shall be a song of trust (of trust), For His ways are always right and
3. Thro' His grace I'll sing the vic-tor's song, In His strength, for right be firm and
vic-tor's song,
way (my way); For I've found a Friend and Guide, and, what-ev-er may be-tide,
just (and just); And I do not walk a-lone, since He's called me for His own,
strong (and strong); Tho' temptations may assail, in His name I shall pre-vail,
FINE. CHORUS.
He has promised to be with me all the way. For my Sav-ior will be
For my Sav - ior
with me all the way! . . . . Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the
will be with me all the way! Is the song my heart is
D. S.
day; . . . Then what e-vil shall I fear, with my Friend and Guide so near?
sing-ing all the day;

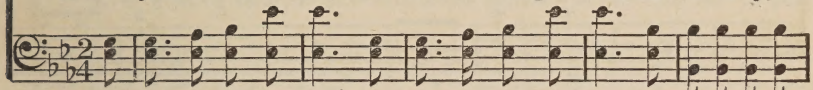
No. 49. The Royalty of Man.

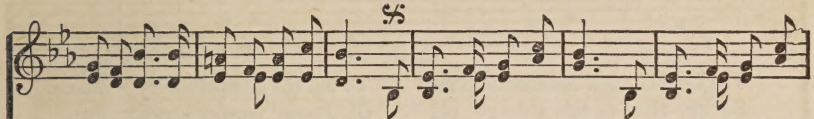
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Americus W. Conner. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

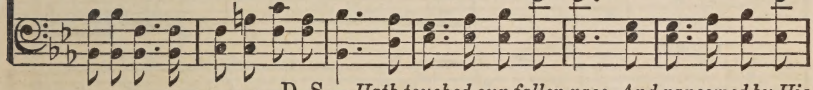


1. Up - on the glorious morn, When Christ, the King, was born, The roy-al-ty, the
2. And when from Jordan's wave There came forth One to save The roy-al-ty, the
3. And when the day shall come That He will gath - er home The roy-al-ty, the
4. Then yield no more to sin, Nor think that wrong shall win Thro' fra-il-ty, the



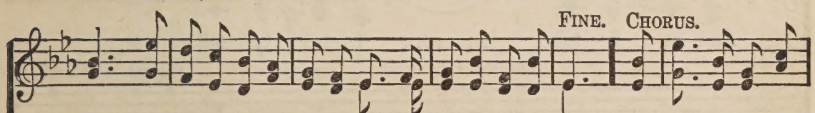


roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty of man, A - woke angelic strains That swept o'er Judah's
roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty of man, A voice from heav'n above, Declared the Father's
roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty of man, The an-gels shall a-dore, And praise for-ev-er-
fra - il-ty, the fra - il-ty of man, But cast your burden down, And strive to win your

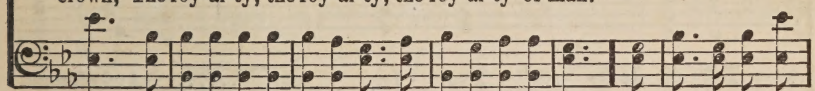


D. S.—*Hath touched our fallen race, And ransomed by His*

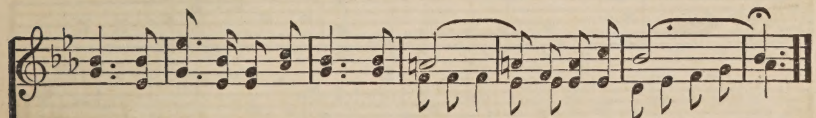
FINE. CHORUS.



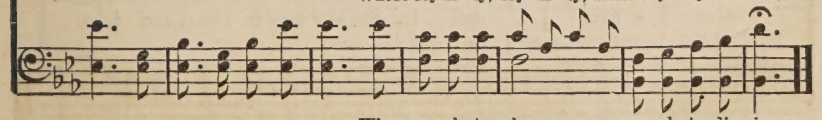
plains—The roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty of man.
love For roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty of man. Then sing, my brother,
more The roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty of man.
crown, The roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty of man.



grace, The roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty, the roy-al-ty of man.



sing The prais-es of the King, Whose roy - - al-ty di - vine, ...
Whose roy-al - ty, roy - al - ty, whose roy-al-ty di - vine,



Whose roy-al - ty, whose roy - al - ty di - vine,

No. 50. I Must Tell It.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

W. C. Martin. Wm. Edie Marks.

Unison.
1. I can-not lon-ger si-lent be; This precious treasure I must share;
2. There never was a sto-ry told On earth, since passing time be-gan,
3. It warms this old world's weary heart; It makes the dark day bright a-gain;
4. O yes! I must a-gain de-clare The Savior's mighty love for you,
The Lord Himself commandeth me To tell the gos-pel ev-'ry - where.
So pre-cious as this sto - ry old Of Je-sus' ten-der love of man.
Its old-time charm can ne'er depart, The sweetest story known to men.
How it pur-sues you ev - 'ry - where And keeps you ev'ry hour in view.
CHORUS.
And so I tell it,..... I glad - ly tell it,
The sto - ry sweet, the sto - ry true,
Tell of Je - sus' love for you;..... And o'er and
I tell of Je - sus and His love, His love for you;
o'er a - gain I tell it, Sto-ry ev - er sweet and true.
And o'er and o'er a-gain I tell it,

No. 51. The Blessed Name.

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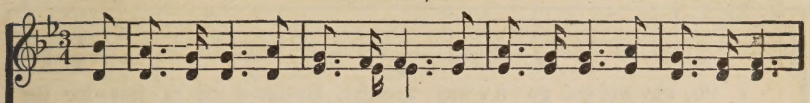
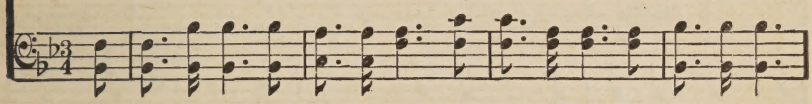
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

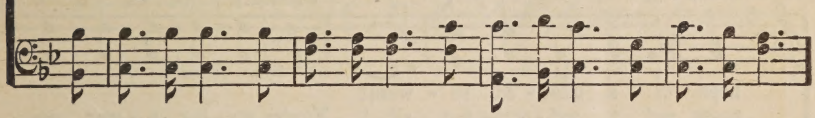
Rev. W. B. Williams. Chas. H. Gabriel.



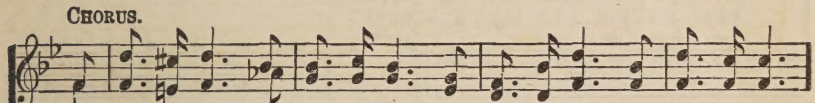
1. O what a name, a bless - ed name, The name of Je - sus, my dear Lord!
2. O what a name, a pre-cious name! He purchased us with His own blood;
3. O what a name, a charm-ing name! In - car-nate joy and love di - vine!,
4. O what a name, a glo - rious name! No oth - er can com-pare to this!



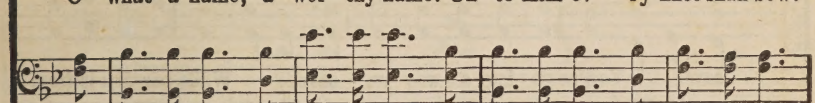
He can to peace our souls re - lease From sin and guilt by just a word.
He made us heir to rich - es rare; Thro' Him be-came we sons of God.
How ev - er kind, in deed and mind, He makes the world with love to shine!
It brings to all on Him who call, E - ter - nal life and joy and bliss.



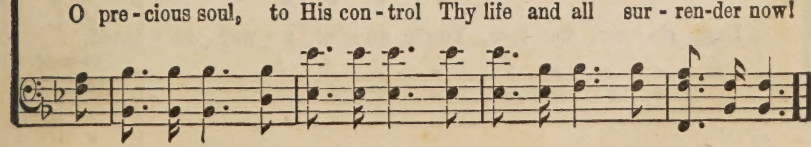
CHORUS.



O what a name, a wor - thy name! Un - to Him ev - 'ry knee shall bow!



O pre - cious soul, to His con - trol Thy life and all sur - ren-der now!



No. 52. Why Will You Go Away To-night?

I. N. McHose.

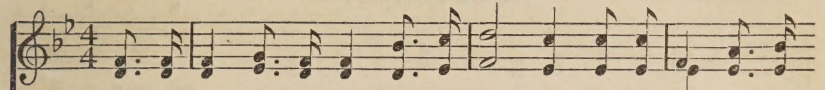
COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

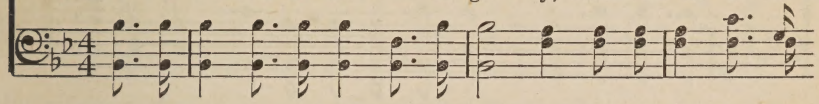
1. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Un-saved and re - ject - ing the
2. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Not heed-ing the Spir - it's sweet
3. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, To wan-der in sin's deep - est
4. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night? You're hard'ning your heart by de-
Lord? Why grope in the dark-ness, re - fus - ing the light, No
call? This may be your last in - vi - ta - tion; then come, There's
gloom? Oh, come, ere the Spir - it for - sake thee in flight, And
lay! Re - fus - ing the joys of yon heav - en so bright; Oh,
CHORUS.
hope of a bless - ed re - ward?
room and a wel - come for all. You're go - ing a - way un-
leave you to com - fort - less doom.
why are you go - ing a - way?
saved, You're go - ing a - way un - saved; While par-don is free,
un - saved, un - saved,
Dear sin - ner, for thee, You're go - ing a - way un - saved.
un-saved.

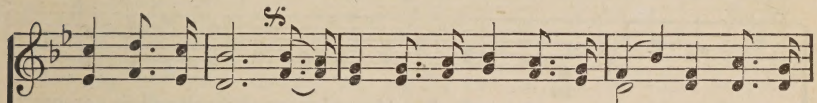
No. 53. There's a Call from the Heart of the Savior.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. WORDS AND ARR. OF MUSIC. Dr. William S. Pitts.

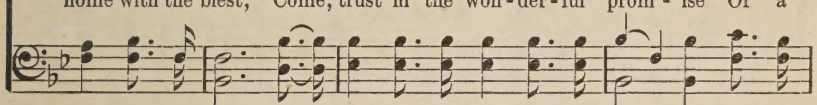


1. There's a call from the heart of the Sav - ior, It is ten - der - ly
2. There's a call from the sweet dreams of child-hood, There's the call of a
3. There's a call from the depths of thy be - ing, From the God - giv - en
4. There's a call from the dear ones in glo - ry, There's the call to a



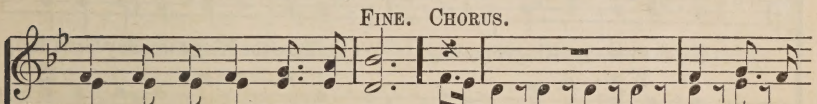


speak-ing to thee: "Come back to the love that is wait - ing, To the
fond mother's prayer: "Come back from the years of thy stray - ing, From the
spir - it with - in; Wilt thou not, then, be true to its plead - ing. And re -
home with the blest; Come, trust in the won - der - ful prom - ise Of a



D. S.—*Like the voice of a bell it is call - ing, And the*

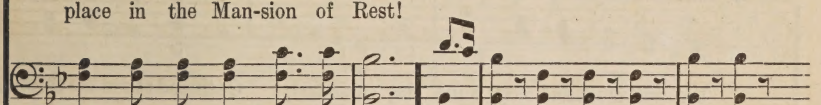
FINE. CHORUS.



love that is bound-less and free."
road that will lead to de - spair."
turn from the path-way of sin?
place in the Man-sion of Rest!

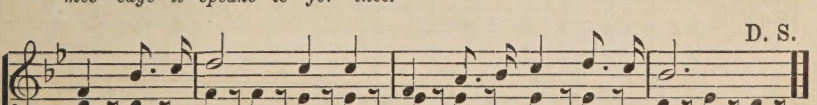
List, on the

Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,



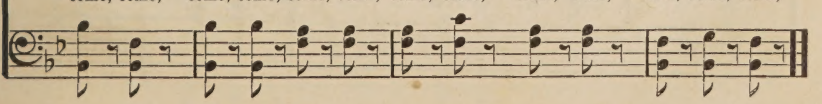
mes - sage it speaks is for thee.

D. S.



air it is fall - ing, The call of a love that is free;

come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;



No. 54. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bat - les won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be-fore, We shall see the
King some day (some day); On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day (some day); Thro' the end-less a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day (some day); Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day (some day); Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,
CHORUS.
We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day),
We will shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered round the throne,
When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 55. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

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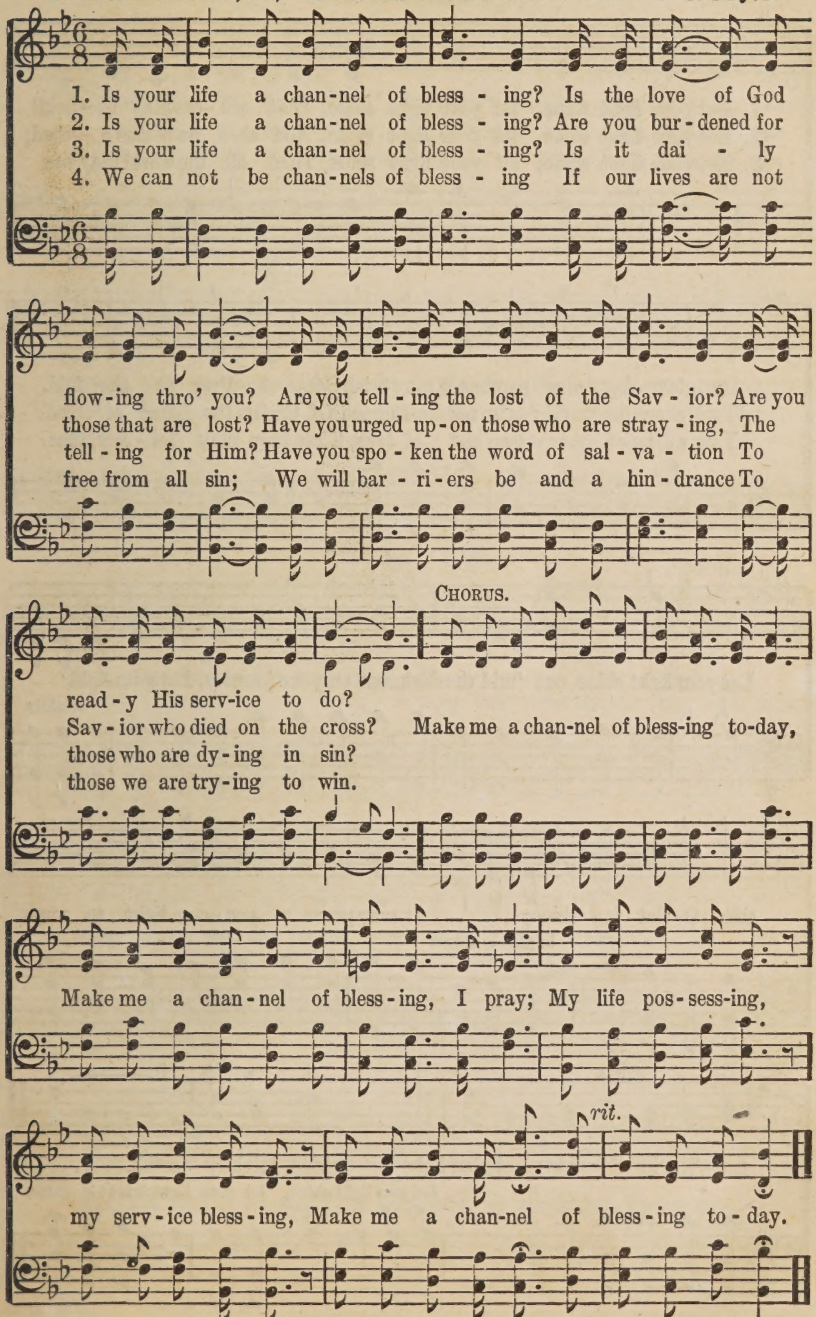
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not
flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray - ing, The
tell - ing for Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To
free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To
CHORUS.
read - y His serv-ice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy - ing in sin?
those we are try - ing to win.
Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess-ing,
rit.
my serv - ice bless - ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless - ing to - day.

No. 56. Let Your Light Shine.

C. H. G.

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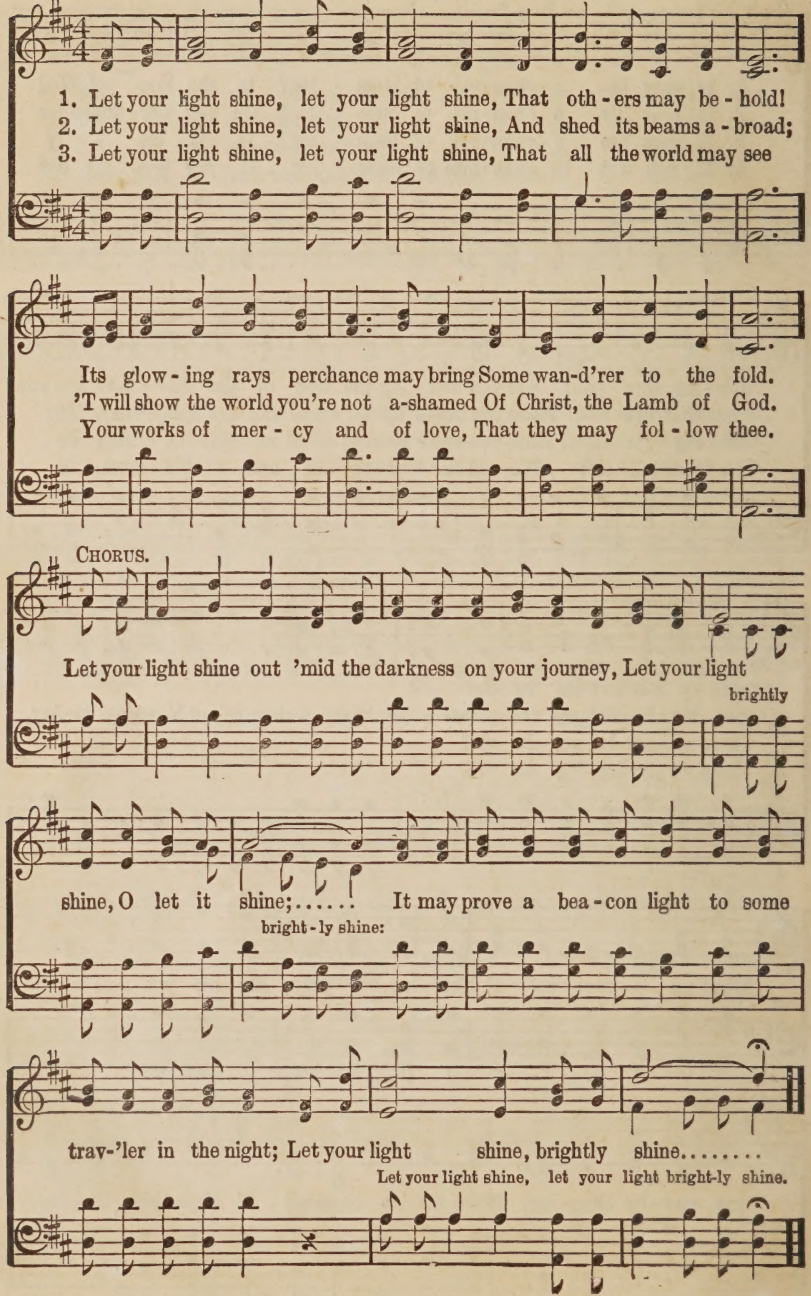
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That oth - ers may be - hold!
2. Let your light shine, let your light shine, And shed its beams a - broad;
3. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That all the world may see
Its glow - ing rays perchance may bring Some wan-d'rer to the fold.
'T will show the world you're not a-shamed Of Christ, the Lamb of God.
Your works of mer - cy and of love, That they may fol - low thee.
CHORUS.
Let your light shine out 'mid the darkness on your journey, Let your light
brightly
shine, O let it shine;..... It may prove a bea - con light to some
bright - ly shine:
trav-'ler in the night; Let your light shine, brightly shine.....
Let your light shine, let your light bright-ly shine.

No. 57. Keep Step in the March.

Jessie H. Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Keep step in the march for the truth and right—Keep step in the
2. Keep step at the front of the mov - ing line—Keep step in the
3. Keep step with a tread that is firm and true—Keep step in the
march, keep step! Be strong in the strength of the Lord, our might—
march, keep step! Keep step where the cross is the blaz - ing sign,—
march, keep step! There's need in the ranks of the Lord for you—
CHORUS.
Keep step in the march, keep step! Keep step! keep step!
Keep step for the right, by day and by night.
Keep step in the march, keep step! . . . Turn nev - er a-
keep step!
side, but with zeal and pride Keep step in the march, keep step!

No. 58. Calling the Prodigal.

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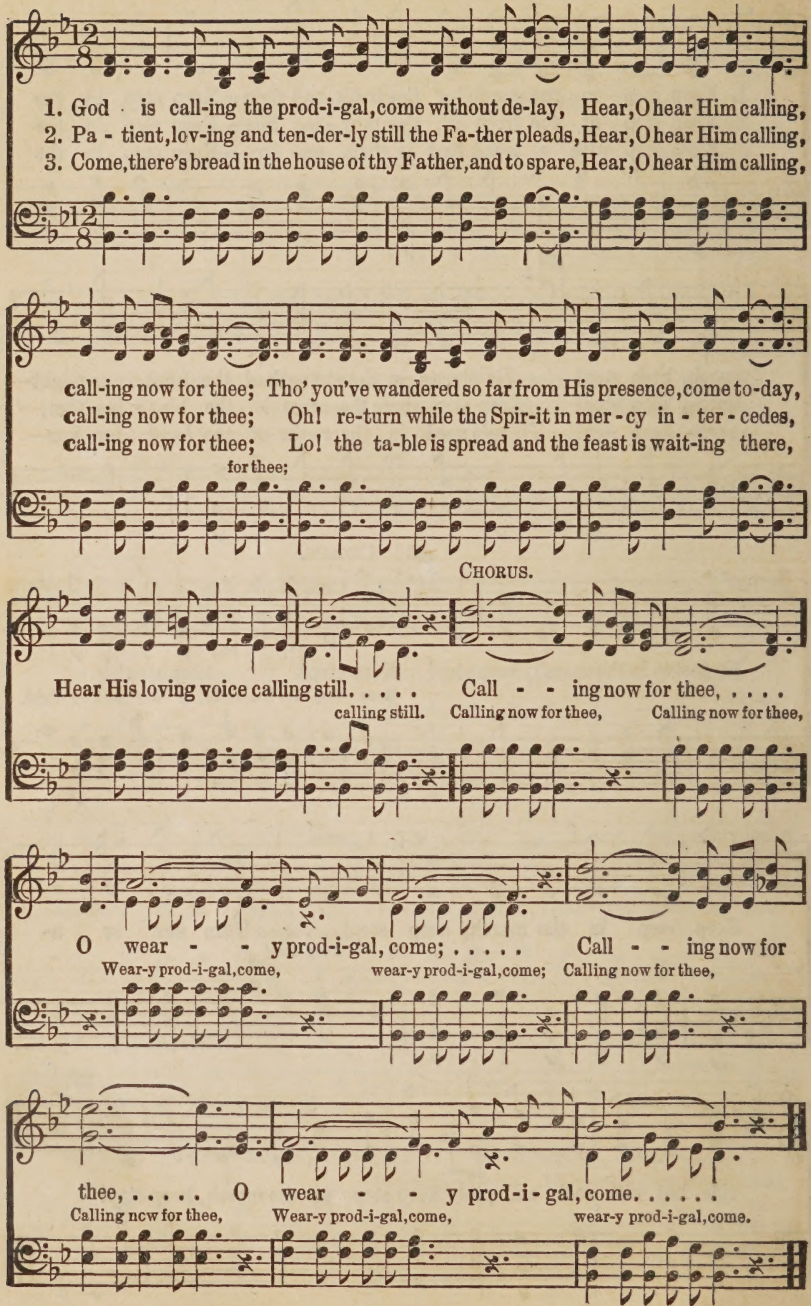
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him calling,
2. Pa - tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him calling,
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him calling,
call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His presence, come to-day,
call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in mer-cy in - ter - cedes,
call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the feast is wait-ing there,
for thee;
CHORUS.
Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . . Call - - ing now for thee, ...
calling still. Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,
O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come; . . . . . Call - - ing now for
Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come; Calling now for thee,
thee, ... O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come. . . . . .
Calling now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.

No. 59.

A Chosen People.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Fred J. Shields. Haldor Lillenas.

1. We are a cho - sen peo - ple, and called thro' Christ our King To
2. We are a roy - al priest-hood, and of - fer un - to God A
3. We are a ho - ly na - tion, de - liv - ered from our sin; With
show His praise and glo-ry, and of His goodness sing; We are a cho-sen
sac - ri - fice made ho - ly thro' san - ti - fy - ing blood; For Christ our Lord has
Christ our roy - al King we the vic - to - ry shall win; With righteousness our
D. S.—bless-ed Lord di-
FINE.
peo - ple, redeemed by grace di-vine, And as stars for-ev - er we shall shine.
cleansed us and sealed us as His own, Till we faultless stand before the throne.
watchword, we in the ranks will stand, Marching on our way to glo - ry - land.
vine we as stars shall surely shine; Glo - ry to the Lamb for sinners slain!
CHORUS.
O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! we are cho - sen by our Lord, And as
D. S.
priests and kings for - ev - er we shall reign;..... With our
we shall reign,

No. 60. Come to the Feast.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. W. A. Ogden.

1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is spread; Ye fam - ish - ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich - ly fed.
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen wide; A place of hon - or is re - serv'd For you at the Mas-ter's side.
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev - er be.
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and world-ly strife; Come, feast up - on the love of God, And drink ev - er - last-ing life.
CHORUS.
Hear . . . . the in - vi - ta - - tion, Come, "who - - so - ev - er will;" . . . . . Praise God . . . . . for full sal - va - - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will."
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who-so-ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - tion For "who - so - ev - er will."

No. 61. Are You Coming to Jesus?

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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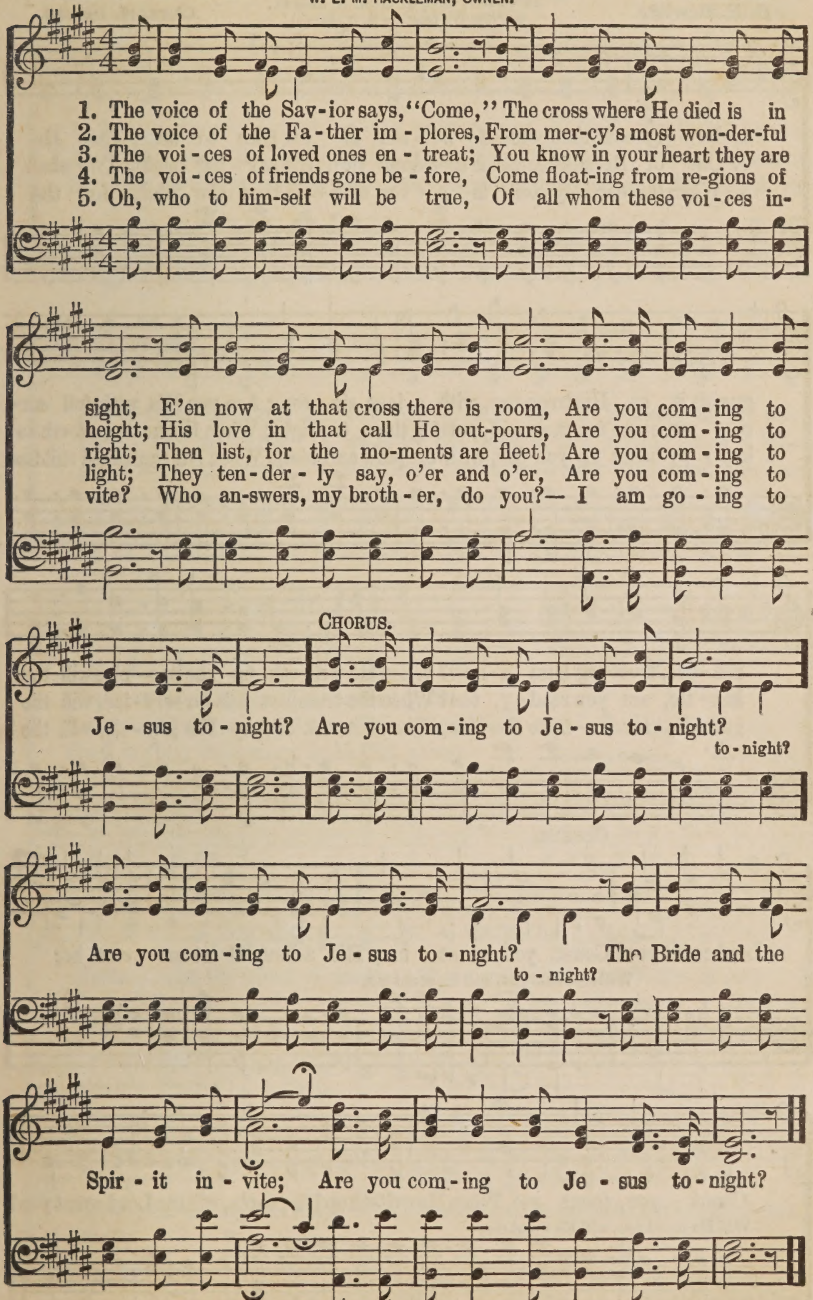
Jas. E. Hawes.


1. The voice of the Sav-ior says, "Come," The cross where He died is in
2. The voice of the Fa-ther im-plores, From mer-cy's most won-der-ful
3. The voi-ces of loved ones en-treat; You know in your heart they are
4. The voi-ces of friends gone be-fore, Come float-ing from re-gions of
5. Oh, who to him-self will be true, Of all whom these voi-ces in-
sight, E'en now at that cross there is room, Are you com-ing to
height; His love in that call He out-pours, Are you com-ing to
right; Then list, for the mo-ments are fleet! Are you com-ing to
light; They ten-der-ly say, o'er and o'er, Are you com-ing to
vite? Who an-swers, my broth-er, do you?— I am go-ing to
CHORUS.
Je-sus to-night? Are you com-ing to Je-sus to-night?
to-night?
Are you com-ing to Je-sus to-night? The Bride and the
to-night?
Spir-it in-vite; Are you com-ing to Je-sus to-night?

No. 62. Will the Lord Count You?

E. E. Hewitt.

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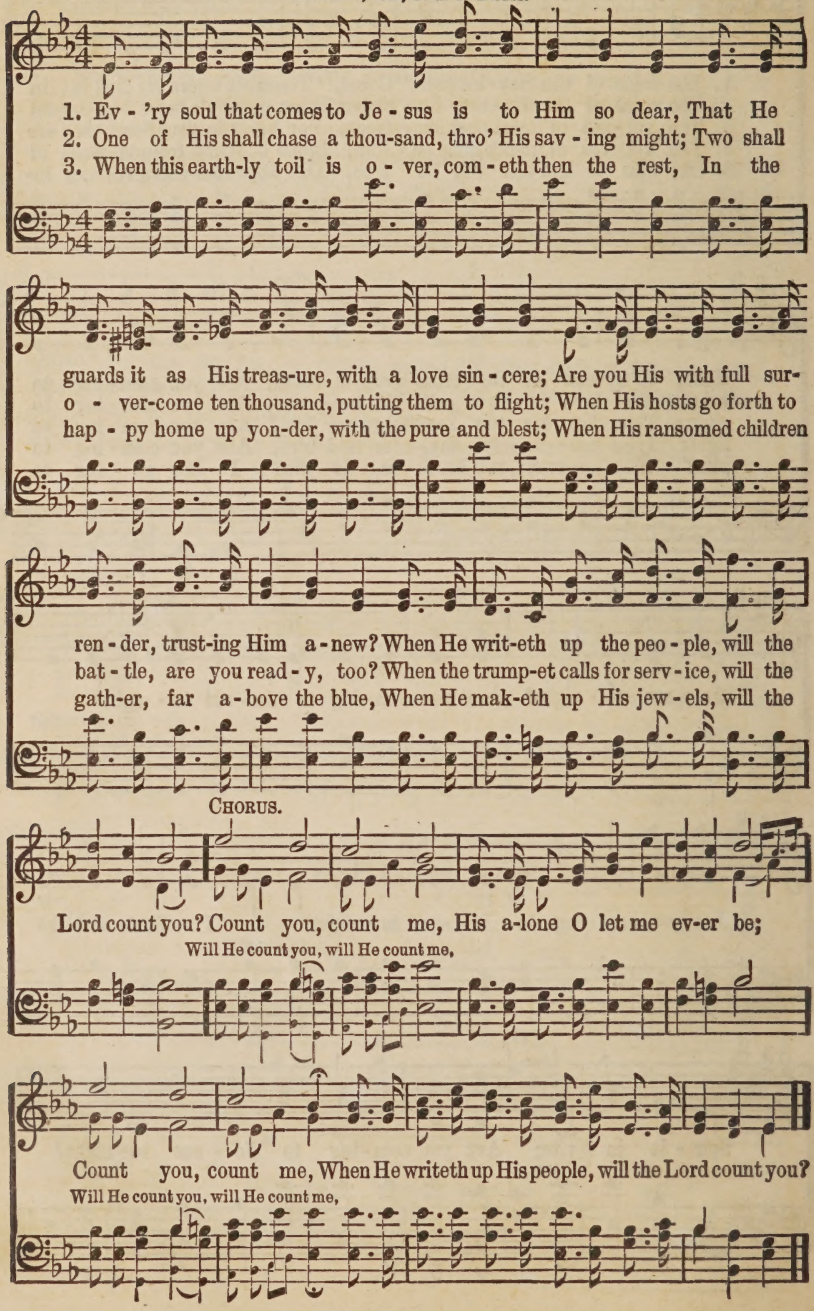
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Ev - 'ry soul that comes to Je - sus is to Him so dear, That He
guards it as His treas-ure, with a love sin - cere; Are you His with full sur-
ren - der, trust-ing Him a - new? When He writ-eth up the peo - ple, will the
CHORUS.
Lord count you? Count you, count me, His a-lone O let me ev-er be;
Will He count you, will He count me,
Count you, count me, When He writeth up His people, will the Lord count you?
Will He count you, will He count me,

2. One of His shall chase a thou-sand, thro' His sav - ing might; Two shall
o - ver-come ten thousand, putting them to flight; When His hosts go forth to
bat - tle, are you read - y, too? When the trump-et calls for serv - ice, will the

3. When this earth-ly toil is o - ver, com - eth then the rest, In the
hap - py home up yon-der, with the pure and blest; When His ransomed children
gath-er, far a - bove the blue, When He mak-eth up His jew - els, will the

No. 63. Make Him Yours.

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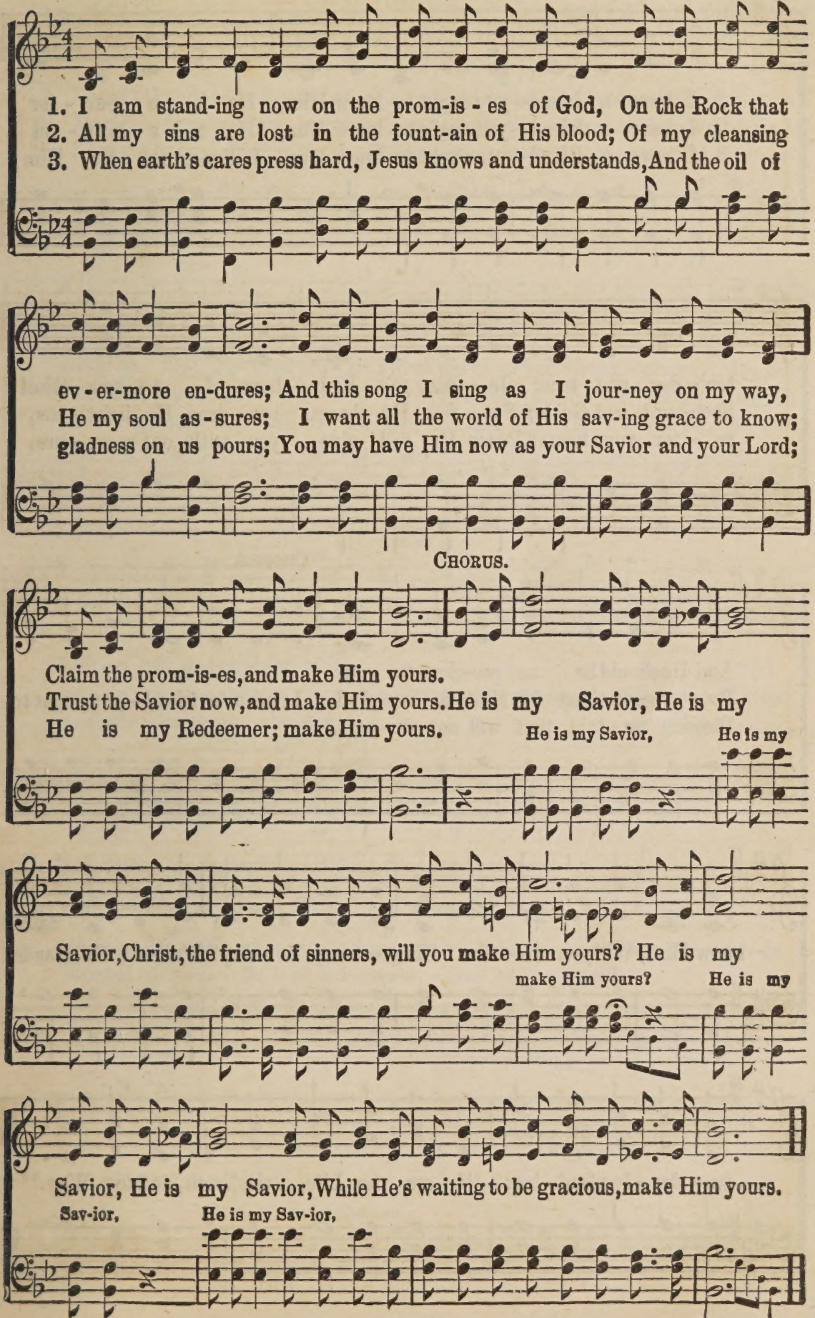
C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I am stand-ing now on the prom-is-es of God, On the Rock that
2. All my sins are lost in the fount-ain of His blood; Of my cleansing
3. When earth's cares press hard, Jesus knows and understands, And the oil of
ev-er-more en-dures; And this song I sing as I jour-ney on my way,
He my soul as-sures; I want all the world of His sav-ing grace to know;
gladness on us pours; You may have Him now as your Savior and your Lord;
CHORUS.
Claim the prom-is-es, and make Him yours.
Trust the Savior now, and make Him yours. He is my Savior, He is my
He is my Redeemer; make Him yours.
He is my Savior, He is my
Savior, Christ, the friend of sinners, will you make Him yours? He is my
make Him yours? He is my
Savior, He is my Savior, While He's waiting to be gracious, make Him yours.
Sav-ior, He is my Sav-ior,

No. 64. You Ought to Know Him.

H. O. Devah.

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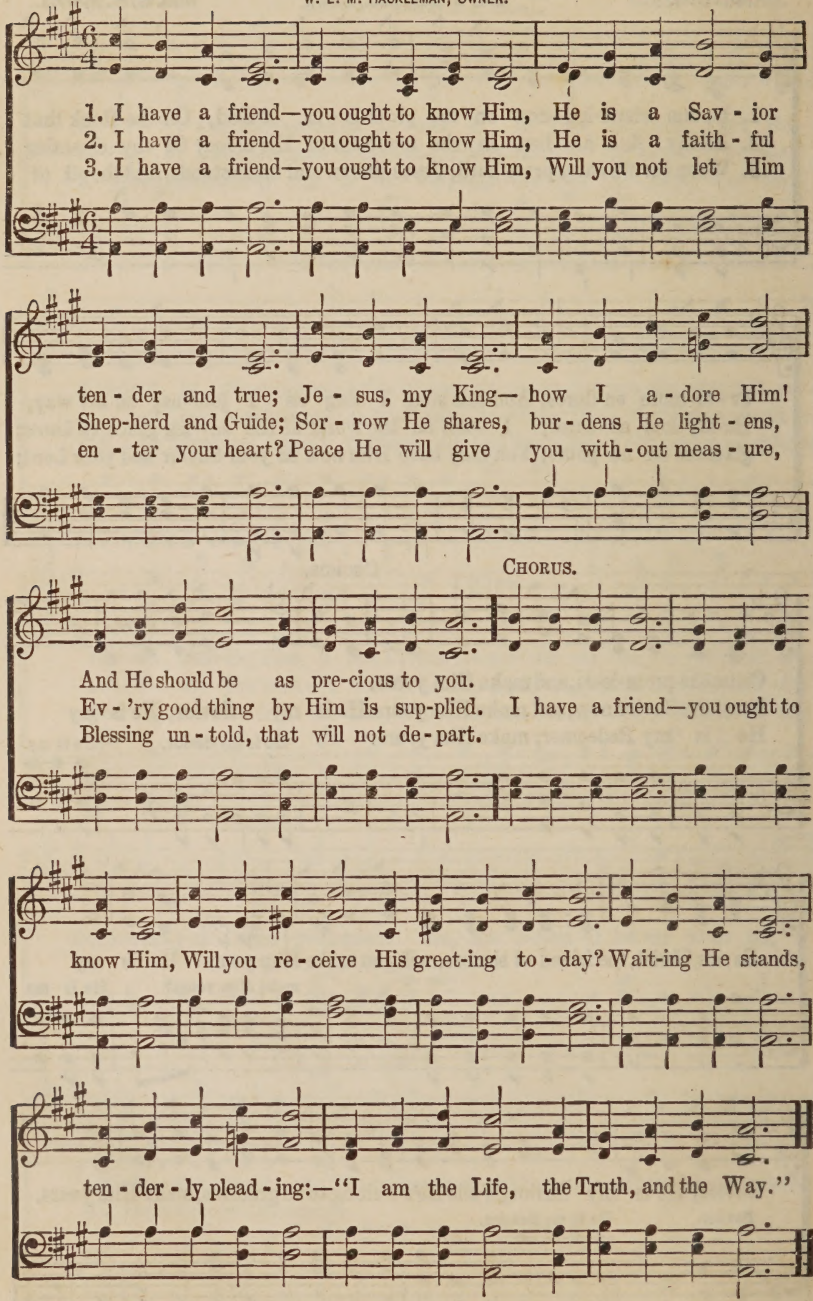
Wm. Edie Marks.


1. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a Sav - ior
2. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a faith - ful
3. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, Will you not let Him
ten - der and true; Je - sus, my King— how I a - dore Him!
Shep-herd and Guide; Sor - row He shares, bur - dens He light - ens,
en - ter your heart? Peace He will give you with - out meas - ure,
CHORUS.
And He should be as pre-cious to you.
Ev - 'ry good thing by Him is sup-plied. I have a friend—you ought to
Blessing un - told, that will not de - part.
know Him, Will you re - ceive His greet-ing to - day? Wait-ing He stands,
ten - der - ly plead - ing:—"I am the Life, the Truth, and the Way."

No. 65. Keep the Heart-Bells Ringing.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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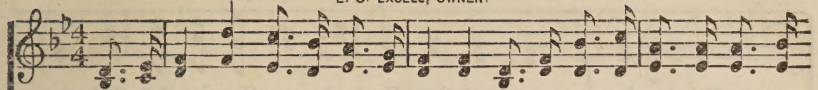
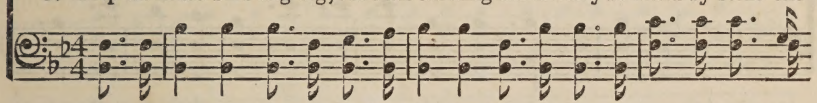
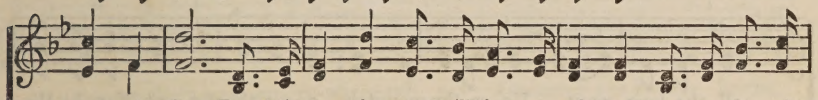
Chas. H. Gabriel.

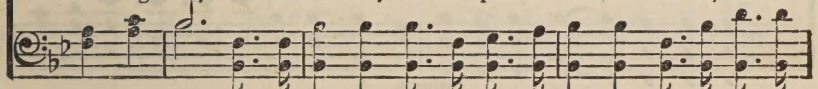


1. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing as you trav-el on-ward, Up the rough and rug-ged
2. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing when the path is lone-ly, When the threat'ning sky is
3. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing, for their cheering mu-sic May be heard by some-one

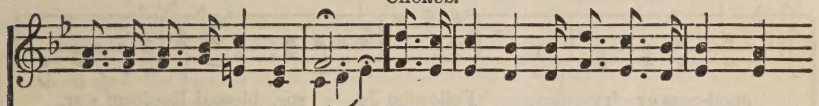




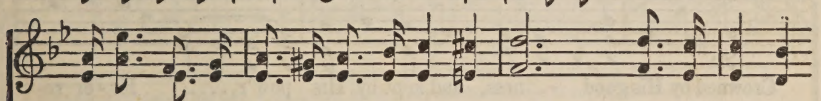
road of life; For their mu - sic sweet will cheer you when a - wear - y, It will
cold and gray; They will give to ev - 'ry cloud a sil - ver lin - ing That will
faint - ing near; He will lis - ten, and his spir - it will a - wak-en, As their



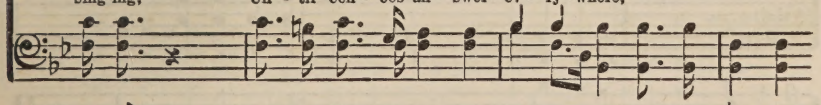
CHORUS.

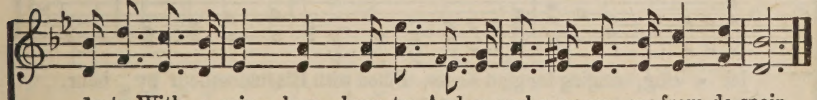


light-en toil, and sweeten strife.
help to drive the storm a - way. Keep the heart-bells ringing, Fill the world with
ca-dence falls up-on his ear. Ringing, ringing,

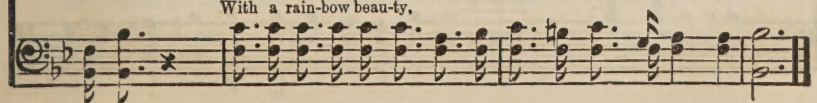


singing, Un - til ech - oes an - swer ev - 'ry - where; They will col - or
sing-ing, Un - til ech - oes an - swer ev - 'ry - where;





du-ty With a rain - bow beau-ty, And a soul may res - cue from de-spair.
With a rain-bow beau-ty,



No. 66. Following Jesus.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER. H. A. Henry.

1. Fol-low-ing Je-sus just where He leads me, Sing-ing for glad-ness
2. Fol-low-ing Je-sus, tho' so un-wor-thy, Fear-less-ly pass-ing
3. Fol-low-ing Je-sus in-to the val-ley, O-ver the path He
all the long way; Up on the mountain, o-ver the des-ert, Kept by His
thro' the dark night; Trusting His prom-ise, "Lo! I am with you," Shadows will
trod long a-go; On-ly a step from shadow to sunshine, Leaning on
CHORUS.
good-ness ev-'ry day. Following Je-sus, blessed Re-deem-er,
van-ish in His light.
Him whose love I know.
Following Je-sus, blessed Redeemer.
Crowned by His good-ness, and kept by His pow'r,.... Ev-er re-
Crowned by His good-ness, and kept by His pow'r,
joi-cing, singing for glad-ness, Filled with His fulness hour by hour.
Ev-er re-joi-cing, singing for gladness,

No. 67. Deeds of Love.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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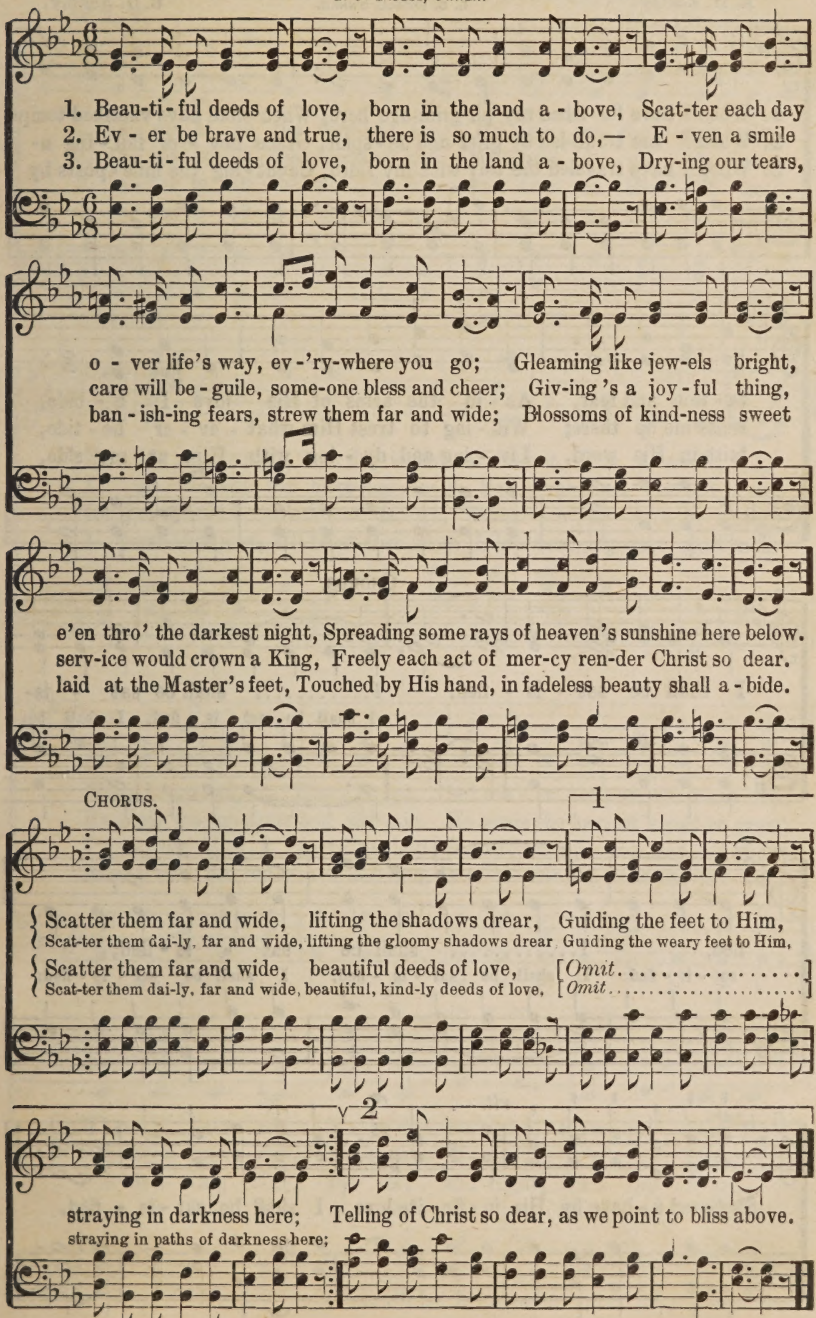
1. Beau-ti-ful deeds of love, born in the land a-bove, Scat-ter each day
2. Ev-er be brave and true, there is so much to do,— E-ven a smile
3. Beau-ti-ful deeds of love, born in the land a-bove, Dry-ing our tears,
o-ver life's way, ev-'ry-where you go; Gleaming like jew-els bright,
care will be-guile, some-one bless and cheer; Giv-ing 's a joy-ful thing,
ban-ish-ing fears, strew them far and wide; Blossoms of kind-ness sweet
e'en thro' the darkest night, Spreading some rays of heaven's sunshine here below.
serv-ice would crown a King, Freely each act of mer-cy ren-der Christ so dear.
laid at the Master's feet, Touched by His hand, in fadeless beauty shall a-bide.
CHORUS.
1
Scatter them far and wide, lifting the shadows drear, Guiding the feet to Him,
Scat-ter them dai-ly, far and wide, lifting the gloomy shadows drear Guiding the weary feet to Him,
Scatter them far and wide, beautiful deeds of love, [Omit.....]
Scat-ter them dai-ly, far and wide, beautiful, kind-ly deeds of love, [Omit.....]
2
straying in darkness here; Telling of Christ so dear, as we point to bliss above.
straying in paths of darkness here;

No. 68.

Satisfied.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. When I have fin-ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de-spair, Grace nev-er fail-ing a-
3. When I have traveled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by
ta-tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a-bide,
waits me up there; Will-ing to trust Him what-ev-er be-tide,
faith in His word, Liv-ing and dy-ing with Him at my side,
CHORUS.
I shall be sat-is-fied. I..... shall be sat-is-
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be
fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied;
sat-is-fied; I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied;
rit.
Sheltered a-bove by His in-fin-ite love, I shall be sat-is-fied.

No. 69. Jesus is All the World to Me.

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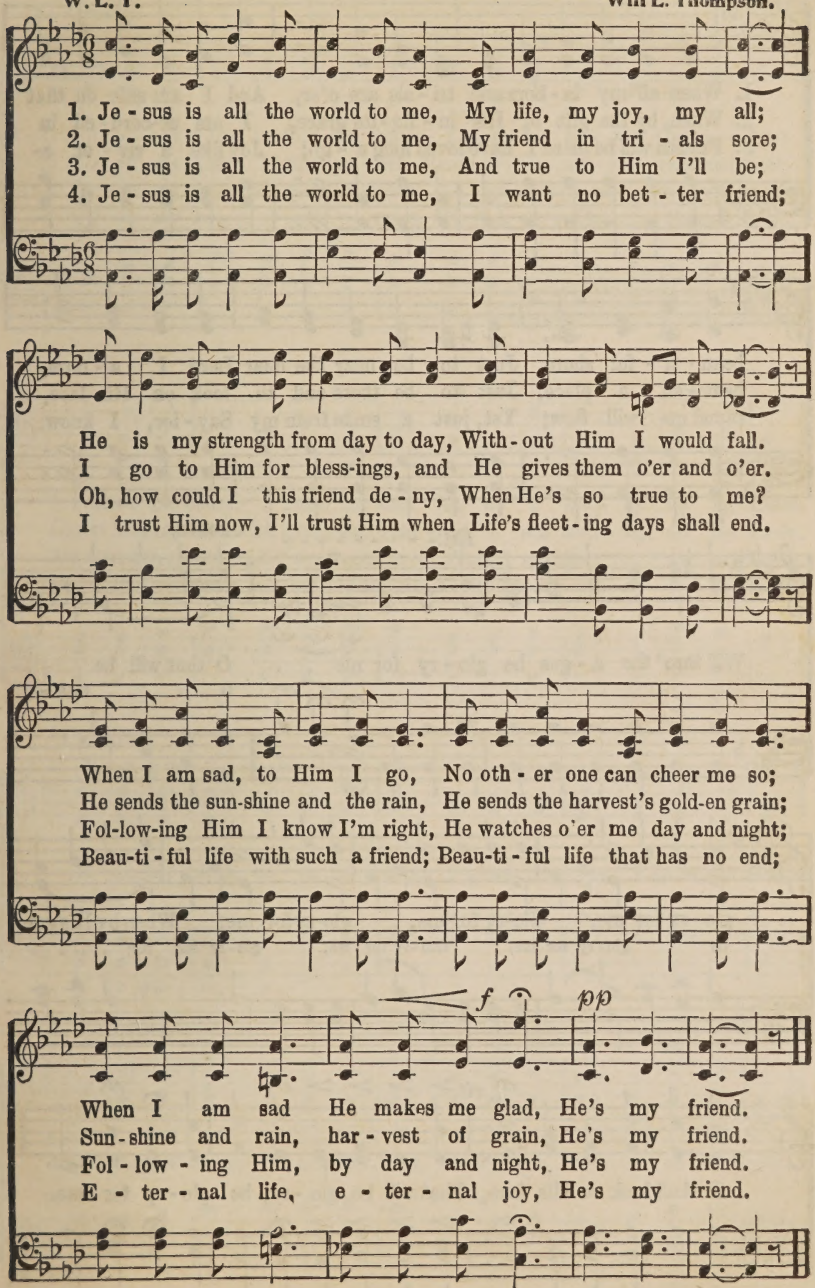
W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
f
pp
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

No. 70. O That Will Be Glory.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

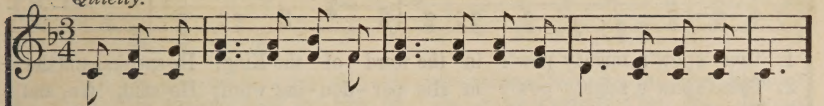
1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fin-ite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-
beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,
Rit.
CHORUS.
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . .
rit.
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

No. 71. On My Knees.

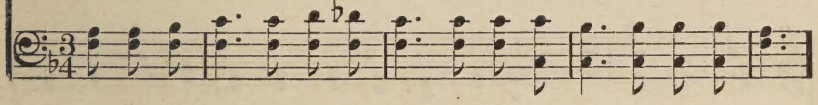
Fred J. Shields. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE. Haldor Lillenas.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

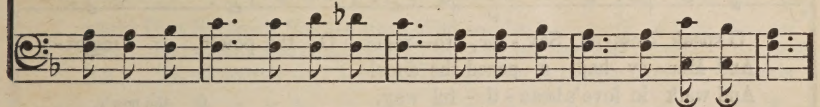
Quietly.



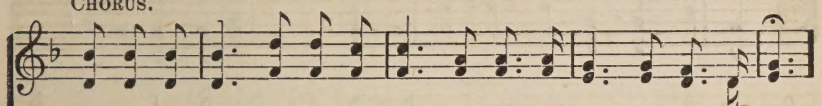
1. Up - on my knees be-fore the throne, I love to talk with God a - lone;
2. Up - on my knees I find re - lief From ev - 'ry sor - row, care and grief;
3. Up - on my knees He gives me grace To run with pa-tience life's short race;
4. Up - on my knees, a soft re - treat, His Spir - it guides me—O how sweet!



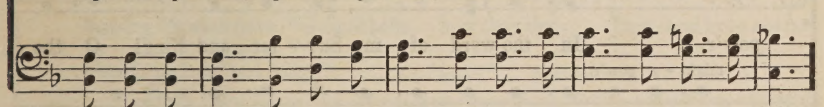
I know He hears, I know He sees Me as I wait up - on my knees.
Christ lifts my load with great-est ease While I am wait - ing, on my knees.
My strength renewed, my weakness leaves While I am there up - on my knees.
His pre-sence seems a heav'n-ly breeze, And thrills me there up - on my knees.



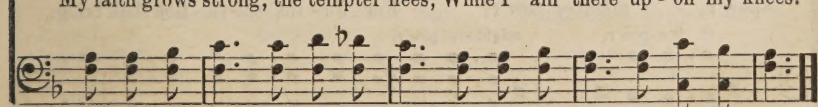
CHORUS.



Up - on my knees, up - on my knees, I know He hears, I know He sees;



My faith grows strong, the tempter flees, While I am there up - on my knees.



No. 72. His Word Was With Power.

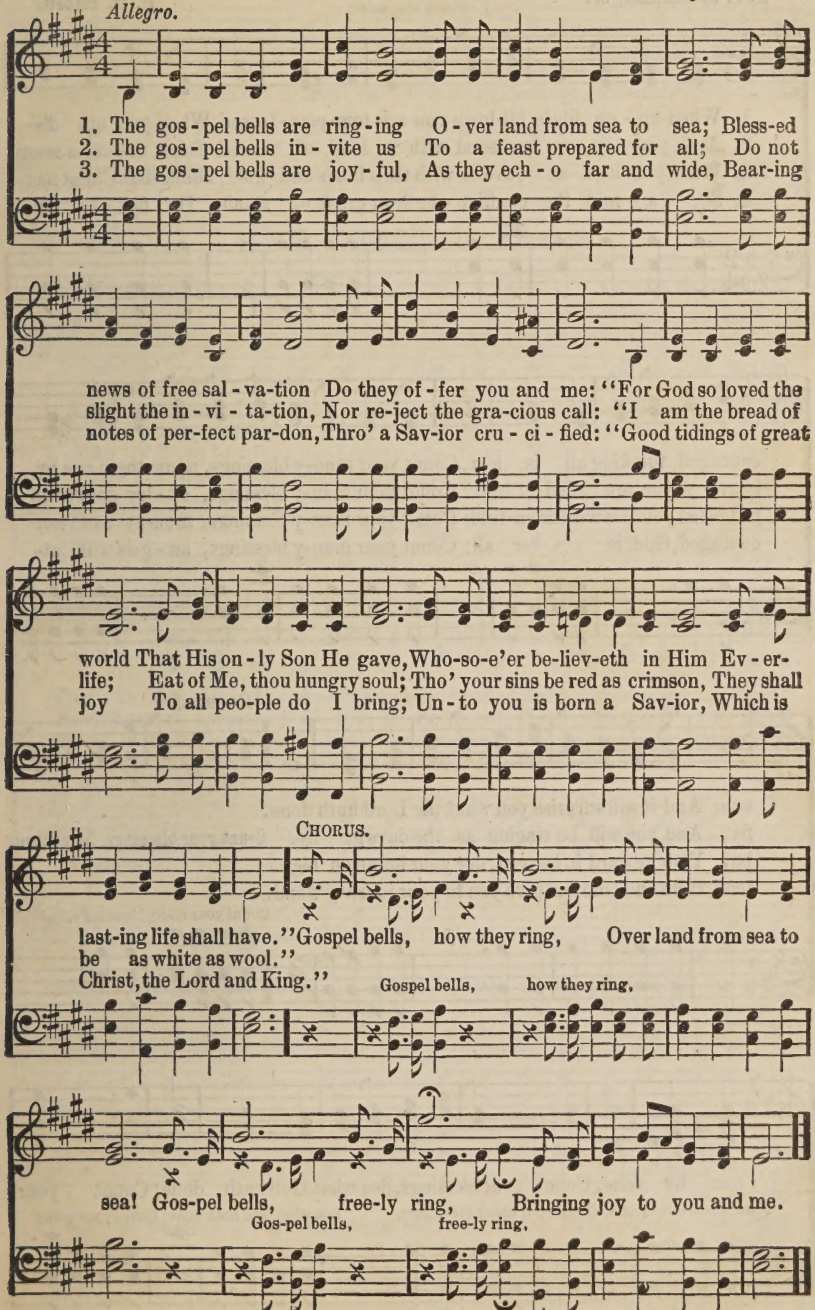
E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY JOHN C. F. KYGER. Howard E. Smith.

1. There's pow'r, mighty pow'r in the word of the King; He speaks, and the
2. There's pow'r, mighty pow'r in His par - don - ing word; He said, "Go, and
3. There's pow'r, mighty pow'r in the word of the Lord, And strength He will
cap - tive is free; The lips of the dumb with re - joic - ing shall sing;
sin now no more!" How sweet was the hour when for - give - ness I heard,
give, when we pray, To fol - low His foot-steps, His good - ness re - cord,
CHORUS.
O speak, bless - ed Sav - ior, to me! O the pow'r, might - y
And Mer - cy had o - pened the door!
And walk in love's beau - ti - ful way.
O the pow'r,
pow'r, In the word of my Sav - ior and King! O the
might - y pow'r.
pow'r, might-y pow'r! For Je - sus sal-va - tion shall bring.
O the pow'r, might - y pow'r!

No. 73. The Gospel Bells.

S. W. M. ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. S. Wesley Martin.

Allegro.

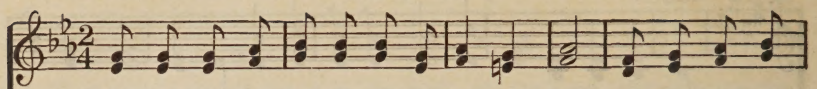

1. The gos - pel bells are ring - ing O - ver land from sea to sea; Bless-ed
2. The gos - pel bells in - vite us To a feast prepared for all; Do not
3. The gos - pel bells are joy - ful, As they ech - o far and wide, Bear-ing
news of free sal - va-tion Do they of - fer you and me: "For God so loved the
slight the in - vi - ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gra-cious call: "I am the bread of
notes of per-fect par-don, Thro' a Sav-ior cru - ci - fied: "Good tidings of great
world That His on - ly Son He gave, Who-so-e'er be-liev-eth in Him Ev - er-
life; Eat of Me, thou hungry soul; Tho' your sins be red as crimson, They shall
joy To all peo-ple do I bring; Un - to you is born a Sav-ior, Which is
CHORUS.
last-ing life shall have." Gospel bells, how they ring, Over land from sea to
be as white as wool."
Christ, the Lord and King."
Gospel bells, how they ring,
sea! Gos-pel bells, free-ly ring, Bringing joy to you and me.
Gos-pel bells, free-ly ring,

No. 74. Count Your Blessings.

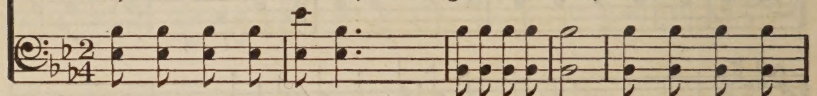
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC

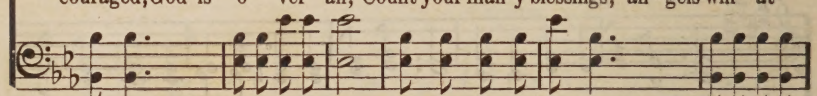
E. O. Excell.



1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-



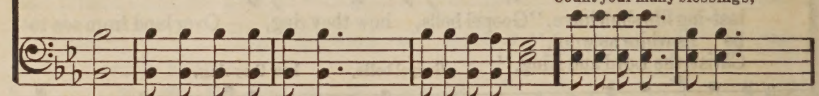
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-



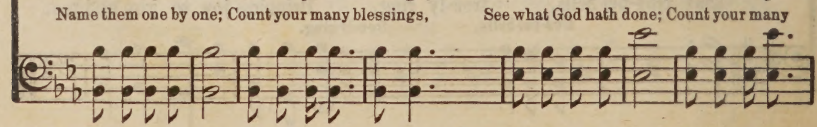
CHORUS.

one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

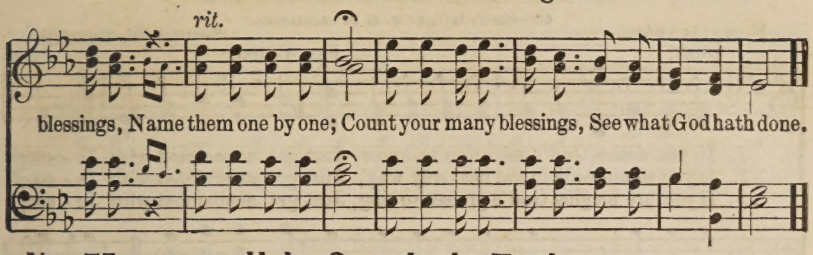
Count your many blessings,



one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many



Count Your Blessings.



No. 75. Help Somebody To-day.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK — CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Look all around you, find some one in need, Help somebody to - day!
2. Man - y are waiting a kind, loving word, Help somebody to - day!
3. Man - y have burdens too heav-y to bear, Help somebody to - day!
4. Some are discouraged and weary in heart, Help somebody to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor-ly deed—Help somebody to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help somebody to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev'rywhere, Help somebody to - day!
Some one the journey to heaven should start, Help somebody to - day!
CHORUS
Help some-bod-y to - day,..... Some-bod-y a-long life's way;.... Let
to - day, home-ward way;
sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day!

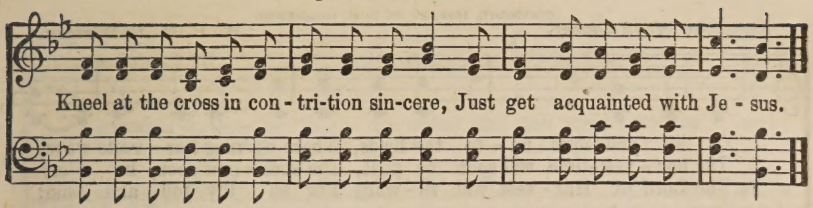
No. 76. Get Acquainted With Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

N. A. McAulay. Samuel W. Beazley.

DUET.
SEMI-CHORUS.
1. If you desire God's salvation to know, Just get acquainted with Je - sus;
2. If you would walk in the heavenly way, Just get acquainted with Je - sus;
3. If you are longing God's praises to sing, Just get acquainted with Je - sus;
DUET.
SEMI-CHORUS.
If you would triumph o'er ev-er - y foe, Just get ac-quaint-ed with Je-sus.
If you would en-ter God's service to-day, Just get ac-quaint-ed with Je-sus.
If you would honor your Master and King, Just get ac-quaint-ed with Je-sus.
ALL VOICES.
Je - sus will help you to win in the race, When you are willing His truth to embrace,
Je - sus is wait-ing to help you a-long, Ready to fill you with gladness and song,
Jesus will guide you to mansions of light, Where with the ransomed, immortal and bright,
Ask Him to show you His mer-cy and grace, Just get acquainted with Je-sus.
Trust Him to shield you from all that is wrong, Just get acquainted with Je-sus.
You shall be-hold Him in end-less de-light, Just get acquainted with Je-sus.
CHORUS.
Why do you tar-ry since Je-sus is near? Why will you perish in anguish and fear?

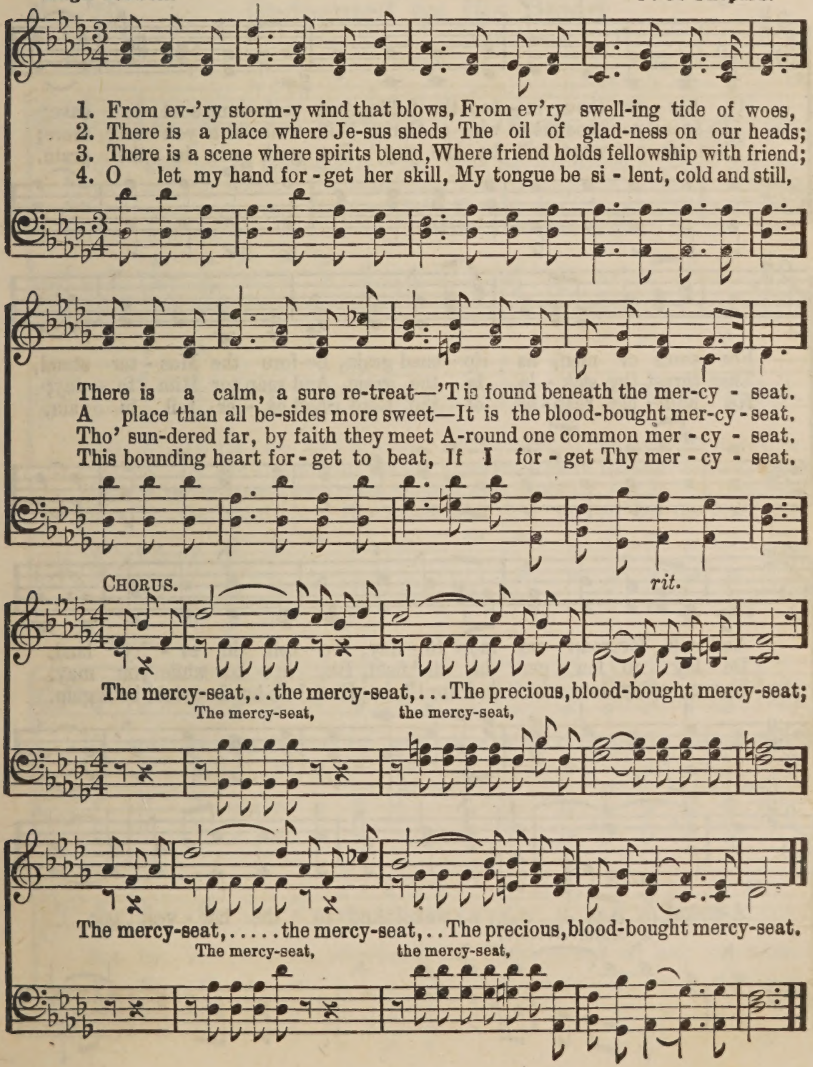
Get Acquainted With Jesus.



No. 77 The Mercy-Seat.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Hugh Stowell. P. S. Shepard.


1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. O let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold and still,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat—'T is found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet—It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer - cy - seat.
This bounding heart for - get to beat, If I for - get Thy mer - cy - seat.
CHORUS.
rit.
The mercy-seat, . . the mercy-seat, . . . The precious, blood-bought mercy-seat;
The mercy-seat, the mercy-seat,
The mercy-seat, ... the mercy-seat, . . The precious, blood-bought mercy-seat.
The mercy-seat, the mercy-seat,

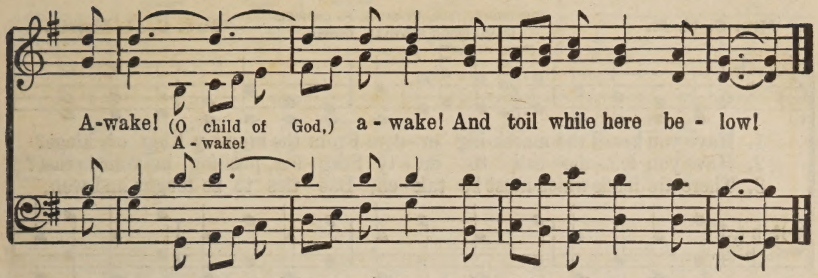
No. 78. The Lord is Thy Rewarder.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Americus Wood Conner. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. O lift your eyes un - to the fields, Where rip'ning har - vests wave,
2. The har - vest-time will soon be past, The sum - mer soon be o'er;
3. The Lord of Har - vest will re - ward For all thy toil and pain;
O has - ten thou in - to the fields, And seek some soul to save;
The friend you thought to win to Christ Will walk with you no more;
Then ask not what will be the pay, But gath - er in the grain.
For souls of men, as rip - ened grain, Be-fore the Mas - ter stand,
Then thrust thy sick - le in the grain, And reap for Him to - day;
No hum - ble reap - er of the Lord Shall ev - er toil in vain,
And call for reap - ers more to - day, To toil in ev - 'ry land.
De - lay no lon - ger in the field, But la - bor while you may.
For ev - 'ry loss he has for Christ, Heav'n's hundred-fold he'll gain.
CHORUS.
A-wake! (O child of God,) a - wake! And to the har - vest go:
A - wake!.....

The Lord is Thy Rewarder.



No. 79. Redeemed by His Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

C. M. F. SOLO. C. M. Fillmore.

1. Go with me to Geth-sem-a - ne, The Sav-ior bowed in prayer there see,
2. Go! see Him bound of hands and feet, While scourge and thong and biting lash,
3. Go! see a-gain that life-blood flow, From thorns that pierce His kindly brow,
4. Go with me now to Cal - va - ry, There see Him hang-ing on the tree
While in His bit - ter ag - o - ny, He sweats great drops of blood for thee.
Laid on by bru - tal soldiers' hands, Draw streams of blood from many a gash.
While crowds contemptuous stand around, And, mocking, low be-fore Him bow.
Un - til the last drops of His blood Was shed to set this vile world free.
CHORUS.
O not by sil - ver, nor by gold, Nor things cor-rupt - i - ble as these,
But by His pre-cious, price-less blood, Christ gained us our re - lease.

No. 80. Onward, Forward.

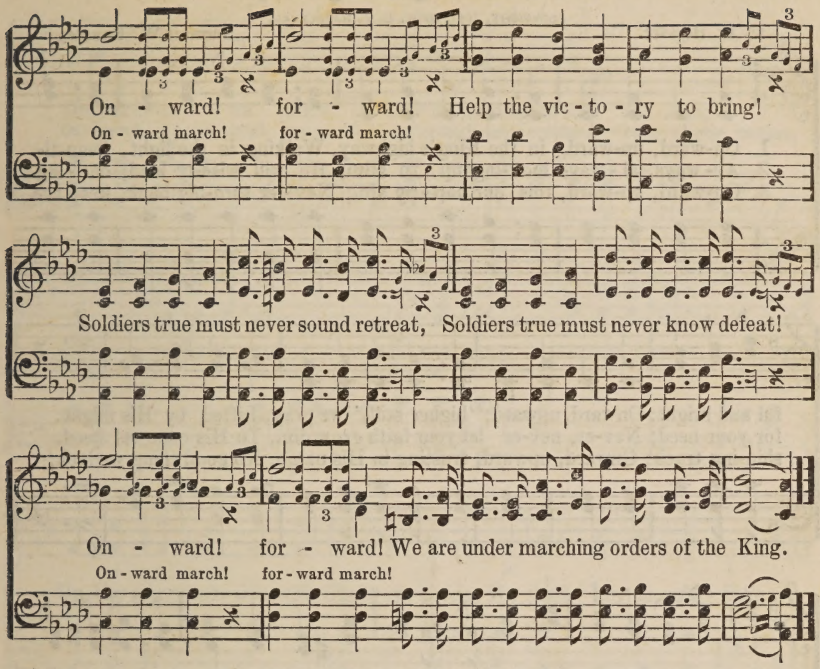
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

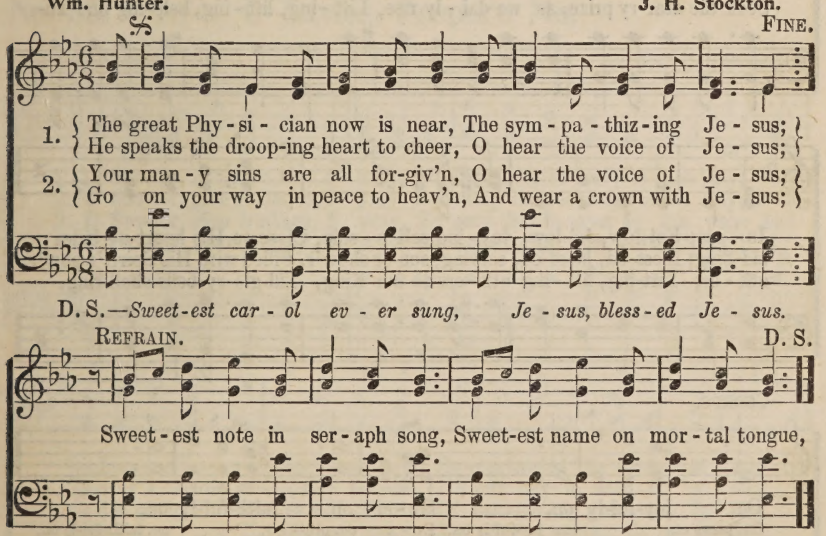
1. Have you heard the march-ing or-ders From the might-y King of kings?
2. Have you felt the call to du-ty Surg-ing, puls-ing in your breast?
3. There are lands which must be tak-en, Bat-tles to be fought and won,
All a-long the line of bat-tle Like a clar-ion call it rings.
Voi-ces which would not be si-lent, Would not let you lon-ger rest?
Pre-cious sheaves which must be gathered, So much work yet to be done!
Gird ye on the gos-pel ar-mor! On-ward! for-ward, sol-diers true!
'Tis the Spir-its's call to serv-ice, Rise, and at His bid-ding go
Stand no lon-ger i-dly wait-ing, When you pre-cious souls might win;
In the con-flict fierce-ly rag-ing, Christ the Lord has need of you.
To the fields with har-vest bend-ing, And the joys of reap-ing know.
Haste a-way, and with the faith-ful Let your name be count-ed in.
CHORUS.
On-ward! for-ward! Let the glo-rious watchword ring!
Onward march! forward march!

Onward, Forward.


On - ward! for - ward! Help the vic - to - ry to bring!
On - ward march! for - ward march!
Soldiers true must never sound retreat, Soldiers true must never know defeat!
On - ward! for - ward! We are under marching orders of the King.
On - ward march! for - ward march!

No. 81. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.


FINE.
1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus;
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus;
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus;
D. S.—*Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.*
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
O how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

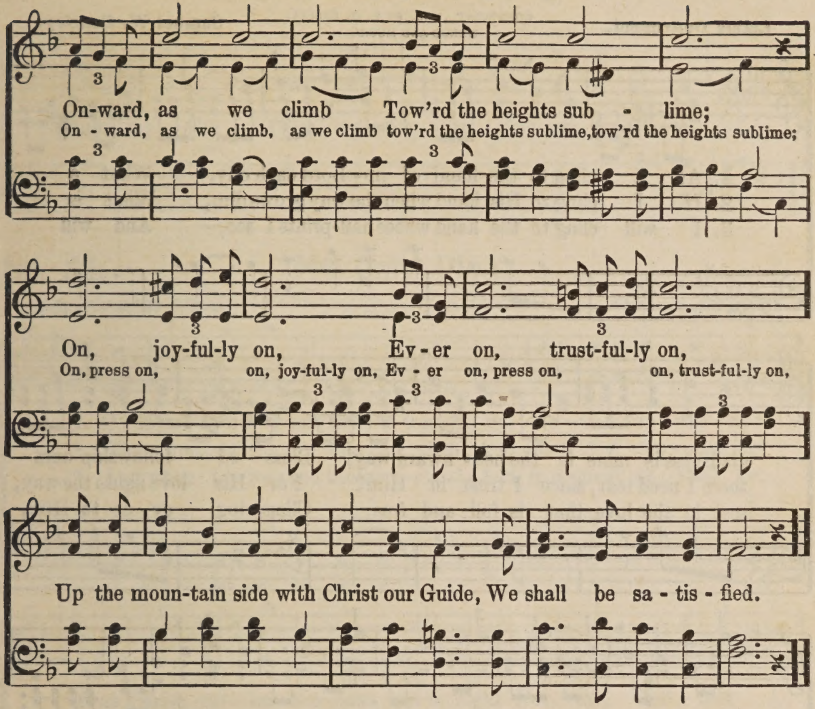
No. 82. In the King's Highway.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

E. E. Hewitt. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. On-ward, up-ward, in the King's highway, Walking in the light, beau-ti-
2. Al-ways, al-ways look-ing up to Him, He will wise-ly lead, car-ing
3. On-ward, up-ward, this our hap-py aim; Nev-er turn-ing back, keep the
ful and bright; Onward, upward; "higher still," we pray, Lifted by His might.
for your need; Nev-er, nev-er let your faith grow dim, To His coun-sel heed.
shin-ing track; Onward, upward, trusting in His name, No good thing we lack;
Find-ing steps of love to the home a-bove, Fol-low, fol-low, let us fol-low
Yielding now your all at the Master's call, Bless-ed, bless-ed, they who do His
Seek the star-ry prize, as we dai-ly rise, Lift-ing, lift-ing, help-ing one an-
Je-sus; Fol-low, fol-low, lay-ing self a-side, Close to His heart a-bide.
bid-ding; Bless-ed, bless-ed, serving, sun or show'r, Filled with His Spirit's pow'r.
oth-er; Lift-ing, lift-ing oth-ers to our King, Till glo-ry-bells shall ring.
CHORUS.
On, joy-ful-ly on, Ev-er on, faith-ful-ly on,
On, press on, on, joy-ful-ly on, Ev-er on, press on, on, faith-ful-ly on,

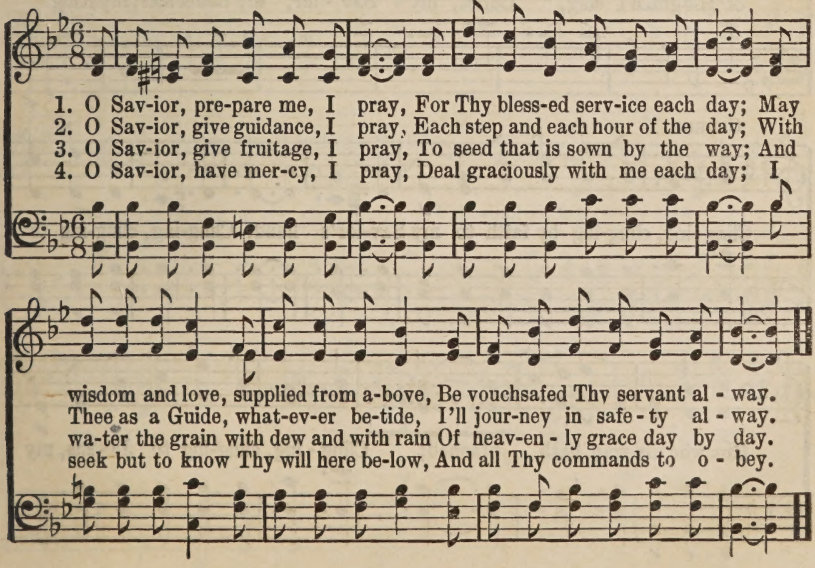
In the King's Highway.


On-ward, as we climb Tow'rd the heights sub - lime;
On - ward, as we climb, as we climb tow'rd the heights sublime, tow'rd the heights sublime;
On, joy-ful-ly on, Ev - er on, trust-ful-ly on,
On, press on, on, joy-ful-ly on, Ev - er on, press on, on, trust-ful-ly on,
Up the moun-tain side with Christ our Guide, We shall be sa - tis - fied.

No. 83. O Savior, Prepare Me.

COPYRIGHT 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

F. S. Shepard. Ran C. Storey.


1. O Sav-ior, pre-pare me, I pray, For Thy bless-ed serv-ice each day; May
2. O Sav-ior, give guidance, I pray, Each step and each hour of the day; With
3. O Sav-ior, give fruitage, I pray, To seed that is sown by the way; And
4. O Sav-ior, have mer-cy, I pray, Deal graciously with me each day; I
wisdom and love, supplied from a-bove, Be vouchsafed Thy servant al - way.
Thee as a Guide, what-ev-er be-tide, I'll jour-ney in safe-ty al - way.
wa-ter the grain with dew and with rain Of heav-en - ly grace day by day.
seek but to know Thy will here be-low, And all Thy commands to o - bey.

No. 84. Clinging Close to His Hand.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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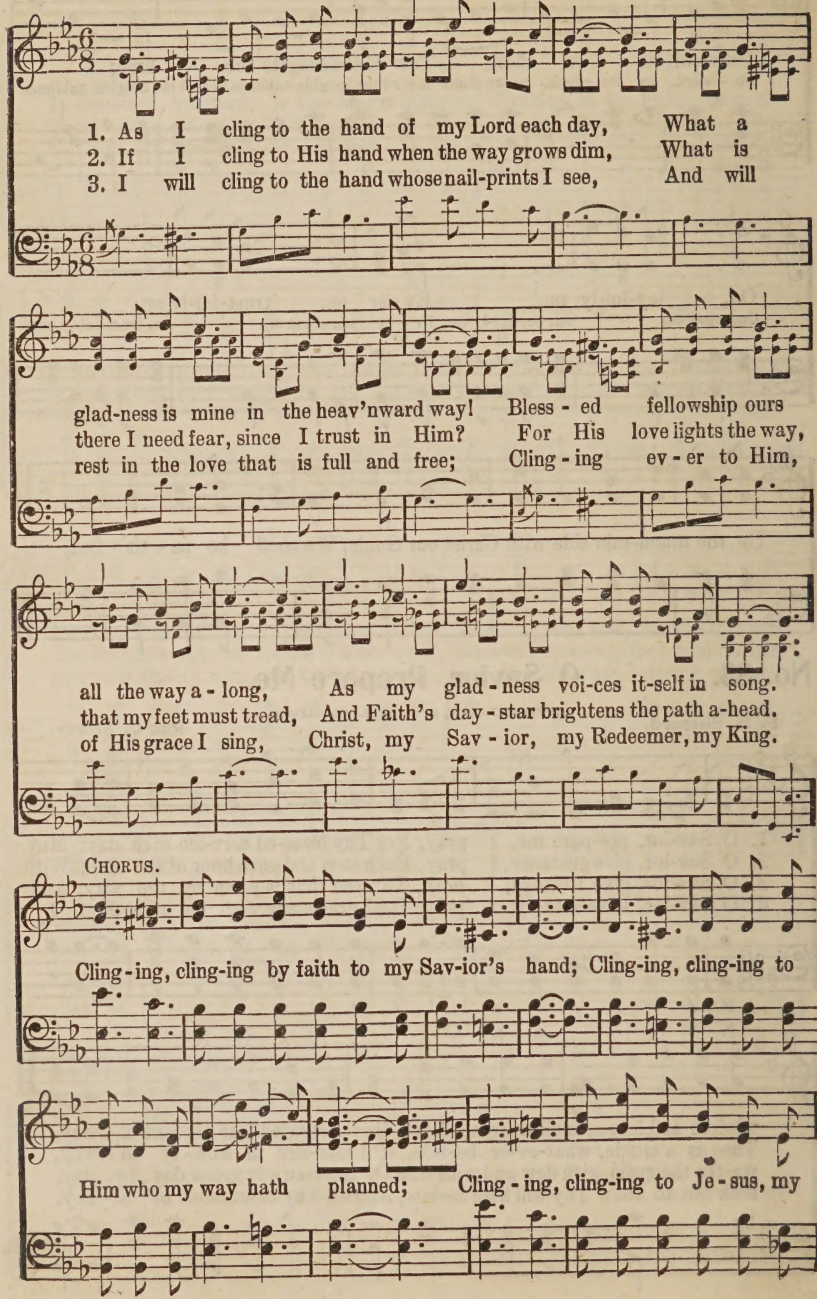
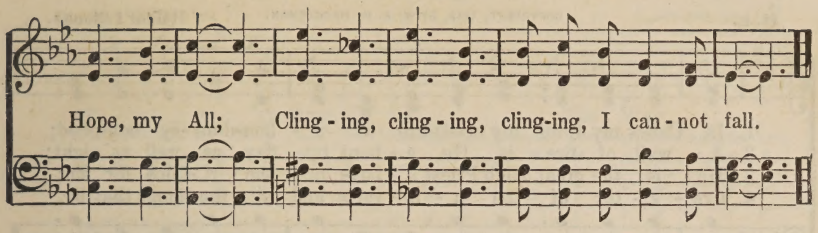
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.


1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, What a
2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, What is
3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, And will
glad-ness is mine in the heav'nward way! Bless - ed fellowship ours
there I need fear, since I trust in Him? For His love lights the way,
rest in the love that is full and free; Cling - ing ev - er to Him,
all the way a - long, As my glad - ness voi-ces it-self in song.
that my feet must tread, And Faith's day - star brightens the path a-head.
of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav - ior, my Redeemer, my King.
CHORUS.
Cling - ing, cling-ing by faith to my Sav-ior's hand; Cling-ing, cling-ing to
Him who my way hath planned; Cling - ing, cling-ing to Je - sus, my

Clinging Close to His Hand.



No. 85. My Only Plea.

John Crombie White.

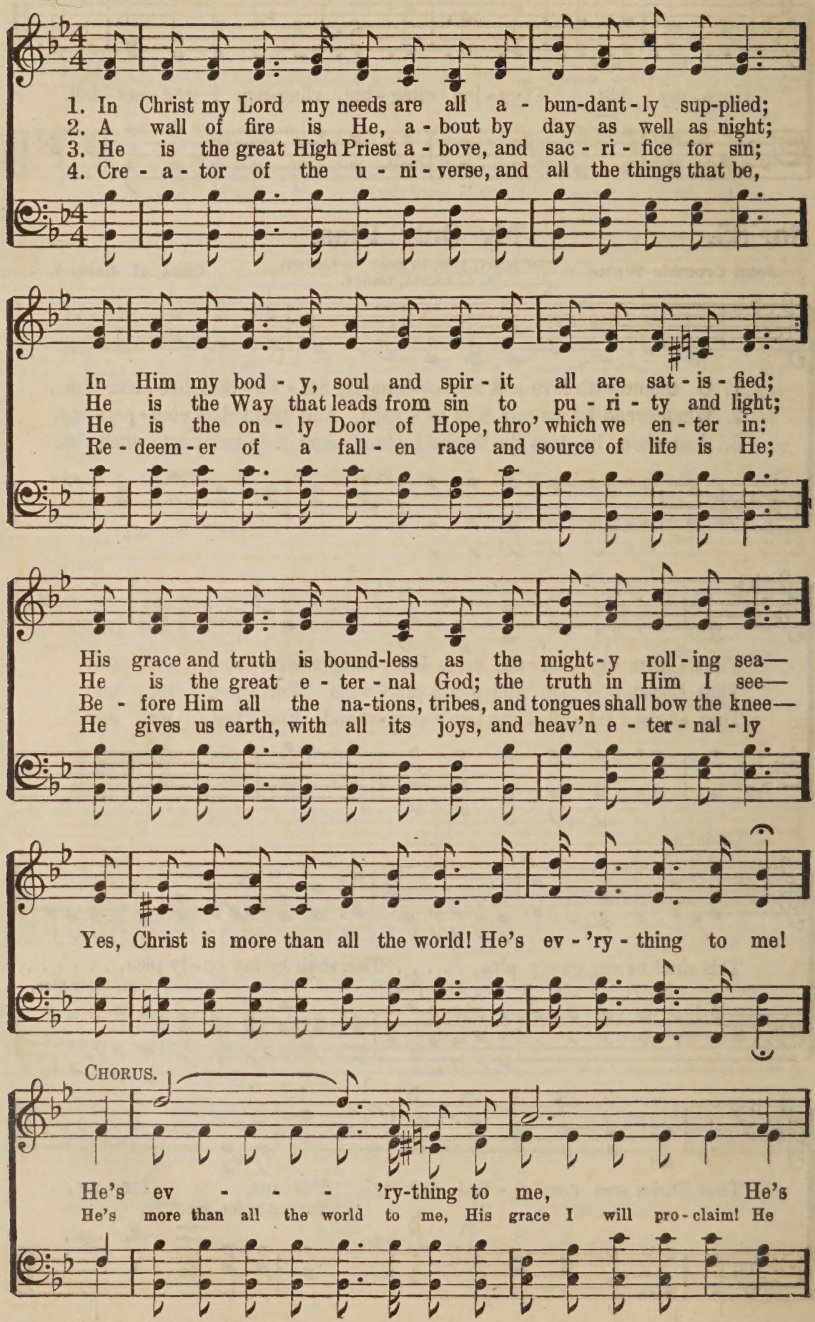
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O theme with love and mer-cy fraught, Sal - va - tion full and free,
2. When dread-ful sin my soul as - sails, And death shall com - pass me,
3. And when be - fore the throne I stand, And judg-ment set shall be,
That Christ up - on the cross has wrought For me, for me:
That Christ o'er sin and death pre - vails For me, for me:
That Christ ful - filled the law's com - mand For me, for me:
CHORUS.
This shall be my on - ly plea, ... This shall be my on - ly plea, ...
my on-ly plea,
my on-ly plea,
That Christ was cru - ci - fied for me, For me, for me.
For me, for me,

No. 86. He's Everything to Me.

H. L. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Haldor Lillenas.


1. In Christ my Lord my needs are all a - bun-dant-ly sup-plied;
2. A wall of fire is He, a - bout by day as well as night;
3. He is the great High Priest a - bove, and sac - ri - fice for sin;
4. Cre - a - tor of the u - ni - verse, and all the things that be,
In Him my bod - y, soul and spir - it all are sat - is - fied;
He is the Way that leads from sin to pu - ri - ty and light;
He is the on - ly Door of Hope, thro' which we en - ter in:
Re - deem - er of a fall - en race and source of life is He;
His grace and truth is bound-less as the might - y roll - ing sea—
He is the great e - ter - nal God; the truth in Him I see—
Be - fore Him all the na-tions, tribes, and tongues shall bow the knee—
He gives us earth, with all its joys, and heav'n e - ter - nal - ly
Yes, Christ is more than all the world! He's ev - 'ry - thing to me!
CHORUS.
He's ev - - - 'ry-thing to me, He's
He's more than all the world to me, His grace I will pro - claim! He

He's Everything to Me.

ev - - 'ry-thing to me; The Way, ...
is my strength, my "all in all," O bless His ho - ly name! The Way, the Truth, the Life,
the Truth, the Life is He, Yes, Christ is ev-'ry-thing to me.
yes, Truth and Life is He, Yes, Christ is ev - 'ry-thing, yes, ev - 'ry - thing to me.

No. 87. I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

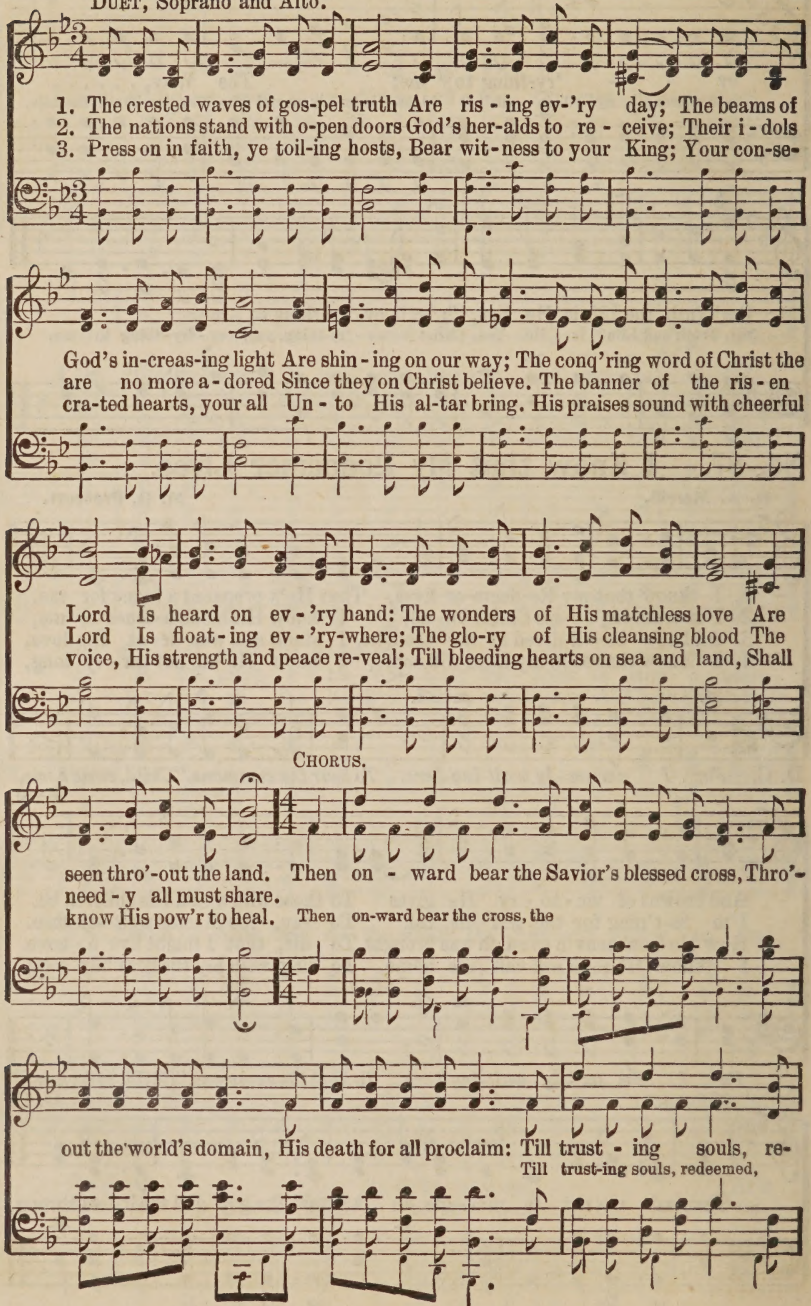
H. A. Merrill. M. G. Prescott.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, That He's prepared a home for me,
2. I'm trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all, I know His blood a-tones for me,
3. And now be-wil-dered at the thought, I stand and won-der at His love,
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He will not tar - ry long,
D. C.—For I am on - ly wait-ing here, To hear the summons, "Child, come home,"
FINE.
And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives To those who would His children be.
I'm lis-t'ning for the gen - tle call To say, the Master wait-eth thee.
How He from heav'n to earth was brought To die, that I might live a - bove.
I know He soon will call me home To sing with joy the heav'nly song.
For I am on - ly wait-ing here, To hear the summons, "Child, come home."
CHORUS.
D. C.
Then ask me not to min - gle on A - mid the gay and tho't-less throng,

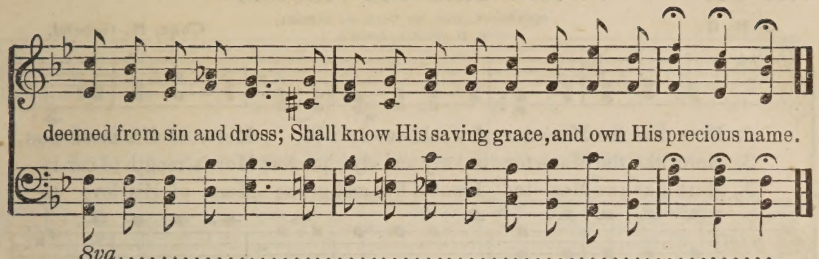
No. 88. Onward Bear the Cross.

N. A. McAulay. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Samuel W. Beazley.

DUET, Soprano and Alto.


1. The crested waves of gos-pel truth Are ris - ing ev-'ry day; The beams of
2. The nations stand with o-pen doors God's her-alds to re - ceive; Their i - dols
3. Press on in faith, ye toil-ing hosts, Bear wit-ness to your King; Your con-se-
God's in-creas-ing light Are shin - ing on our way; The conq'ring word of Christ the
are no more a - dored Since they on Christ believe. The banner of the ris - en
cra-ted hearts, your all Un - to His al-tar bring. His praises sound with cheerful
Lord Is heard on ev - 'ry hand: The wonders of His matchless love Are
Lord Is float - ing ev - 'ry-where; The glo-ry of His cleansing blood The
voice, His strength and peace re-veal; Till bleeding hearts on sea and land, Shall
CHORUS.
seen thro'-out the land. Then on - ward bear the Savior's blessed cross, Thro'-
need - y all must share.
know His pow'r to heal. Then on-ward bear the cross, the
out the world's domain, His death for all proclaim: Till trust - ing souls, re-
Till trust-ing souls, redeemed,

Onward Bear the Cross.



No. 89. Go Ye Into All the World.

Thomas Moreli. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E M. HACKLEMAN. Frederick A. Fillmore.

1. Go, and the Sav-ior's grace pro-claim, Ye mes-sen-gers of God,
2. Go, tho' your ar-duous task may lie Thro' re-gions dark as death;
3. Go, with de-ter-mined cour-age go, And armed with pow'r di-vine;
4. Go; He who called you to the war Will rec-om-pense your pains;
Go, pub-lish thro' Im-man-uel's name, Sal-va-tion bought with blood.
Go, tho' your faith and zeal to try, Per-ils be-set your path.
Go, God will need-ful aid be-stow, And on your la-bor shine.
Be-fore Mes-si-ah's con-q'ring car, Mountains shall sink to plains.
CHORUS.
"Go ye in-to all the world, And preach the gos-pel to ev-'ry creature;"
Go, pub-lish thro' Im-man-u-el's name, Sal-va-tion bought with blood.

No. 90. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

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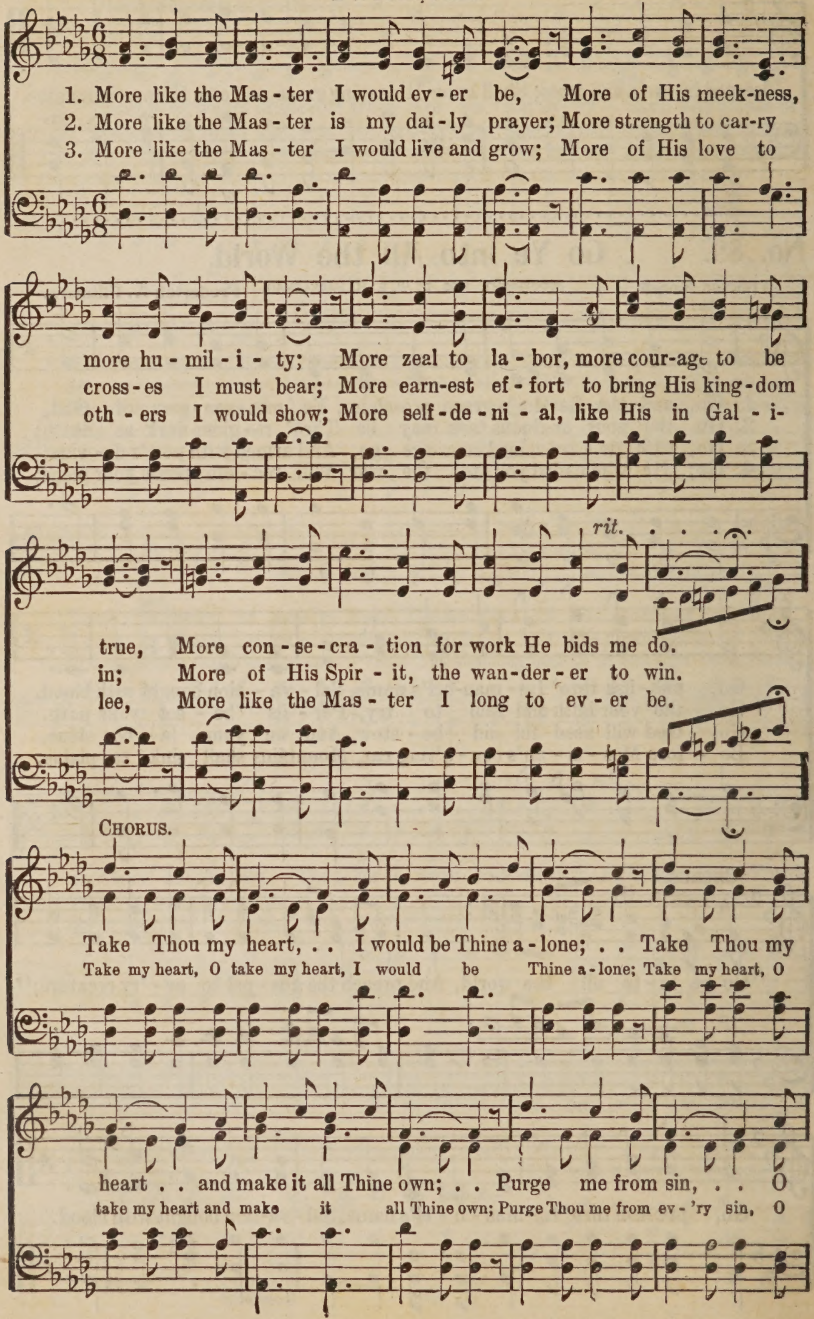
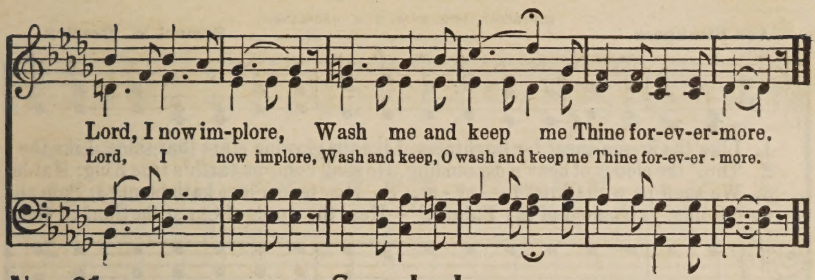
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to
more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour-age to be
cross-es I must bear; More earn-est ef - fort to bring His king-dom
oth - ers I would show; More self-de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i-
rit.
true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan-der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.
CHORUS.
Take Thou my heart, . . I would be Thine a - lone; . . Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O
heart . . and make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.


Lord, I now im-plore, Wash me and keep me Thine for-ev-er-more.
Lord, I now implore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev-er - more.

No. 91. Somebody.

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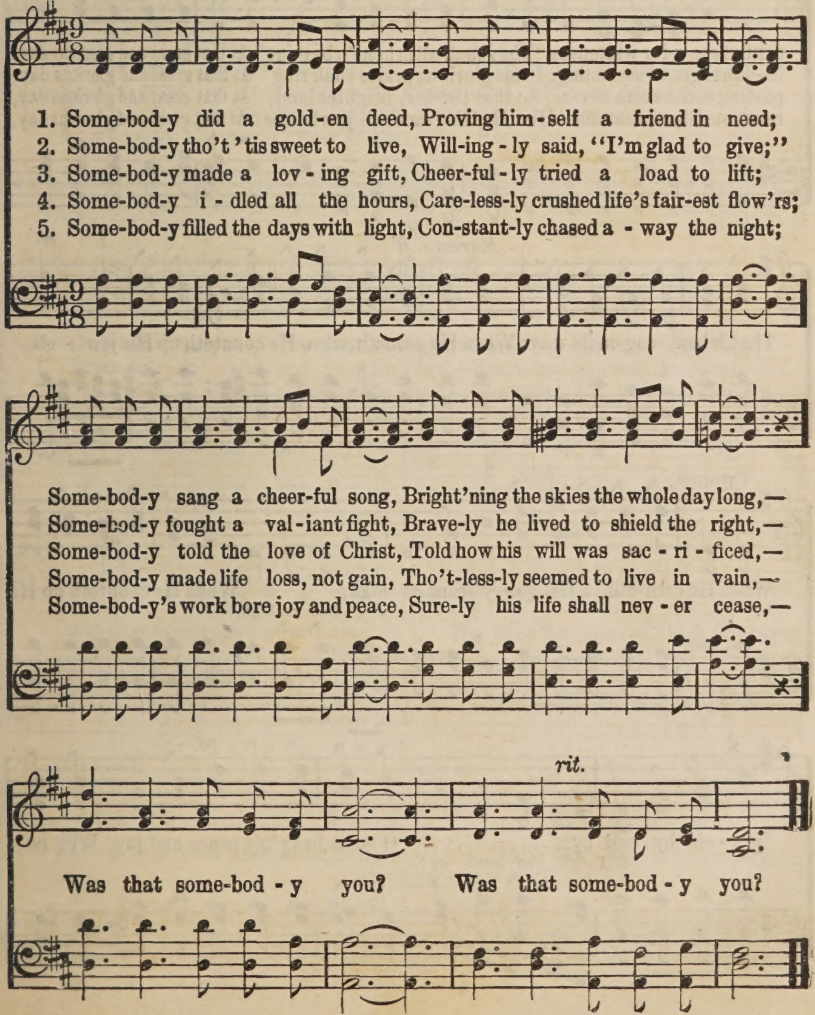
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.


1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Proving him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i-dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fair-est flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Con-stant-ly chased a-way the night;
Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how his will was sac-ri-ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—
rit.
Was that some-bod-y you? Was that some-bod-y you?

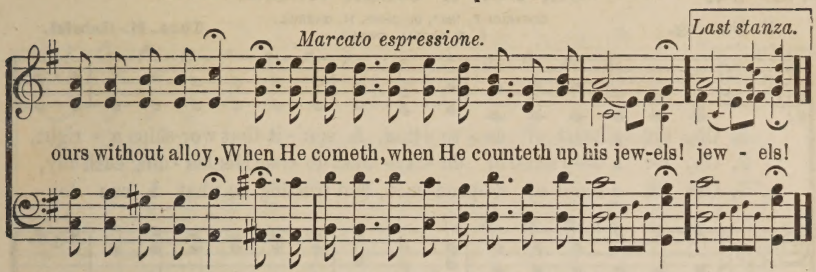
No. 92. When He Counteth Up His Jewels.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Ada Blenkhorn. Samuel W. Beazley.

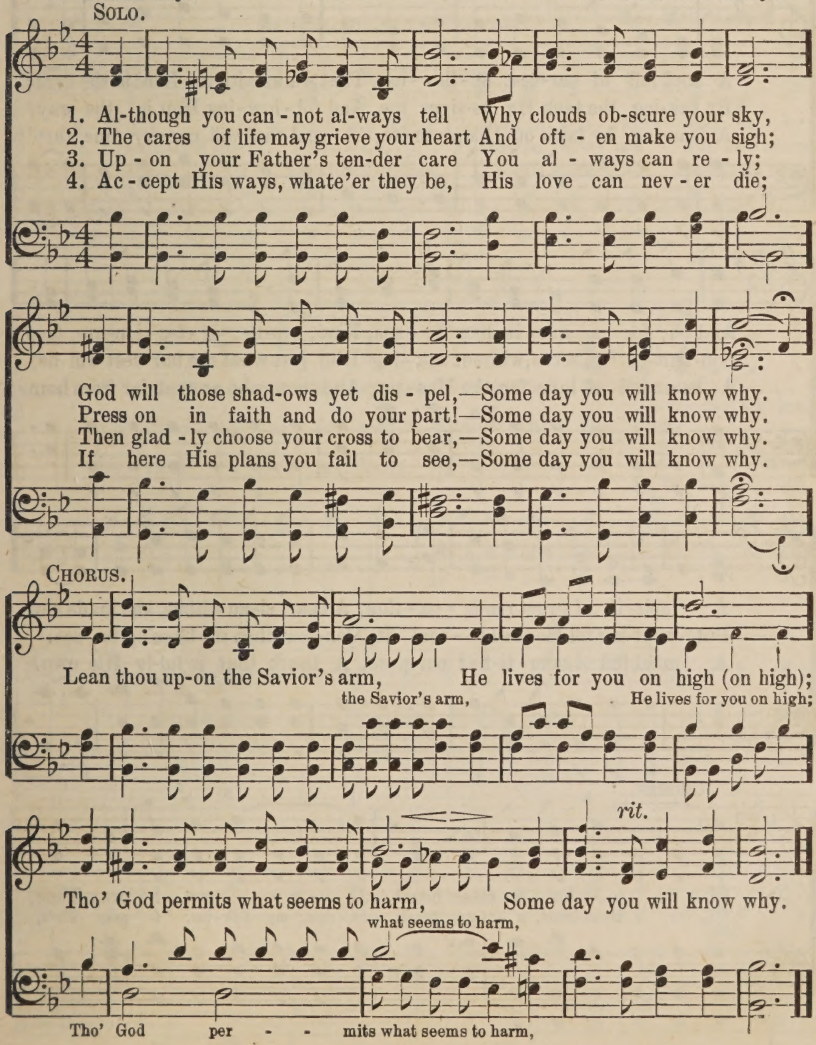
1. Like the fir-ma-ment for brightness, Like the glowing stars that shine, Like the
2. Thro' the clouds of heav'n descending, He shall come as earth's true King; Hal-le-
3. We shall be with Christ for-ev-er, So His tender love hath planned; Pain and
4. "Come, ye bless-ed of My Father,"—Hear the words of Christ the Son! Of the
drifted snow for whiteness, "They shall all in heav'n be mine" At that great and glorious day,
lu-jahs! grand ascending, In his glorious praise shall ring At that great and glorious day,
parting come there nev-er, In that bet-ter, brighter land, At that great and glorious day,
ransomed hosts that meet Him, By His grace will you be one? At that great and glorious day,
Marcato. ff
That is hast'ning on its way: When He cometh, when He counteth up His jew-els.
CHORUS.
When He com-eth in His glo-ry from on high, When He counteth up His
from on high,
jew-els by and by:..... O what heav'nly peace and joy Will be
by and by:

When He Counteth Up His Jewels.



No. 93. Some Day You Will Know Why.

N. A. McAulay. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Samuel W. Beazley.


SOLO.
1. Al-though you can - not al-ways tell Why clouds ob-scure your sky,
2. The cares of life may grieve your heart And oft - en make you sigh;
3. Up - on your Father's ten-der care You al - ways can re - ly;
4. Ac - cept His ways, whate'er they be, His love can nev - er die;
God will those shad-ows yet dis - pel,—Some day you will know why.
Press on in faith and do your part!—Some day you will know why.
Then glad - ly choose your cross to bear,—Some day you will know why.
If here His plans you fail to see,—Some day you will know why.
CHORUS.
Lean thou up-on the Savior's arm, He lives for you on high (on high);
the Savior's arm, He lives for you on high;
rit.
Tho' God permits what seems to harm, Some day you will know why.
what seems to harm,
Tho' God per - - mits what seems to harm,

No. 94. Oh, For a Clean Heart.

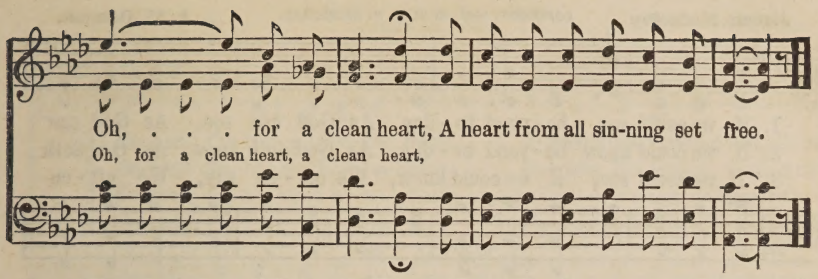
E. Hoening.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

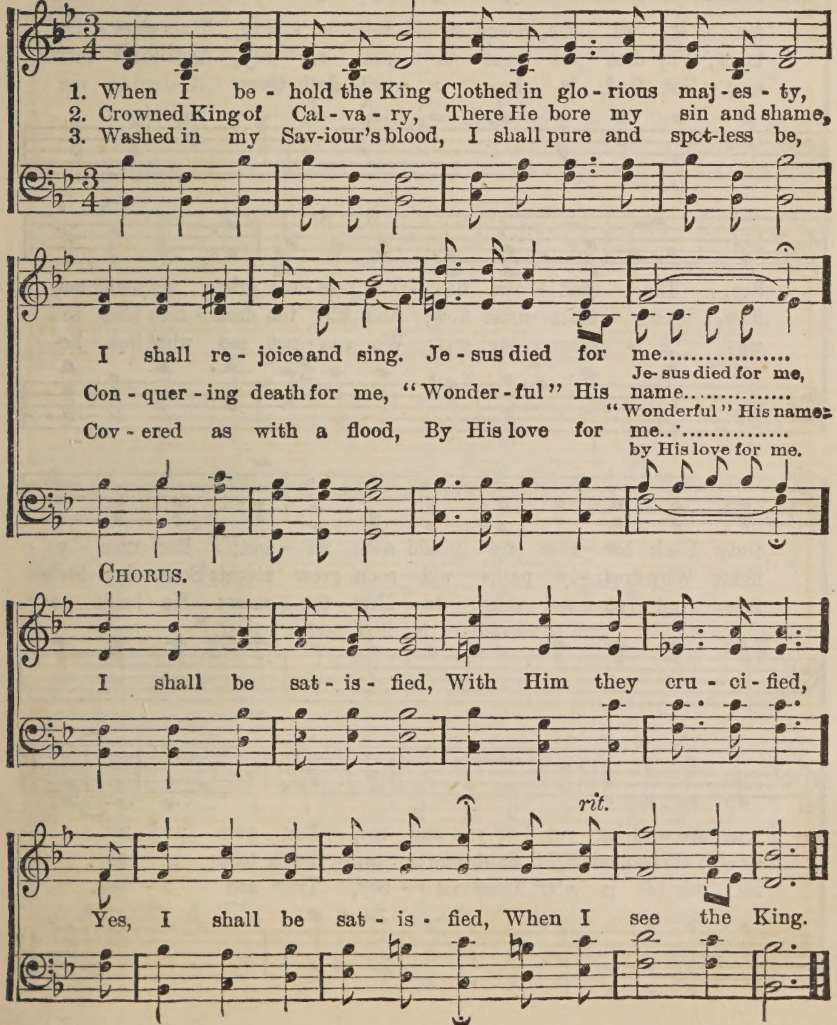
1. Oh, for a heart of de - vo - tion, A spir - it that wor-ships a - right,
2. Oh, for a deep sense of du - ty—Just do - ing His bid - ding each day,
3. Oh, for a sense of de-pend-ence, Not trusting to what I can do;
A soul full of ear-nest be - liev - ing, That walks with the Lord in the light;
By tak-ing the task He as-signs me, And fol - low - ing Him in the way;
A lean-ing by faith on His prom-ise, A zeal that will car - ry me thro';
And oh, for a spir - it like Je - sus, Kind, gen-tle, af - fec-tion-ate, true,
Con-tent-ed to serve, without ask - ing Him just what the har-vest will be,
A heart full of love for the Mas - ter, And those who are yet far from home;
A spir - it of sweet res-ig - na - tion, A heart clean within, and made new.
But wait-ing till He shall re - veal it, Con-tent then the blessing to see.
A mind full of sanc - ti-fied pur-pose, A heart that is ful-ly His own.
CHORUS.
Oh, . . . for a clean heart, Je - - - sus, I pray Thee,
Oh, for a clean heart, a clean heart, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I pray Thee,

Oh, For a Clean Heart.



No. 95. When I See the King.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A. H. Ackley.


1. When I be - hold the King Clothed in glo - rious maj - es - ty,
2. Crowned King of Cal - va - ry, There He bore my sin and shame,
3. Washed in my Sav-iour's blood, I shall pure and spot-less be,
I shall re - joice and sing. Je - sus died for me.....
Je-sus died for me,
Con - quer - ing death for me, "Wonder - ful" His name.....
"Wonderful" His name
Cov - ered as with a flood, By His love for me.....
by His love for me.
CHORUS.
I shall be sat - is - fied, With Him they cru - ci - fied,
rit.
Yes, I shall be sat - is - fied, When I see the King.

No. 96. Beyond To-day.

Jerome McCauley. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. E M. HACKLEMAN. J. M. Dungan.

1. If we could see be-yond to-day, As God can see, As God can
2. If we could know be-yond to-day, As God doth know, As God doth
3. "If we could see, if we could know," We oft-en say, We oft-en
see, If all the clouds should roll a-way, The shad-ows
know, Why dear-est treas-ures pass a-way, And tears must
say; But God, in love, a veil doth throw A-cross our
flee, The shad-ows flee;—O'er pres-ent griefs we would not
flow, And tears must flow; And why the dark-ness leads to
way, A-cross our way; We can-not see what lies be-
fret, Each sor-row we would soon for-get; For man-y
light, Why drear-y paths will soon grow bright; Some day life's
fore, And so we cling to Him the more; He leads us
joys are wait-ing yet, For you and me, For you and me.
wrongs will be made right, Faith tells us so, Faith tells us so.
till this life is o'er; Trust and o-bey, Trust and o-bey.

No. 97 Beyond the Bar.

T. M. Eastwood.

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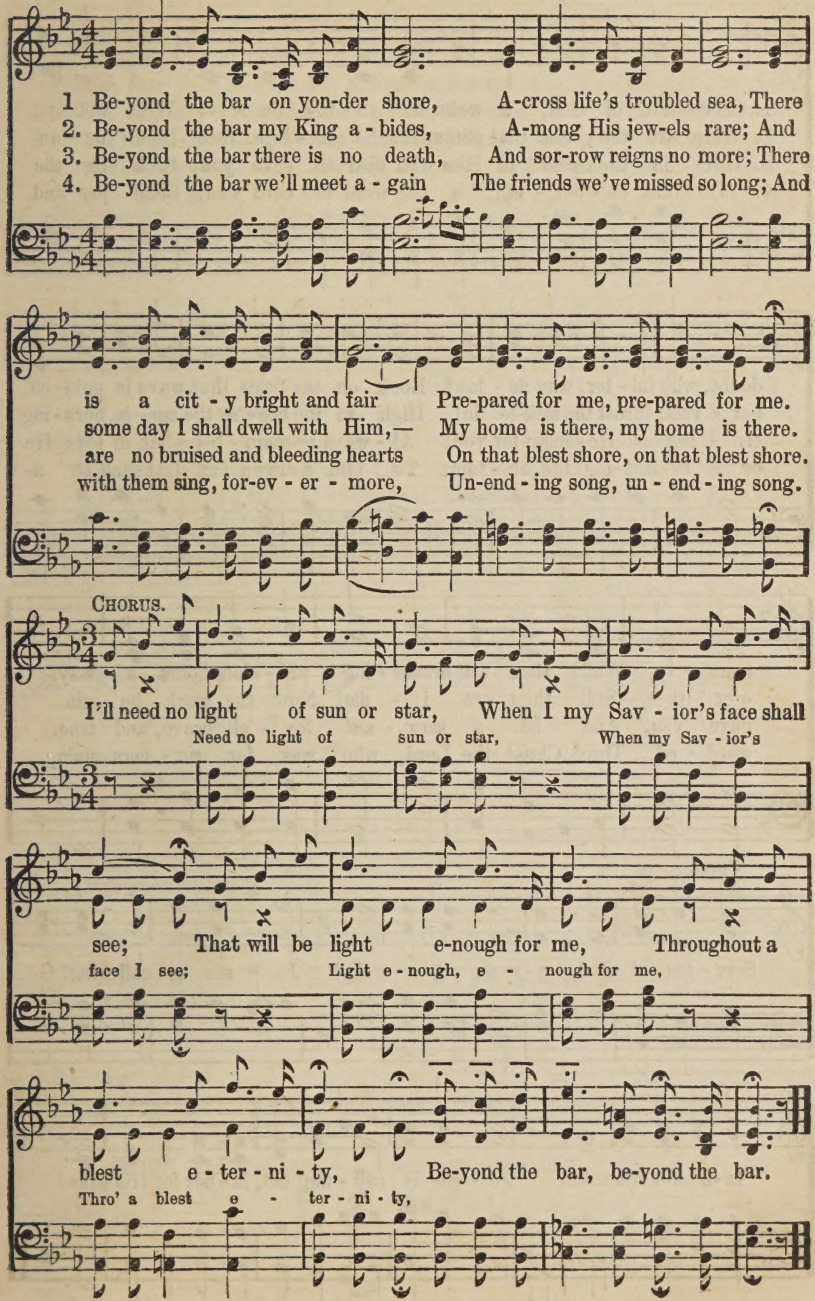
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fred. H. Byshe.


1 Be-yond the bar on yon-der shore, A-cross life's troubled sea, There
2. Be-yond the bar my King a - bides, A-mong His jew-els rare; And
3. Be-yond the bar there is no death, And sor-row reigns no more; There
4. Be-yond the bar we'll meet a - gain The friends we've missed so long; And
is a cit - y bright and fair Pre-pared for me, pre-pared for me.
some day I shall dwell with Him,— My home is there, my home is there.
are no bruised and bleeding hearts On that blest shore, on that blest shore.
with them sing, for-ev - er - more, Un-end - ing song, un - end - ing song.
CHORUS.
I'll need no light of sun or star, When I my Sav - ior's face shall
Need no light of sun or star, When my Sav - ior's
see; That will be light e-nough for me, Throughout a
face I see; Light e - nough, e - nough for me,
blest e - ter - ni - ty, Be-yond the bar, be-yond the bar.
Thro' a blest e - ter - ni - ty,

No. 98. Servant of God, Awake.

Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

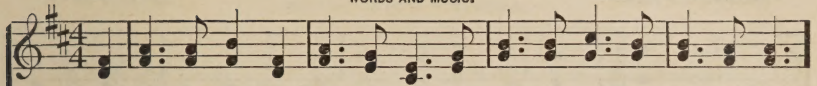
1. Serv - ant of God, a - wake un - to thy du - ty; Why will ye
2. Wide are the plains that glimm'ring lie be - fore thee Ripe un - to
3. Up! in the name of Him who died to save you; Seek for the
4. "He that en - dur - eth," is the word re - cord - ed, Shall joy and
doubt, why fal - ter, why de - lay? Look on the fields that wave in gold - en
har - vest; thrust the sick-le in! High in the heav'ns the sun is burn - ing
err - ing as He sought for you! Al - ways re-mem - ber what in love He
ev - er-last - ing life ob - tain; To him a crown at last shall be a-
beau - ty, While thou art dream - ing pre - cious hours a - way.
o'er thee,—Still thou art i - dle! Now the work be - gin.
gave you, And be a serv - ant loy - al, brave, and true.
ward - ed, Thro' Christ the Lord, who was for sin - ners slain.
CHORUS.
Serv - ant of God, a - rouse ye, a - wake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go,
la - bor for His sake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go, la - bor for His sake!

No. 99. I Am Satisfied With Jesus.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

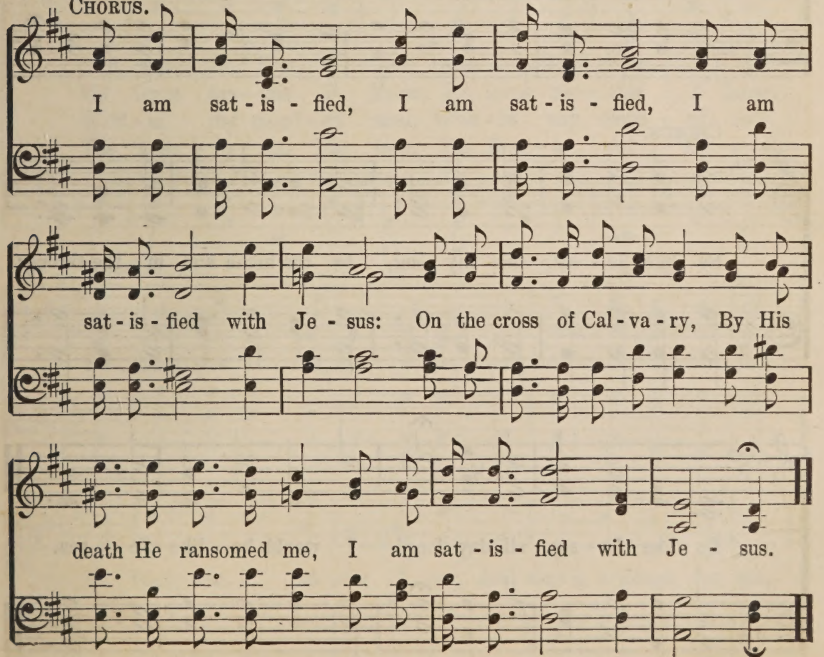
Samuel W. Beazley.



1. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet, His name is mu - sic to re-peat,
2. The way may dark and drear - y be, His hand I know is lead - ing me,
3. The world may tempt my feet to stray, But I can nev - er lose my way,
4. The storms of life I will not fear, For He hath said "Be of good cheer;"

His presence makes my joy complete; I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.
No oth - er friend so good as He; I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.
For He is with me night and day; I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.
And since I find Him al - ways near, I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.

CHORUS.



I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, I am
sat - is - fied with Je - sus: On the cross of Cal - va - ry, By His
death He ransomed me, I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.

No. 100. I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain-ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro-ken ev-'ry fet-ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo-ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav-en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je - sus;
Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;
Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

No. 101. That's Enough for Me.

W. C. Martin.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I do not ful - ly com - pre-hend The mer - cy shown to me;
2. So dark it was be - fore He came, And set my soul a - glow;
3. I do not know how it was done, How He has made me whole;
4. I do not ask to know the way He did His work of grace,
I on - ly know a Gra-cious Friend Has bro't my blindness to an end,
He kin-dled there a sa - cred flame, And tho' I scarce-ly knew His name,
I on - ly know the night is gone And day e - ter - nal has be-gun
So long as He has sent the ray, By which my spir - it can sur-vey
And now, thro' Him, I see, And now, thro' Him, I see.
He loves me—this I know, He loves me— this I know.
With - in my cloud - ed soul, With - in my cloud - ed soul.
The beau - ty of His face, The beau - ty of His face.
CHORUS.
So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me;
So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me.

No. 102. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin.

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W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
CHORUS.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 103. Somebody Knows.

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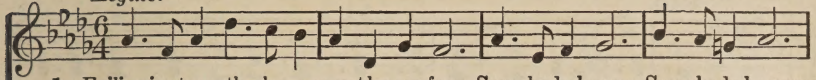
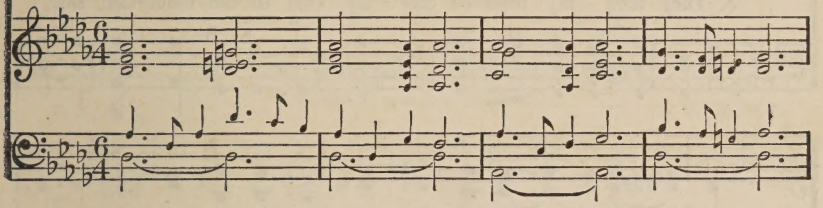
WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Alfred H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

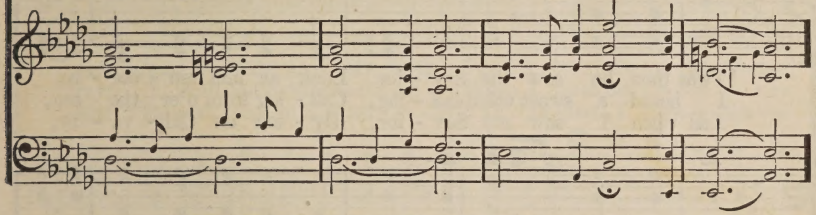
Legato.



1. Failing in strength when opprest by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

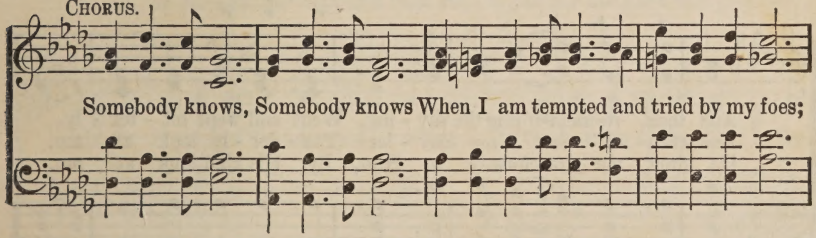


Wait - ing for some one to banish my woes, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.



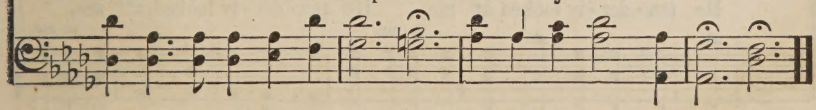
CHORUS.

Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;



rit.

He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows—'t is Je - sus.



No. 104. He Tenderly Looked at Me.

F. F. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY F. F. DAWDY.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

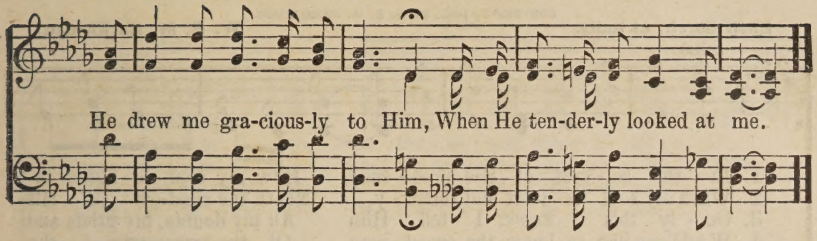
F. F. Dawdy.

SOLO.

1. When Je - sus a - lone was stand - ing, By all His friends for - got,
2. When drift-ing a - way in dark - ness, Lost in the black - est night,
3. They took my bless-ed Sav - ior Out to the moun-tain side,
And Pe - ter, near by, de - ny - ing, Say - ing, "I know Him not,"
Out on the sea of sor - row, Far from the Bless - ed Light,
And nailed Him there to the cross - tree, Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
'Twas then he saw the Sav - ior Look at him ten - der - ly;
I heard a sweet voice call - ing, Call - ing from o'er the sea,
And when I saw my Sav - ior, Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry,
And then, re-mem-b'ring the say - ing, Went and wept bit - ter - ly.
And then I saw my Sav - ior Ten - der - ly look at me.
He drew me gra-cious-ly to Him, By His kind look at me.

CHORUS.

He Tenderly Looked at Me.



No. 105. In the Dawning of That Day.

J. V. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY J. V. COOMBS.

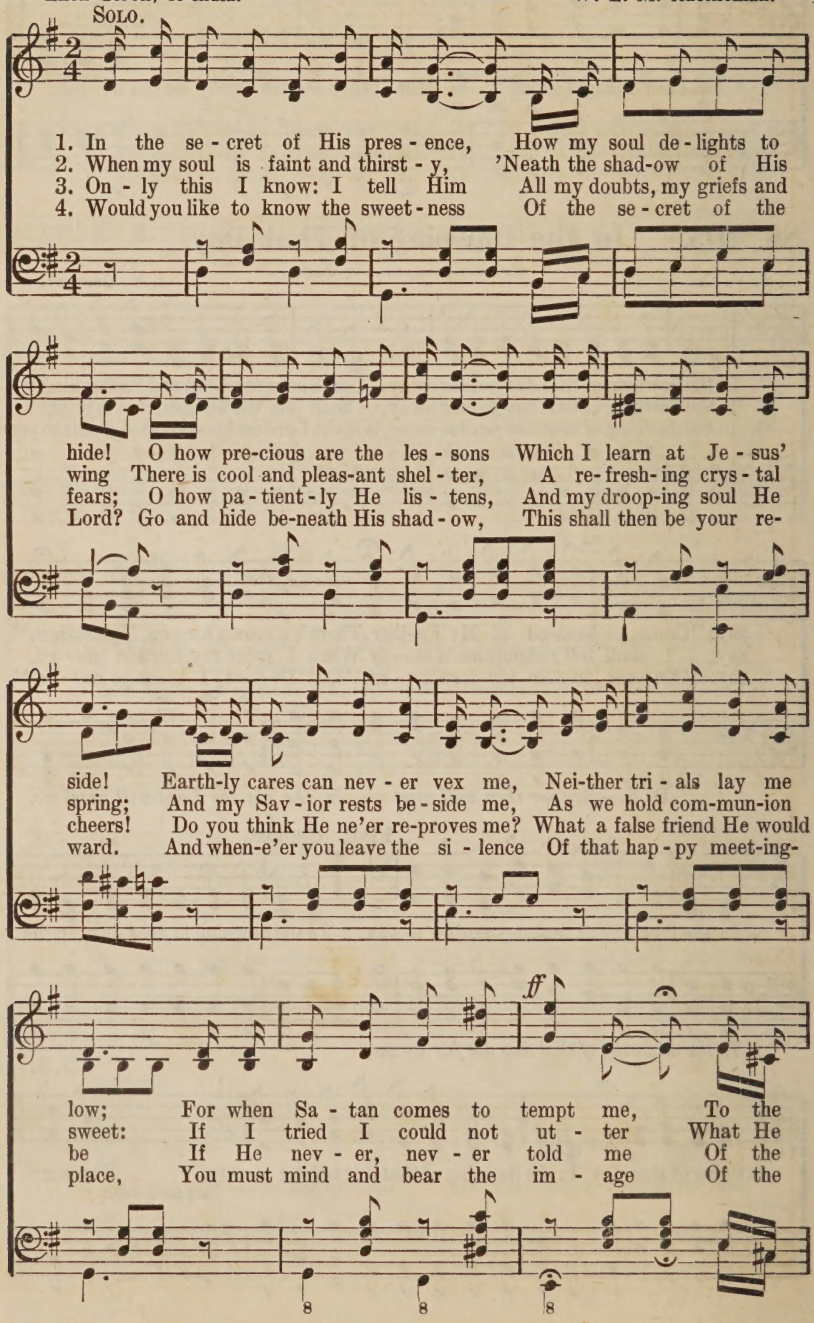
J. V. Coombs.

1. In the dawning of that day not far away, I shall hear my Lord and Savior kindly
2. In the dawning of that day not far away, I shall join the an-gels, clad in bright ar-
3. In the dawning of that day not far away, Will the Lord enthroned in judgment to you
say: "Come, ye bless-ed of My Fa-ther, There's a crown for you, My brother,"
ray; I shall tell redemption's sto-ry When I meet my Lord in glo-ry,
say: "En-ter in-to joy for-ev-er," Or "De-part, I knew ye nev-er,"
D. S.—Sav-ior then will meet me, In the air the Lord will greet me,
FINE. CHORUS.
In the dawning of that day not far a-way. In the dawning of that day, In the
In the dawning of that day not far a-way.
D. S.
dawning of that day, In the dawning of that day not far a-way, There my
not far a-way,

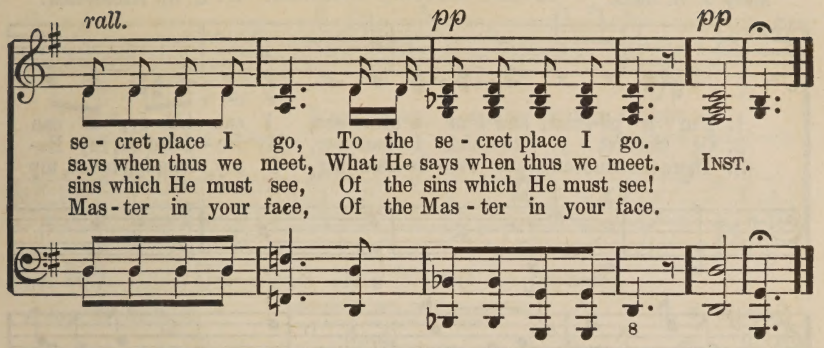
No. 106. In the Secret of His Presence.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Ellen Goreh, of India. W. E. M. Hackleman.


SOLO.
1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence, How my soul de - lights to hide! O how pre-cious are the les - sons Which I learn at Je - sus'
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y, 'Neath the shad-ow of His wing There is cool and pleas-ant shel - ter, A re-fresh- ing crys - tal
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him All my doubts, my griefs and fears; O how pa - tient - ly He lis - tens, And my droop-ing soul He
4. Would you like to know the sweet - ness Of the se - cret of the Lord? Go and hide be-neath His shad - ow, This shall then be your re-
side! Earth-ly cares can nev - er vex me, Nei-ther tri - als lay me low; For when Sa - tan comes to tempt me, To the
spring; And my Sav - ior rests be - side me, As we hold com-mun-ion sweet: If I tried I could not ut - ter What He
cheers! Do you think He ne'er re-proves me? What a false friend He would be If He nev - er, nev - er told me Of the
ward. And when-e'er you leave the si - lence Of that hap - py meet-ing- place, You must mind and bear the im - age Of the
ff

In the Secret of His Presence.


rall.
pp
pp
se - cret place I go, To the se - cret place I go.
says when thus we meet, What He says when thus we meet.
INST.
sins which He must see, Of the sins which He must see!
Mas - ter in your face, Of the Mas - ter in your face.

No. 107. Did You Think to Pray?

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. W. O. Perkins.

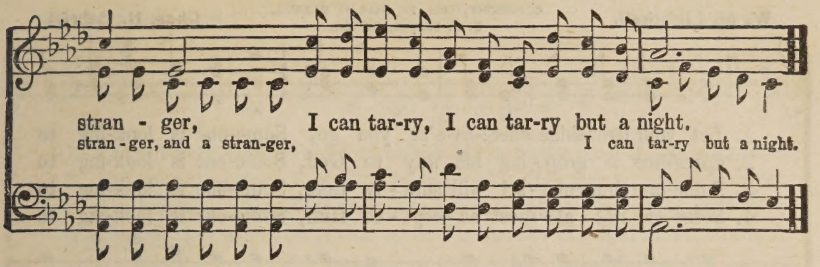
1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great temp-ta-tion, Did you think to pray? By His dy - ing
3. When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for
4. When sore tri-als came up - on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was
FINE.
Christ our Sav - ior, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor, As a shield to - day?
love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir - it As your guide and stay?
grace, my broth-er, That you might forgive an-oth-er Who had crossed your way?
bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor-row, At the gates of day?
D. S.—So when life seems dark and dreary, Don't for-get to pray.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Oh, how pray-ing rests the wear - y! Prayer will change the night to day;

No. 108. I Can Tarry But a Night.

Mary S. B. Dana. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can
2. Of that cit-y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er, my Re-
3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing,— O my long-ing heart, my
I can tar-ry.
tar-ry but a night;..... Do not de-tain me, for I am
deemer is the light;..... There is no sor-row, nor an-y
longing heart is there;..... Here in this coun-try, so dark and
I can tar-ry but a night; Do not de-tain me, for
go-ing, To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.
sigh-ing, Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing.
drear-y, I long have wan-dered, for-lorn and wear-y.
I am go-ing.
CHORUS.
I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can
I'm a pil-grim, I'm a pil-grim, and a stran-ger, and a stran-ger,
tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a
I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a pil-grim, I'm a pil-grim, and a

I Can Tarry But a Night.

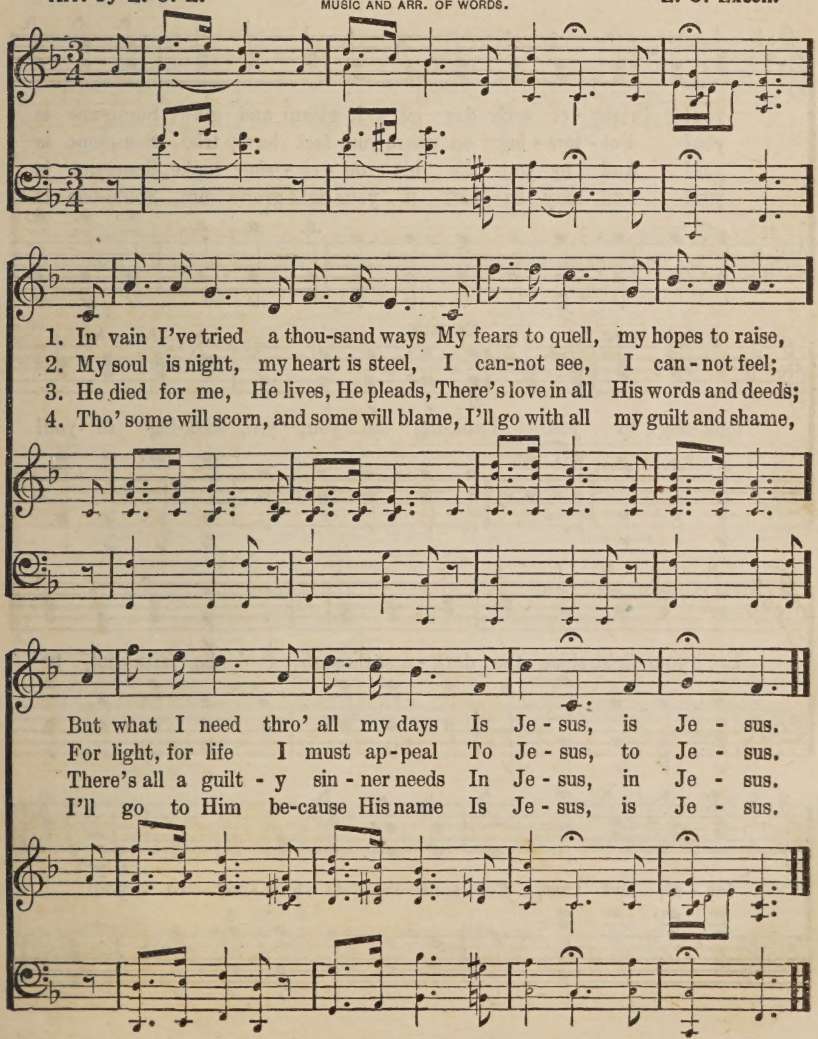


No. 109. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

E. O. Excell.


1. In vain I've tried a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can-not see, I can - not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,
But what I need thro' all my days Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.
For light, for life I must ap-peal To Je - sus, to Je - sus.
There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs In Je - sus, in Je - sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.

No. 110. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to
you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is
you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is
Chorus.
look-ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!
Let your light shine the dark-ness through; O be faith-ful, be
loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!

No. 111. I'm Not Your Judge.

Sarah Spencer-Ruff.

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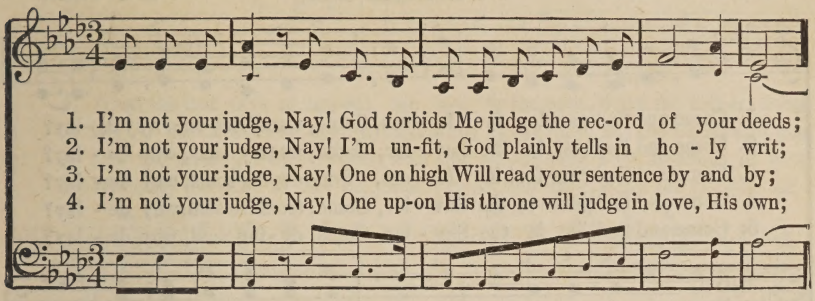
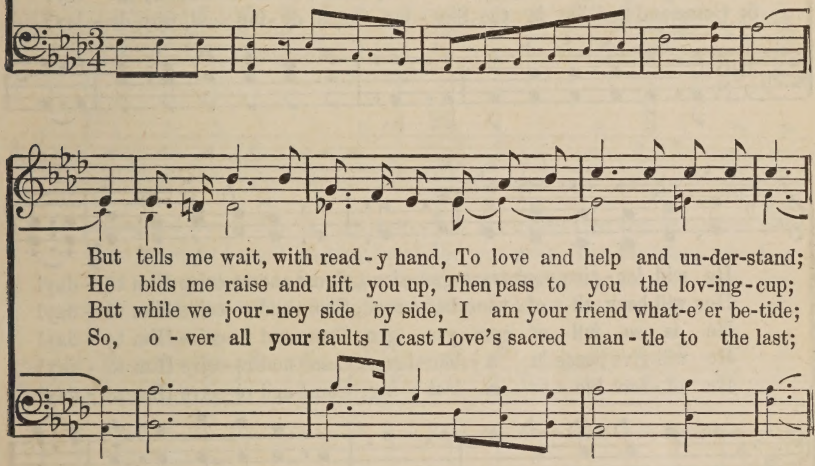
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



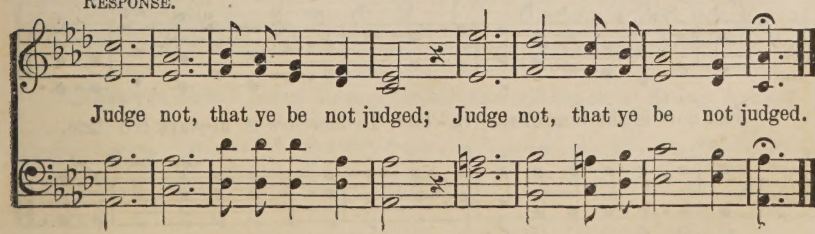
1. I'm not your judge, Nay! God forbids Me judge the rec-ord of your deeds;
2. I'm not your judge, Nay! I'm un-fit, God plainly tells in ho - ly writ;
3. I'm not your judge, Nay! One on high Will read your sentence by and by;
4. I'm not your judge, Nay! One up-on His throne will judge in love, His own;



But tells me wait, with read - y hand, To love and help and un-der-stand;
He bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov-ing-cup;
But while we jour - ney side by side, I am your friend what-e'er be-tide;
So, o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sacred man - tle to the last;

But tells me wait, with read-y hand, To love, and help, and un-der-stand.
He bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov-ing-cup.
But while we jour - ney side by side, I am your friend whate'er be - tide.
So o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sacred man - tle to the last.

RESPONSE.



Judge not, that ye be not judged; Judge not, that ye be not judged.

No. 112. The Savior of Sinners.

E. E. V.

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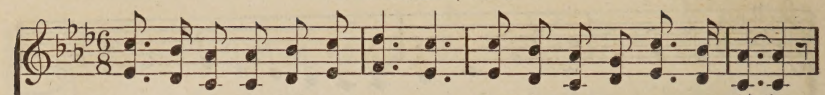
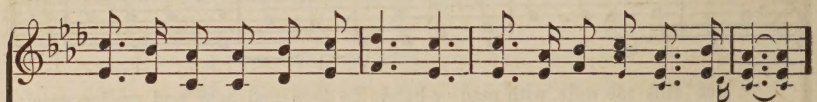
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

E. E. Violett.

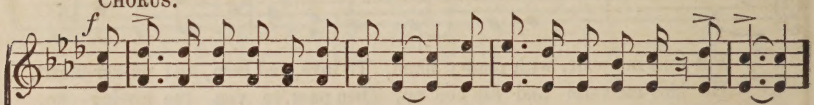


1. Come and find par-don in Je - sus, Come, wand'ring one, why de - lay?
2. Come and find rest in the Sav - ior, Come, wear-y soul, why de - lay?
3. Come and find com-fort in Je - sus, Sor-row-ing souls, why de - lay?
4. Come and find peace in the Sav - ior, Come, troubled soul, why de - lay?
5. Come and find life in the Sav - ior, Come, dy - ing soul, why de - lay?

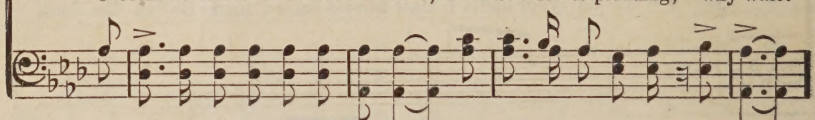


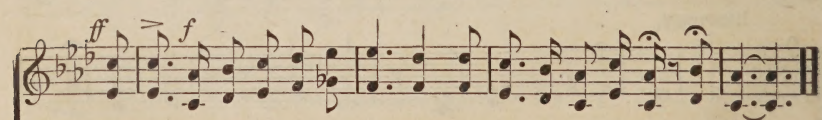
He will for - give your trans-gres-sions, Come and re-ceive Him to - day!
He will bear all of your bur - dens, Come and re-ceive Him to - day!
He is so full of com - pas - sion, Come and re-ceive Him to - day!
He will give peace in a - bun-dance, Come and re-ceive Him to - day!
He of - fers life ev - er - last - ing, Come and re-ceive Him to - day!

CHORUS.

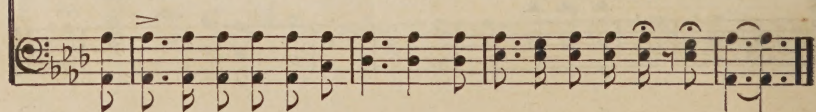


O come to the Sav-ior of sin - ners, Your Sav-ior is pleading,—why wait?



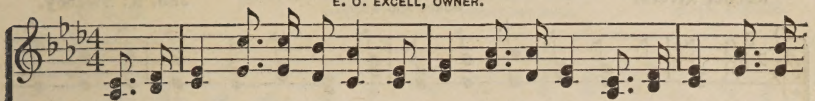


Just now is the time of sal - va - tion, To-mor-row is al-ways too late.

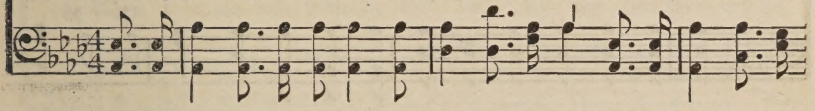


No. 113. Have You Made the World Better?

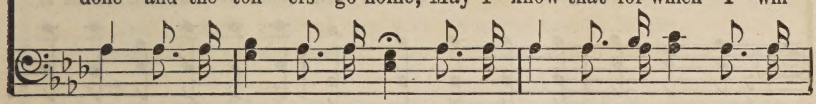
Nella F. Ford. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When the last rays of sun-set are low in the west, When the toil-ers come
2. Did a storm-beat-en pilgrim, cast down in the race, See the Christ that you
3. Did the stran-ger who traveled with you all day long Feel the touch of your
4. When my life-day is o-ver, and sun-set has come, When the work is all



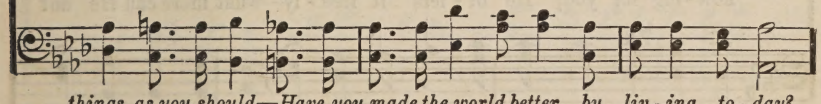
home, and the world is at rest, To the ques-tion my an-swer must
love when he looked in your face? Did you pray for the friend who has
faith in your word, in your song? Has your heart felt the bur-den for
done and the toil-ers go home, May I know that for which I will



D. S.—*Have you done what you could in all*

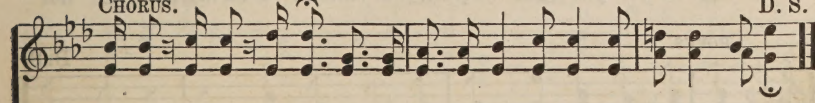
FINE.

be yea or nay—"Have you made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day?"
drift-ed a-way—Have you made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day?
souls gone astray—Have you made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day?
con-stant-ly pray—I have made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day!

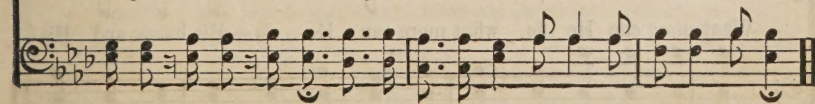


things, as you should—Have you made the world better by liv-ing to-day?

CHORUS. D. S.



Have you made it better, Have you made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day?



No. 114. What More Can He Do.

Rachel Rivers.

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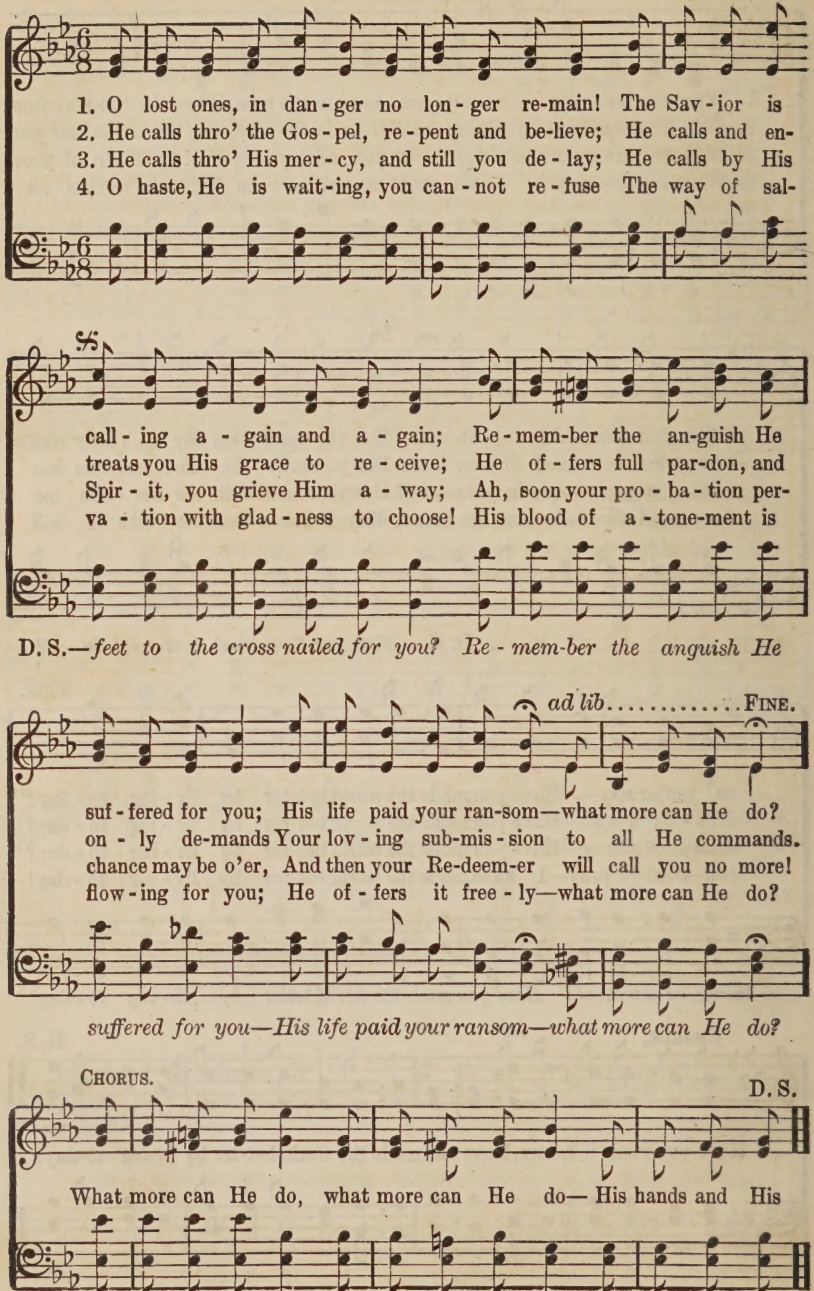
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.


1. O lost ones, in dan - ger no lon - ger re-main! The Sav - ior is
2. He calls thro' the Gos - pel, re - pent and be-lieve; He calls and en-
3. He calls thro' His mer - cy, and still you de - lay; He calls by His
4. O haste, He is wait-ing, you can - not re - fuse The way of sal-
call - ing a - gain and a - gain; Re - mem-ber the an-guish He
treats you His grace to re - ceive; He of - fers full par-don, and
Spir - it, you grieve Him a - way; Ah, soon your pro - ba - tion per-
va - tion with glad - ness to choose! His blood of a - tone-ment is
D. S.—feet to the cross nailed for you? Re - mem-ber the anguish He
ad lib.
FINE.
suf - fered for you; His life paid your ran-som—what more can He do?
on - ly de-mands Your lov - ing sub-mis - sion to all He commands.
chance may be o'er, And then your Re-deem-er will call you no more!
flow - ing for you; He of - fers it free - ly—what more can He do?
suffered for you—His life paid your ransom—what more can He do?
CHORUS.
D. S.
What more can He do, what more can He do— His hands and His

No. 115. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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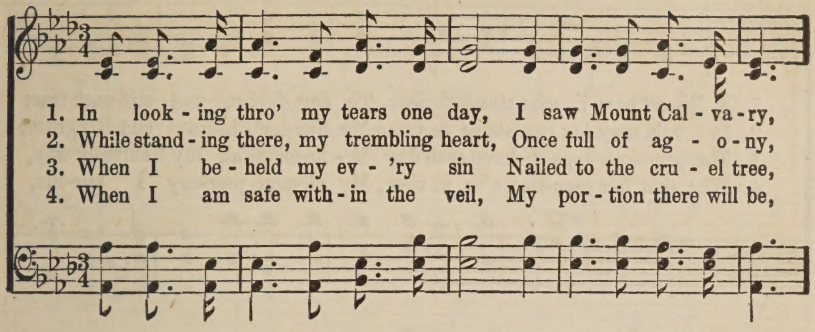
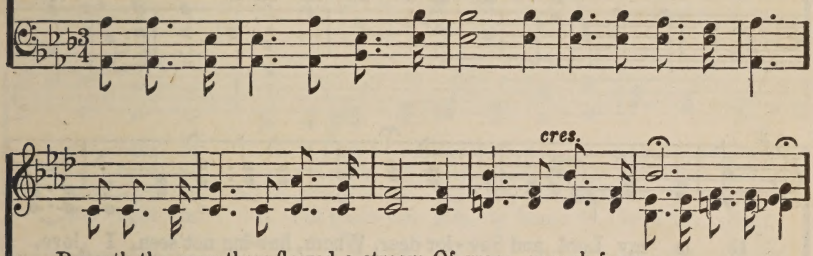
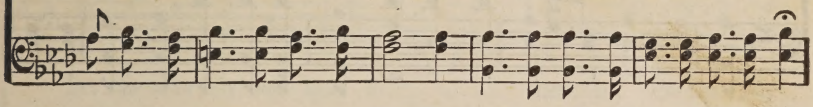
E. O. Excell.



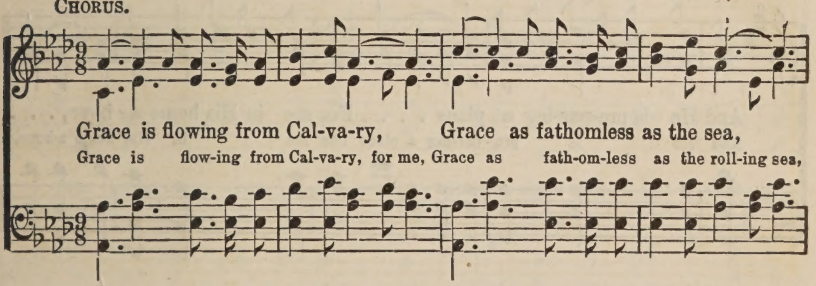
1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry,
2. While stand - ing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,



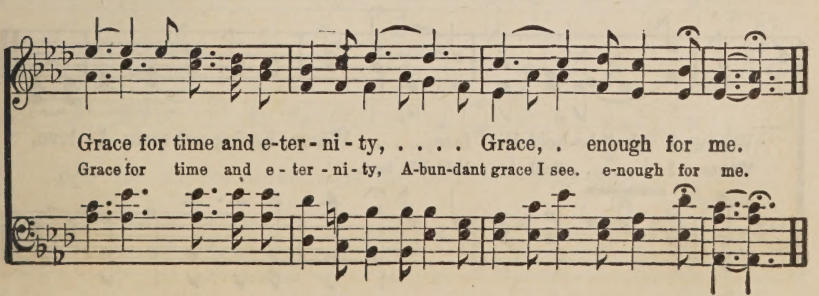
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.
Could scarce be-lieve the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, enough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.



CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry, Grace as fathomless as the sea,
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry, for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,



Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, ... Grace, . enough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A-bun-dant grace I see. e-nough for me.

No. 116. Whom, Having Not Seen, I Love.

Maud Frazer.

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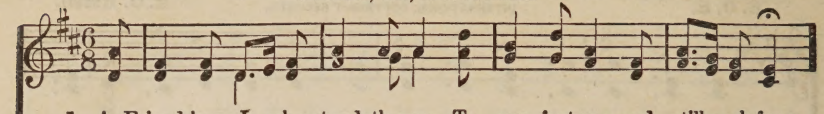
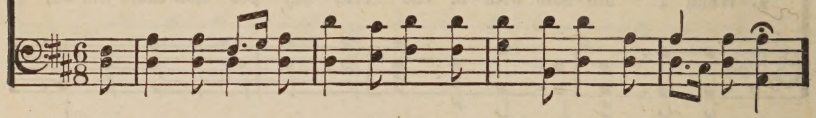
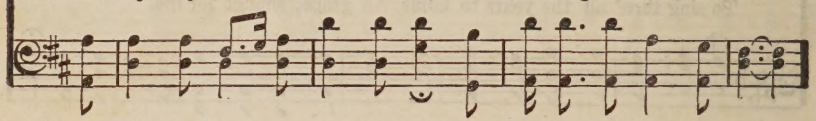
Chas. H. Gabriel.



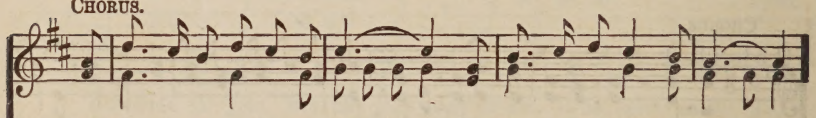
1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear;
2. In vain may fan-cy strive to trace My Sav-ior's beauty and His grace;
3. The pre-cious hope I have each day Il-lu-mines all my earth-ly way,
4. With that fair man-sion e'er in view, My pil-grim jour-ney I pur-sue,



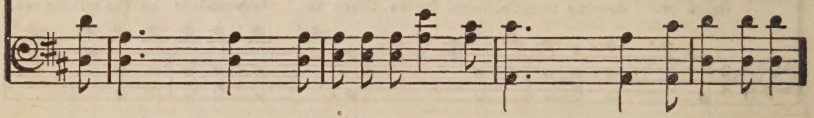
It is my Lord and Sav-ior dear, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
More fair than I can dream, His face, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
That He will take me home to stay, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
And try my Sav-ior's will to do, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.

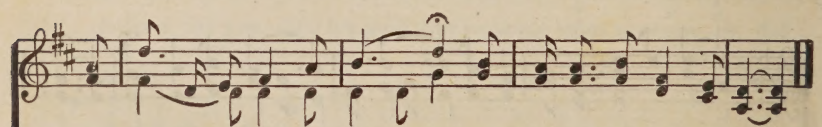


CHORUS.

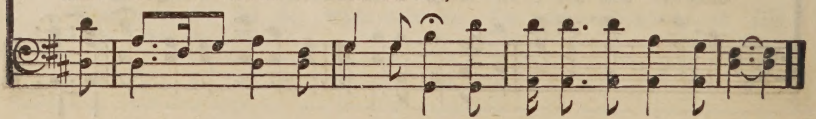


And He is pre-par-ing a place . . . . For me in His home a-bove, . . .
And He is pre-par-ing a place For me in His home a-bove,





Where I shall be-hold His face, ... Whom, having not seen, I love.
Where I . . . . . shall be-hold His face,



No. 117. Heavenly Sunlight.

C. R. Piety. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. F. H. Shaul.

1. When the day is drear-y, and your heart is sad, Let..... the heav'n-ly
2. When your doubts distress you and your fears a - rise, Let..... the heav'n-ly
3. When the con-flict ra - ges and you al - most fail, Let..... the heav'n-ly
4. When your day is wan - ing and your work is done, Let..... the heav'n-ly
oh, let
sun - light in; Look to Christ your Sav - ior, He will make you glad;
sun - light in; It will drive the storm-clouds quickly from your skies;
sun - light in; Ne'er give o'er the bat - tle, you shall yet pre - vail;
sun - light in; It will guide you safe - ly home to Christ the Son;
CHORUS.
Let the heav'n-ly sun - light in..... Let..... the heav'n-ly
sun-light in. oh, let the
sun-light in, Let..... the heav'nly sun - light in; Be a liv - ing
oh, let the
rit. . . . . a tempo.
light for Je - sus day and night, Let the heav'n-ly sun - light in.....
sun-light in.

No. 118. I Am Anchored Fast.

I. D. K. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. Toss - ing on the bil - low, Rock - ing in the blast,
2. Skies all clad in sa - ble, Storm-clouds fly - ing past,
3. Gone each earth - ly treas - ure, Cut a - way each mast,
4. Sor - rows mul - ti - ply - ing, Pros - pects o - ver - cast,
Faint - ing on the pil - low, Ver - ging tow'rd the last.
Cling - ing to the ca - ble, I am an - chored fast.
Van - ish ev - 'ry pleas - ure— I am an - chored fast.
Weep - ing, moan - ing, sigh - ing, I am an - chored fast.
REFRAIN.
While the tem-pest ra - ges, To the Rock of A - ges I am an-chored
I am an - chored fast; . . . . . .
fast; . . . . . While the tem-pest ra - ges,
I am an-chored fast; . . .
To the Rock of A - ges I . . . . am an - chored fast. . . . . .
I am an-chored, I am an-chored fast. . . . . .

No. 119 When We All Get to Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G. WILSON.
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E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won - drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith - ful, Trust-ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;
In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre - pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad - ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.
CHORUS.
When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all
What a
joic - ing that will be!
When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be!
When we all
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
and shout the vic - to - ry.

No. 120. The Call to Arms.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The trump-et of bat-tle is sound-ing! O sol-dier, e-quip for the fight!
2. North, east, south and west new oppresions Of sin are revealed ev-'ry day;
3. The le-gions of Sa-tan ad-vanc-ing With boldness our val-or de-fy;
4. A-rise, in the name of Je-ho-vah, And go to the front at His word!
The slo-gan of love is re-sound-ing, A-rouse ye for God and the right!
Then, Christian, why yet will you slum-ber? To arms! and to du-ty a-way!
Entrenchments they dai-ly are build-ing! Oh, why will we stand i-dly by!
Be loy-al and true and cou-ra-geous To die, if you must, for the Lord.
CHORUS.
Slum-ber no lon-ger, O sol-dier, Go forth at our
Sol-dier, a-wake!
Lead-er's com-mand; There's a fight to be fought And a
go forth;
work to be wrought, And the king-dom of God is at hand.

No. 121. Because I Love Jesus.

James Rowe.

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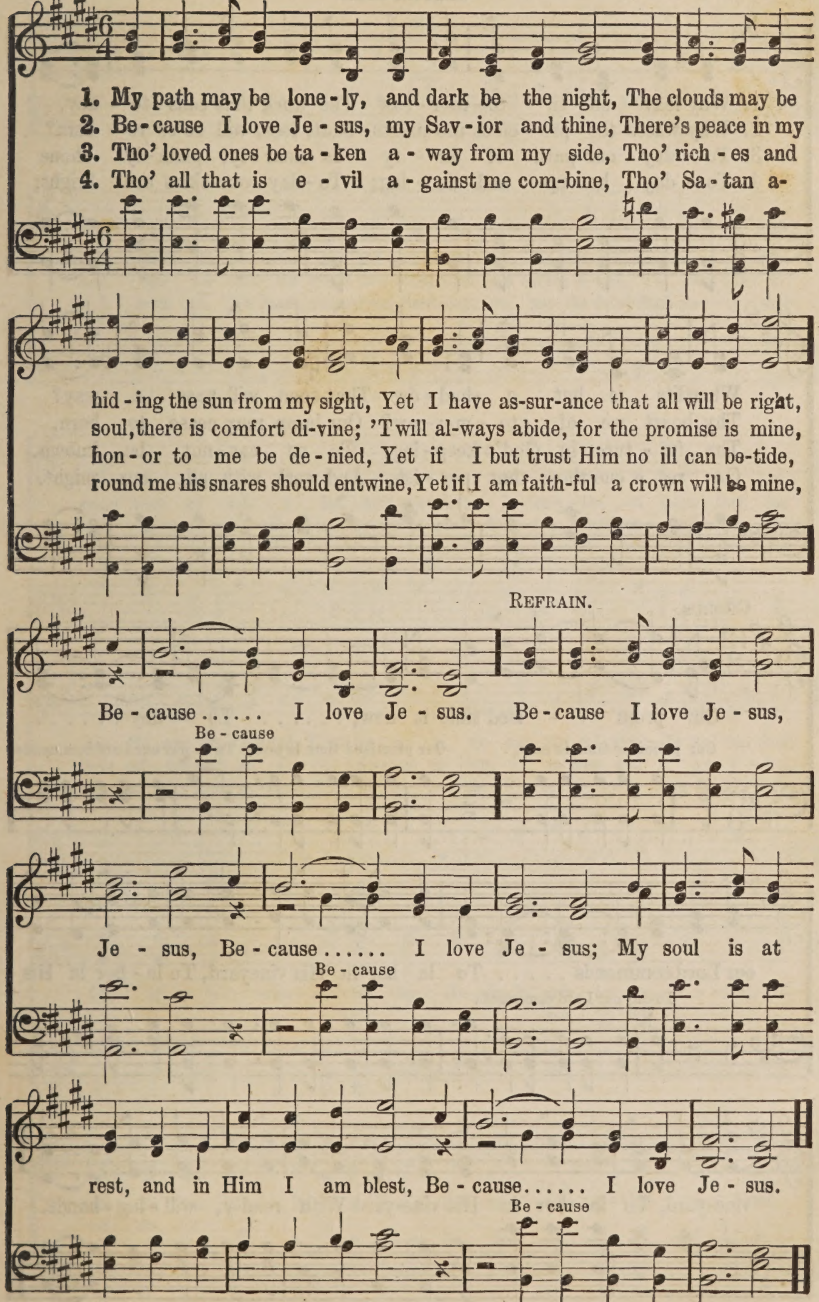
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my
3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and
4. Tho' all that is e-vil a-gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-
hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'T will al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
hon-or to me be de-nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,
REFRAIN.
Be-cause..... I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus,
Be-cause
Je-sus, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus; My soul is at
Be-cause
rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus.
Be-cause

No. 122. His Vineyard.

Rachel Rivers.

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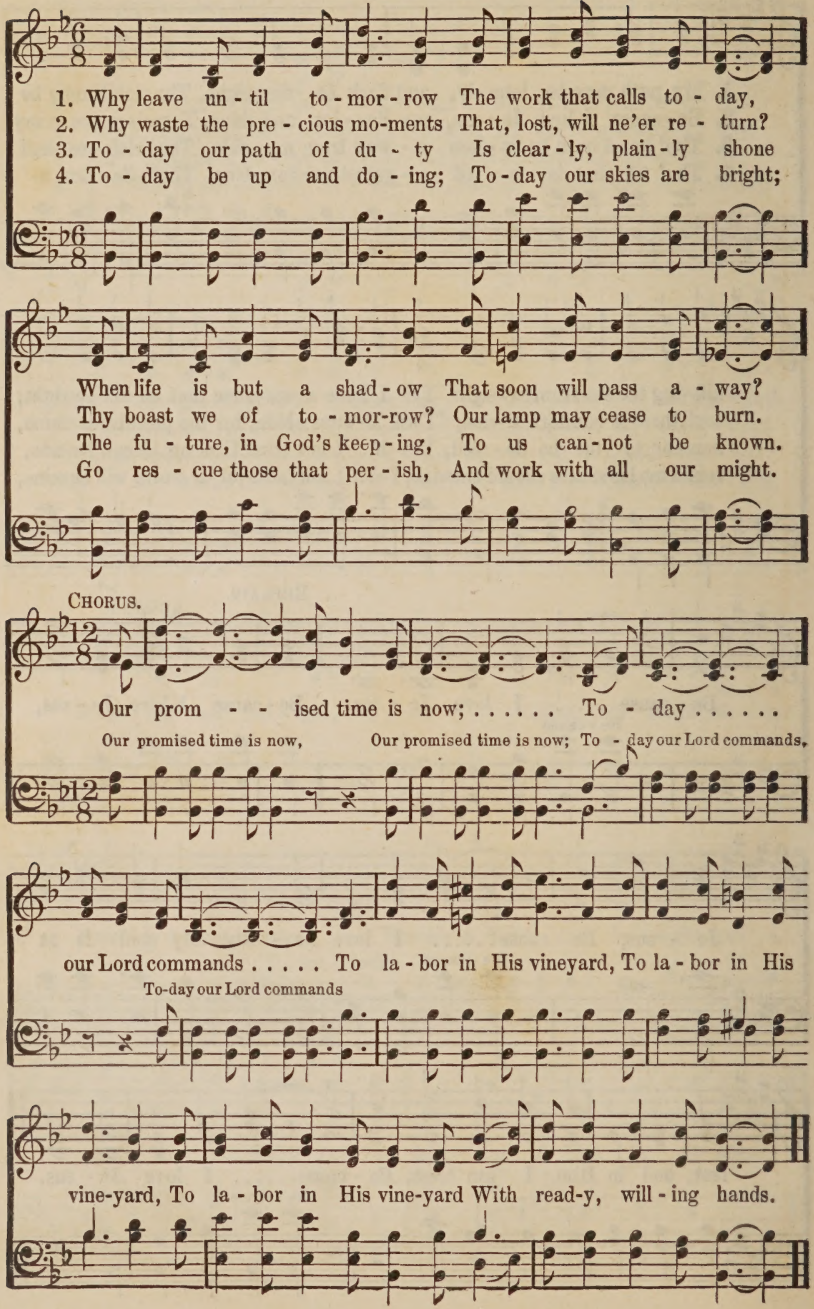
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Why leave un - til to - mor - row The work that calls to - day,
2. Why waste the pre - cious mo-ments That, lost, will ne'er re - turn?
3. To - day our path of du - ty Is clear - ly, plain - ly shone
4. To - day be up and do - ing; To - day our skies are bright;
When life is but a shad - ow That soon will pass a - way?
Thy boast we of to - mor-row? Our lamp may cease to burn.
The fu - ture, in God's keep - ing, To us can-not be known.
Go res - cue those that per - ish, And work with all our might.
CHORUS.
Our prom - - ised time is now; . . . . . To - day . . . . . .
Our promised time is now, Our promised time is now; To - day our Lord commands,
our Lord commands . . . . . To la - bor in His vineyard, To la - bor in His
To-day our Lord commands
vine-yard, To la - bor in His vine-yard With read-y, will - ing hands.

No. 123. Oh, It Is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

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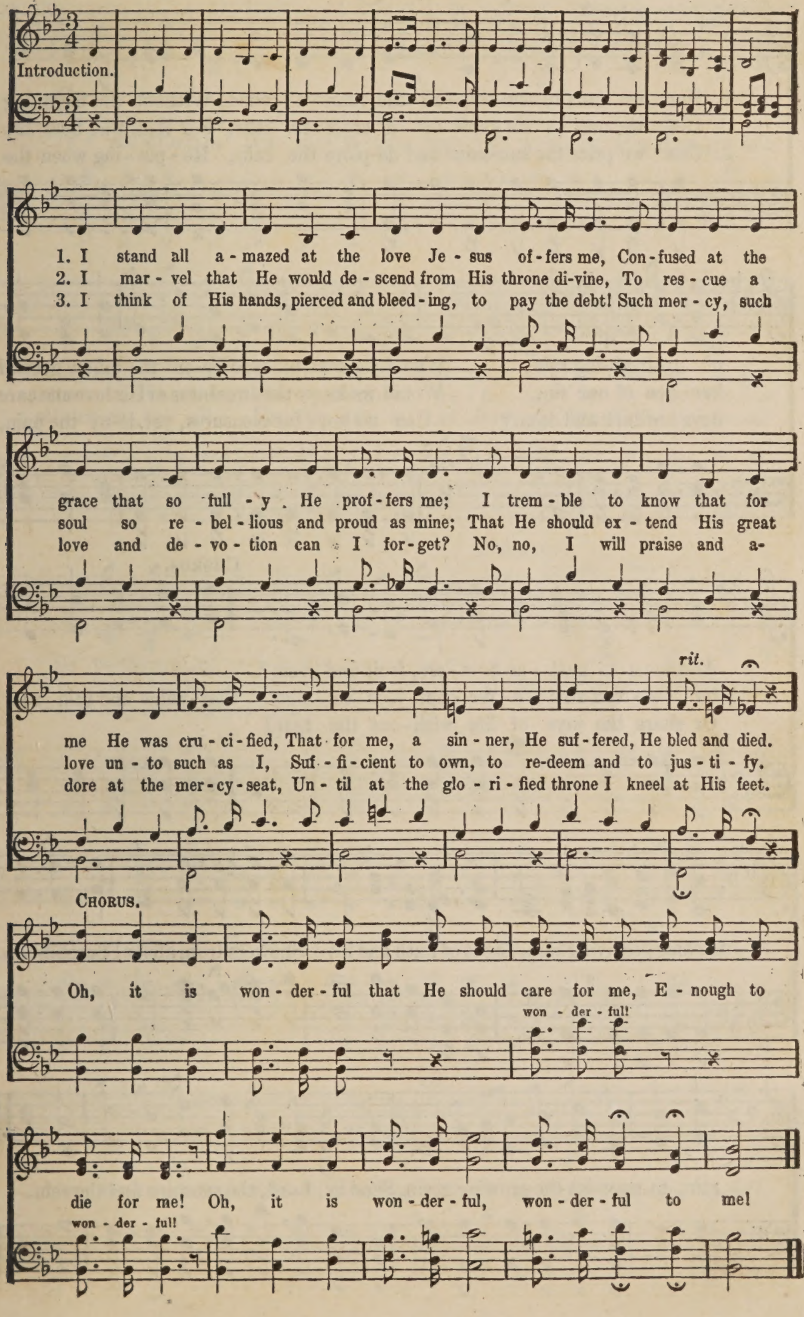
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


Introduction.
1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con - fused at the
2. I mar - vel that He would de - scend from His throne di-vine, To res - cue a
3. I think of His hands, pierced and bleed - ing, to pay the debt! Such mer - cy, such
grace that so full - y He prof - fers me; I trem - ble to know that for
soul so re - bel - lious and proud as mine; That He should ex - tend His great
love and de - vo - tion can I for - get? No, no, I will praise and a-
rit.
me He was cru - ci - fied, That for me, a sin - ner, He suf - fered, He bled and died.
love un - to such as I, Suf - fi - cient to own, to re-deem and to jus - ti - fy.
dore at the mer - cy - seat, Un - til at the glo - ri - fied throne I kneel at His feet.
CHORUS.
Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should care for me, E - nough to
won - der - ful!
die for me! Oh, it is won - der - ful, won - der - ful to me!
won - der - ful!

No. 124. Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

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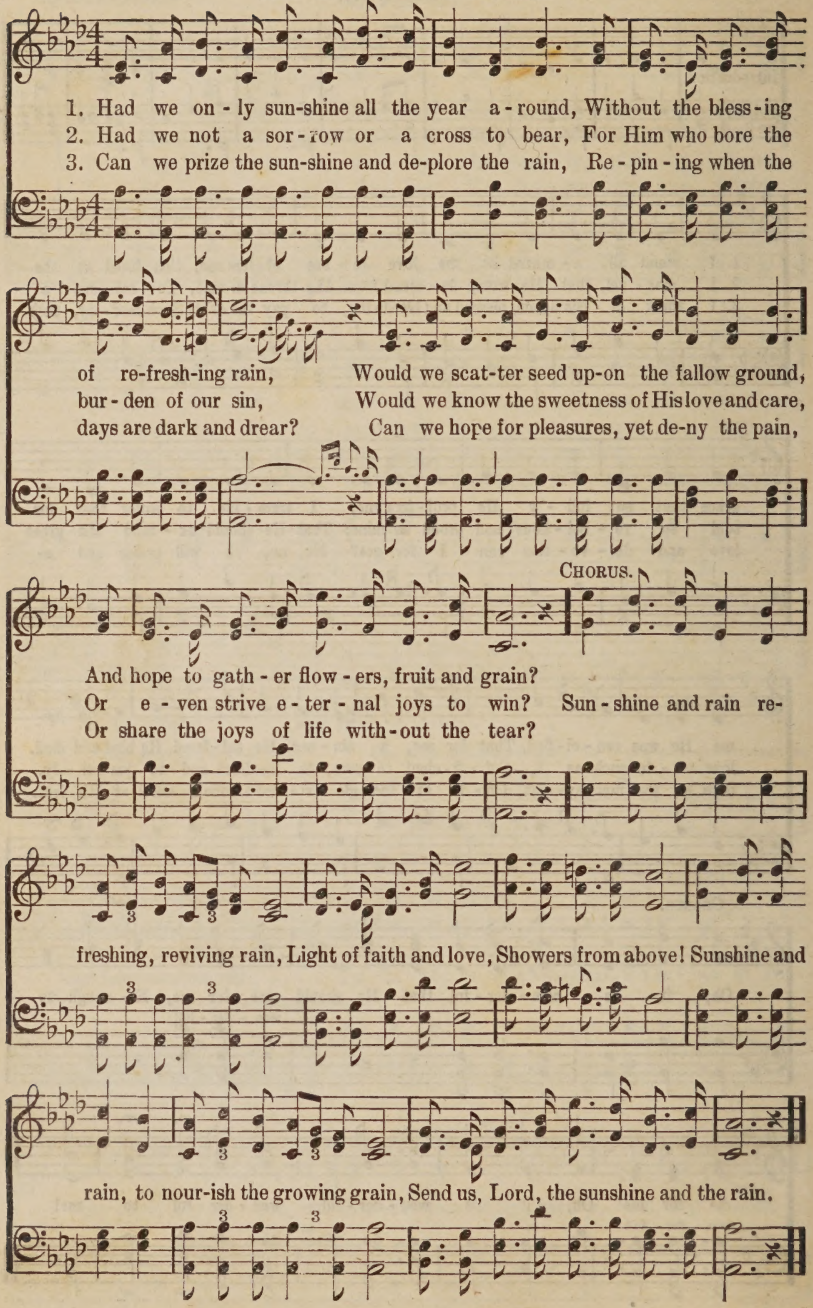
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, Without the bless - ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the
of re-fresh-ing rain,
bur - den of our sin,
days are dark and dear?
Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,
CHORUS.
And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sun - shine and rain re-
Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?
freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and
rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 125. Christ's Plea to the Conscience.

O. G. Jordan.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY O. G. JORDAN.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Mrs. O. G. Jordan.

1. There's a knock at the door of your conscience to-night, A knock you have
2. There are those who have heed-ed this knock at the door, And glad-ly have
3. Je - sus stands in His in - fi - nite mer - cy to-night, His arms He out-
heard oft be - fore; There's a voice that is whisp'ring so sweet-ly to you:
an-swered His voice; There are oth-ers re - fus - ing to o - pen the door
stretch-es to all, For His love is as deep as the fath-om-less sea:
CHORUS.
"Be ye thoughtful, re-ject Me no more."
Who should hasten to make Him their choice. O sin-ner, make haste, let the
Wand'ring one, will you heed His sweet call?
Sav - ior come in! He will fill you with joy and de - light! Throw o - pen the
rit.
door, hard-en not your heart! You'll be lost in an end - less, dark night!

No. 126. His Love for Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Fred H. Byshe.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - - - sus— Of His
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - - - dren: "Come, all
3. You have heard how the blind, as they sought Him, Found their
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - - - pest—How the
grace flow-ing bound-less and free, But there's no one can tell you the
ye that are wear - y," said He; So I came, and He gave me the
sight when He bade them to see; So my sin-blind-ed eyes have been
words "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea; So my soul found the peace that it
ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
CHORUS.
His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;
Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

No. 127. My Heart is Fixed on Jesus.

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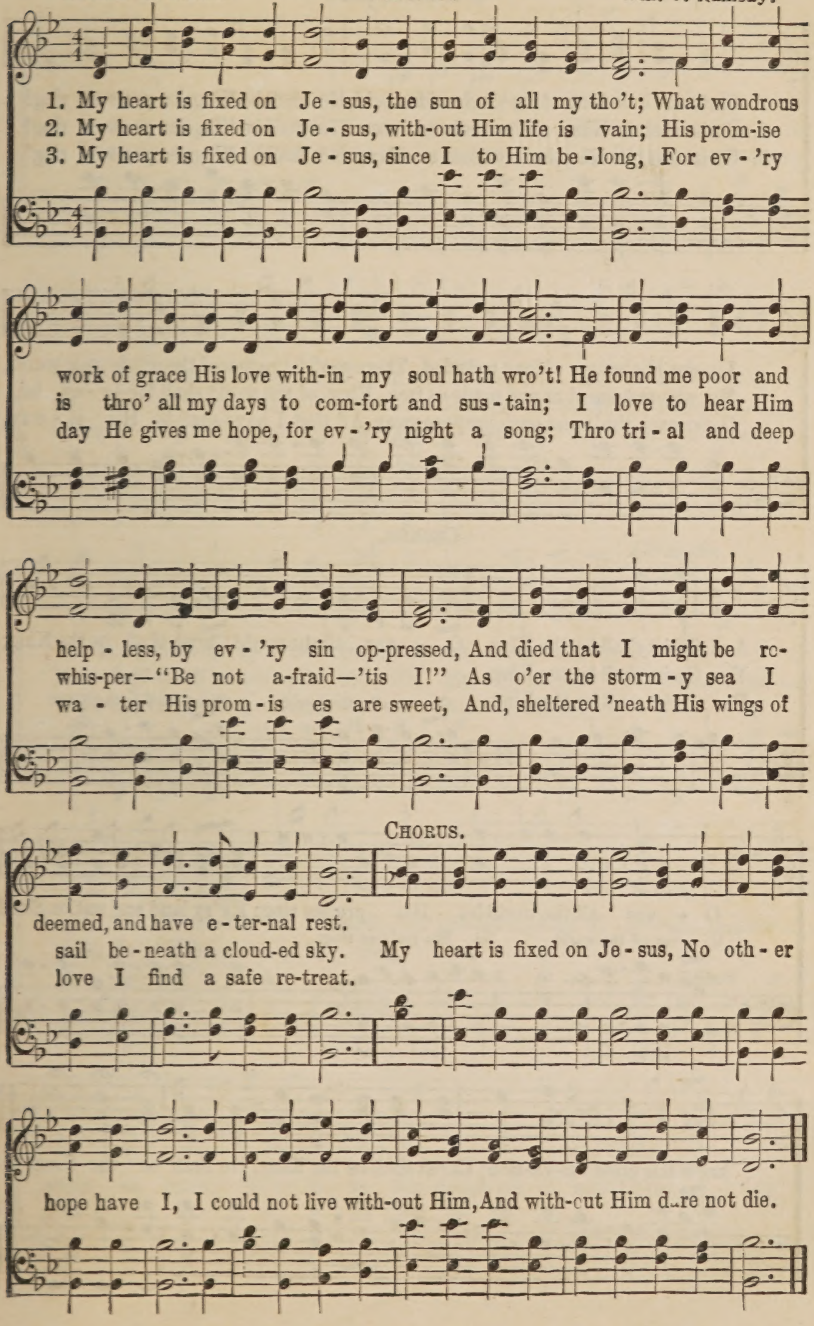
Lavinia E. Brauff. Wm. J. Ramsay.


1. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, the sun of all my tho't; What wondrous
2. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, with-out Him life is vain; His prom-ise
3. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, since I to Him be - long, For ev - 'ry
work of grace His love with-in my soul hath wro't! He found me poor and
is thro' all my days to com-fort and sus - tain; I love to hear Him
day He gives me hope, for ev - 'ry night a song; Thro tri - al and deep
help - less, by ev - 'ry sin op-pressed, And died that I might be re-
whis-per—"Be not a-fraid—'tis I!" As o'er the storm - y sea I
wa - ter His prom - is es are sweet, And, sheltered 'neath His wings of
CHORUS.
deemed, and have e - ter-nal rest.
sail be - neath a cloud-ed sky. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, No oth - er
love I find a safe re-treat.
hope have I, I could not live with-out Him, And with-out Him dare not die.

No. 128. Christ Shall Be King.

W. C. Poole.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!

Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev - er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,

CHORUS.

rit.

And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;

O - ver all the world let His praises ring; Ev'ry land and nation Shall
O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring;

know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King.

No. 129. To Calv'ry I will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1900 BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the fount-ain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the fount-ain,
2. Down in - to the fount-ain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus
3. Down in - to the fount-ain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur-rents
mak - ing white as snow; Tho' with sins of scar-let, and of crim-son dyed,
all my be - ing fill; Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine,
sweep a - way all dross; Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His won-drous love,
CHORUS.
I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide. To Calv'ry I will
Mak - ing "earth-en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine. His voice is call-ing
Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.
1
go, The bless-ed Word I know, The pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanseth
still, To "Who-so - ev - er will,"
2
white as snow; Down in - to the fount-ain I would deep - er go.

No. 130. If It Be His Will.

Victor M. Hatfield.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. If it be His will, I shall be sat - is - fied, E - ven tho' my fond-est wish - es be de - nied; I will wait in patience, trust His prom-ise still;
2. If it be His will, I'll bid fare - well to ease, Give my time and tal - ent my dear Lord to please, Know-ing all His prom-is - es He will ful - fil:
3. If it be His will, I'll spread the news a-broad, How my sins are par - doned thro' the Lamb of God; How His pre-cious blood a-tones for ev - 'ry ill:

FINE. CHORUS.

I will learn to say, "It is my Mas-ter's will."
Use me, bless - ed Mas - ter, if it is Thy will. If . . . . . .
Lord, I'll speak Thy mes-sage, if it is Thy will. If it be His will,

D.S.—*I will sweet-ly say, "It is my Mas-ter's will."*

it be His will, I will wait in patience, I will trust His
If it be His will,

D. S.

prom - ise still; Tho' my cup of sor - row to the brim He fill,

No. 131. Saved.

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1911, ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a friend who is all to me,.... His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm,.. Se-
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,.. In
love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong on His
love he said to me,..... "Come un-to me and I'll
lift - ed me.... And what His grace can do for you.....
might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way.....
lead you home,.. To live with me e - ter - nal - ly."....
CHORUS.
Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r,
Saved to new life,
cres.
rit.
Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

No. 132. Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

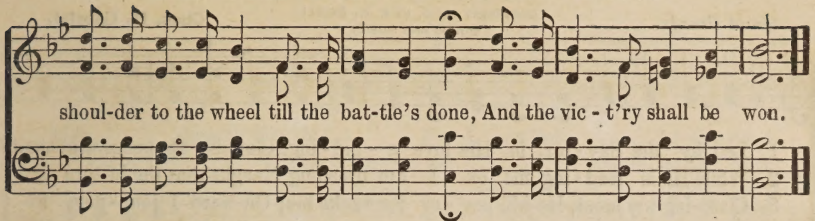
L. C. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY LOLA C. CALVERT.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Lola C. Calvert.

1. While trav-'ling down life's path-way, With sin on ev - 'ry hand, We're
2. O loy - al Chris-tian sol - dier, Go fight the hosts of sin, De-
3. And when our la - bor's end - ed, All wear - y with the fight, We'll
called to loy - al serv - ice, To lend a help-ing hand; And look-ing un - to
ter-mined not to fal - ter Till you the vic-t'ry win; Go buck-le on the
see our Sav-iour standing, All clothed in glo - ry bright; And hear His joy-ous
Je - sus, Tho' dark and lone the way— He says, "Be not dis - cour - aged,
ar - mor Of prayer and faith and love, And march-ing on tri - um - phant,
wel-come, "O wear - y wand'rer, come!" And then we'll sing for - ev - er,
CHORUS.
I'm with thee all the way."
You'll reign with Him a - bove. Put your shoul-der to the wheel in this
With Him a-round the throne.
world of sin; Put your shoulder to the wheel, help the world to win; Put your

Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.



No. 133. O Zion, Lovely Zion.

Love H. Jameson.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. H. ROSECRANS.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

James H. Rosecrans.

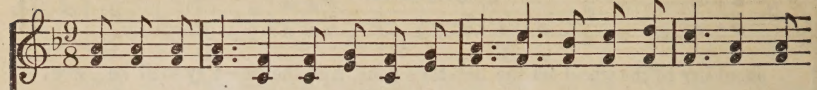
1. There is a hab - i - ta - tion, Built by the liv - ing God,
2. A cit - y with foun - da - tions Firm as th' e-ter - nal throne;
3. No night is there, no sor - row, No death, and no de - cay;
4. With - in its pearl - y por - tals An - gel - ic voi - ces sing,
For all of ev - 'ry na - tion Who seek that grand a - bode.
Nor wars, nor des - o - la - tions Shall ev - er move a stone.
No yes - ter - day, no mor - row— But one e - ter - nal day.
With glo - ri - fied im - mor - tals, The prais - es of its King.
CHORUS.
O Zi - on, Zi - on, I long thy gates to see; O
O Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, O love - ly
Zi - on, Zi - on, When shall I dwell in thee?
Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on.

No. 134. Led By His Hand.

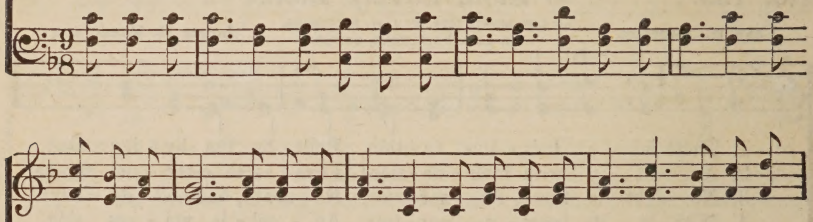
Maud Frazer.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

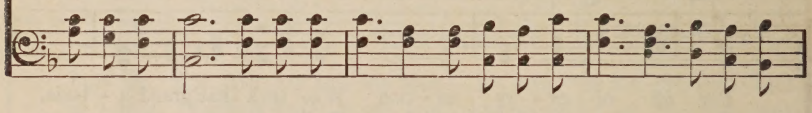
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Led by the Sav - ior, in His love a - bid - ing, Claiming the peace that shall
2. While He is lead - ing me on I am dreading Naught that the fu-ture is
3. Clasp-ing my hand, He will nev - er for - sake me; On-ward I jour - ney, in
4. Led by the Sav - ior, O then let me ev - er Tell un - to oth - ers His

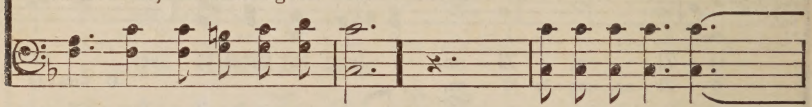


ne'er pass a - way, Sweet-ly I rest since I know He is guid - ing, Giv-ing me
hold - ing in store; Faith o'er my pathway its radiance is shed-ding; Led by His
sun-shine or shade; O - ver the Jor - dan safe home He will take me; While He is
good-ness to me; Serv-ing Him glad-ly with ear-nest en - deav - or, As He has

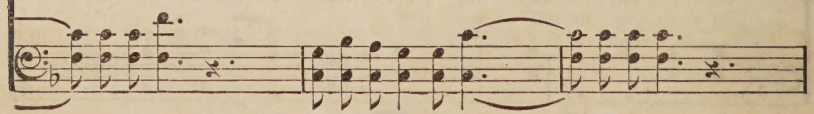


CHORUS.

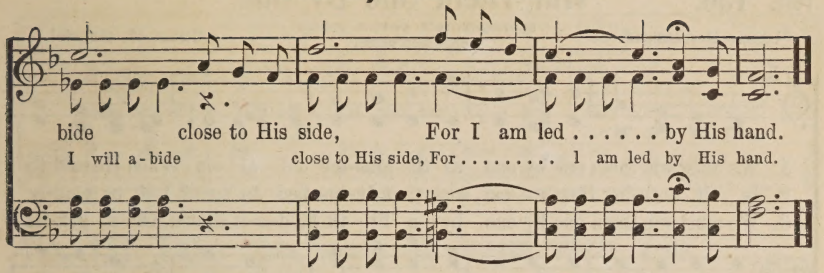
strength to suf - fice for each day.
hand, I am safe ev - er - more. Led by a lov - ing hand day aft-er
near I shall not be a - fraid. Led by His hand day . . . . . .
blessed me, a bless-ing to be.



day, Led by my Sav - ior, bright is the way; I will a-
. . . . aft - er day, Led by my Sav-ior, bright . . . . . is the way;

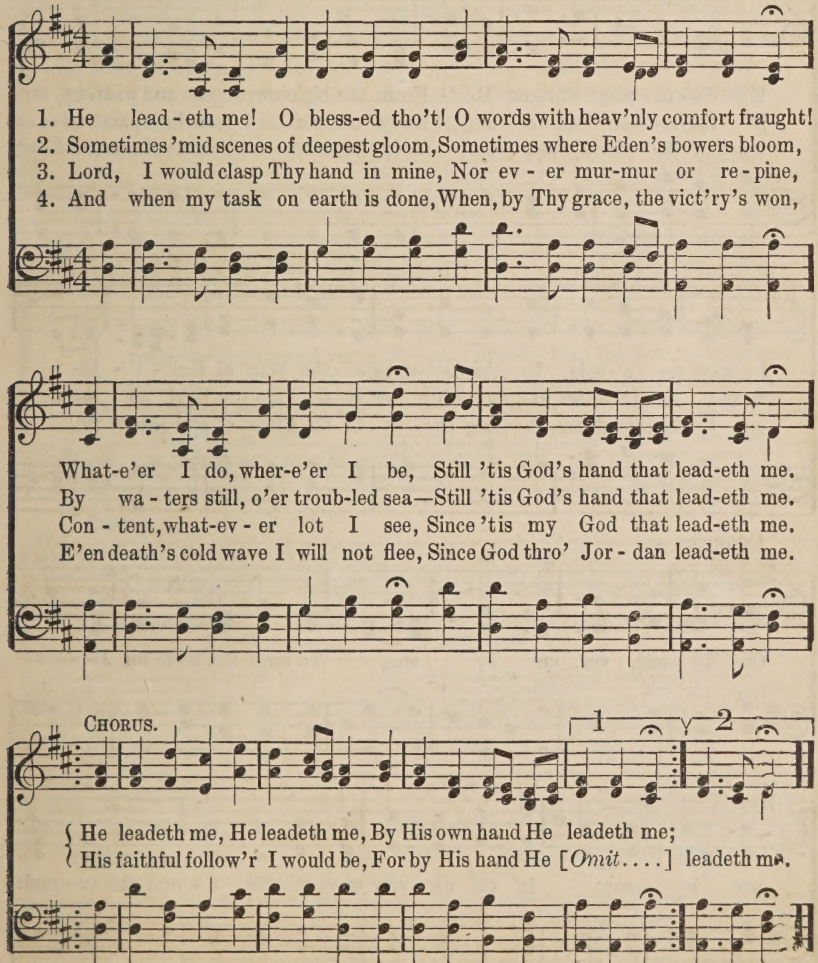


Led By His Hand.



No. 135. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

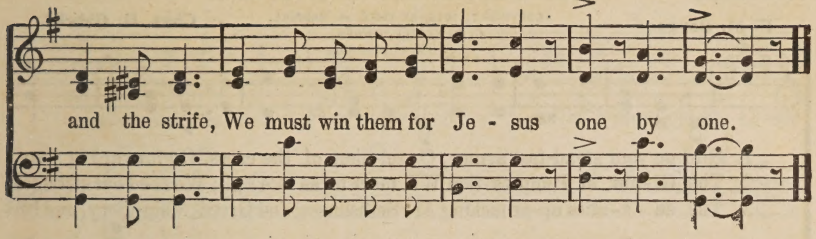

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.
CHORUS.
1
2
He leadeth me, He leadeth me, By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follow'r I would be, For by His hand He [Omit. . . .] leadeth me.

No. 136. Win Them One By One.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad-ly
3. We must win them one by one by a lit-tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen-tle
His dis-ci-ples "Fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the
in the res-cue lend a hand; News of life and love im-part to some
touch of hu-man sym-pa-thy; Stoop-ing down from heigths of ease, seek-ing
by-ways turn a-side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
wear-y, sin-ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo-ry light to stand.
on-ly God to please, Pointing ev-er to the Christ of Cal-va-ry.
CHORUS.
One by one, yes, one by one, We must win them for Je-sus
one by one; In the nar-row ways of life, a-mid the tu-mult

Win Them One By One.



No. 137. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W. H. Doane.

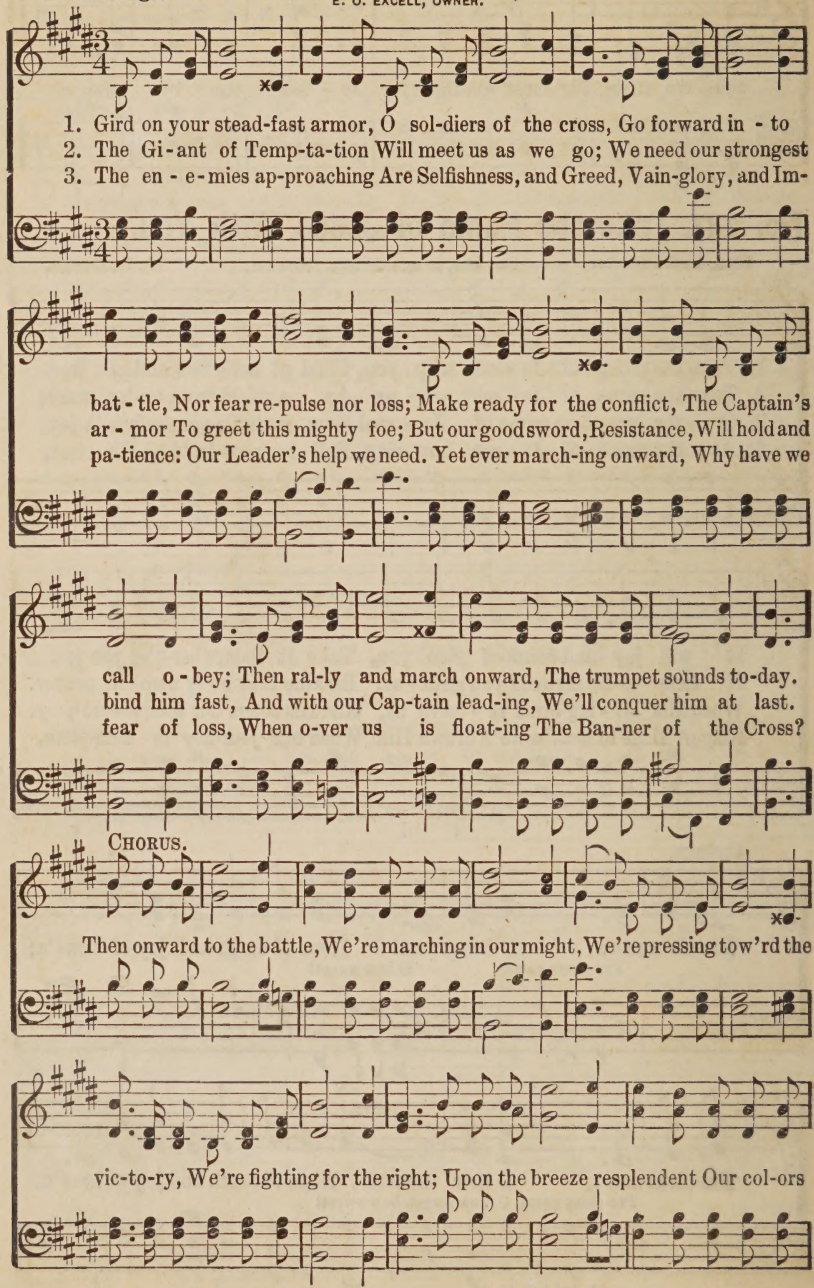
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.
CHORUS.
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!.. Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Pre-cious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 138. The Banner of the Cross.

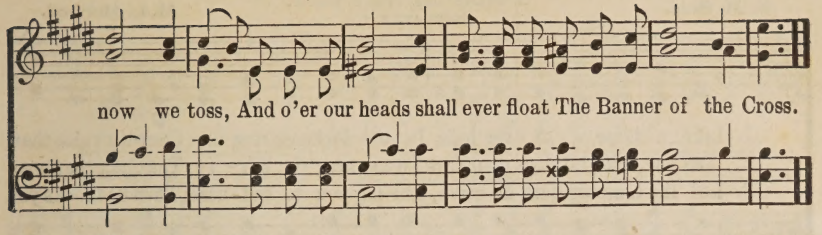
E. M. Bangs.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Gird on your stead-fast armor, O sol-diers of the cross, Go forward in - to bat - tle, Nor fear re-pulse nor loss; Make ready for the conflict, The Captain's call o - bey; Then ral-ly and march onward, The trumpet sounds to-day.
2. The Gi - ant of Temp-ta-tion Will meet us as we go; We need our strongest ar - mor To greet this mighty foe; But our good sword, Resistance, Will hold and bind him fast, And with our Cap-tain lead-ing, We'll conquer him at last.
3. The en - e - mies ap-proaching Are Selfishness, and Greed, Vain-glory, and Im- pa-tience: Our Leader's help we need. Yet ever march-ing onward, Why have we fear of loss, When o-ver us is float-ing The Ban-ner of the Cross?
CHORUS.
Then onward to the battle, We're marching in our might, We're pressing tow'rd the vic-to-ry, We're fighting for the right; Upon the breeze resplendent Our col-ors

The Banner of the Cross.



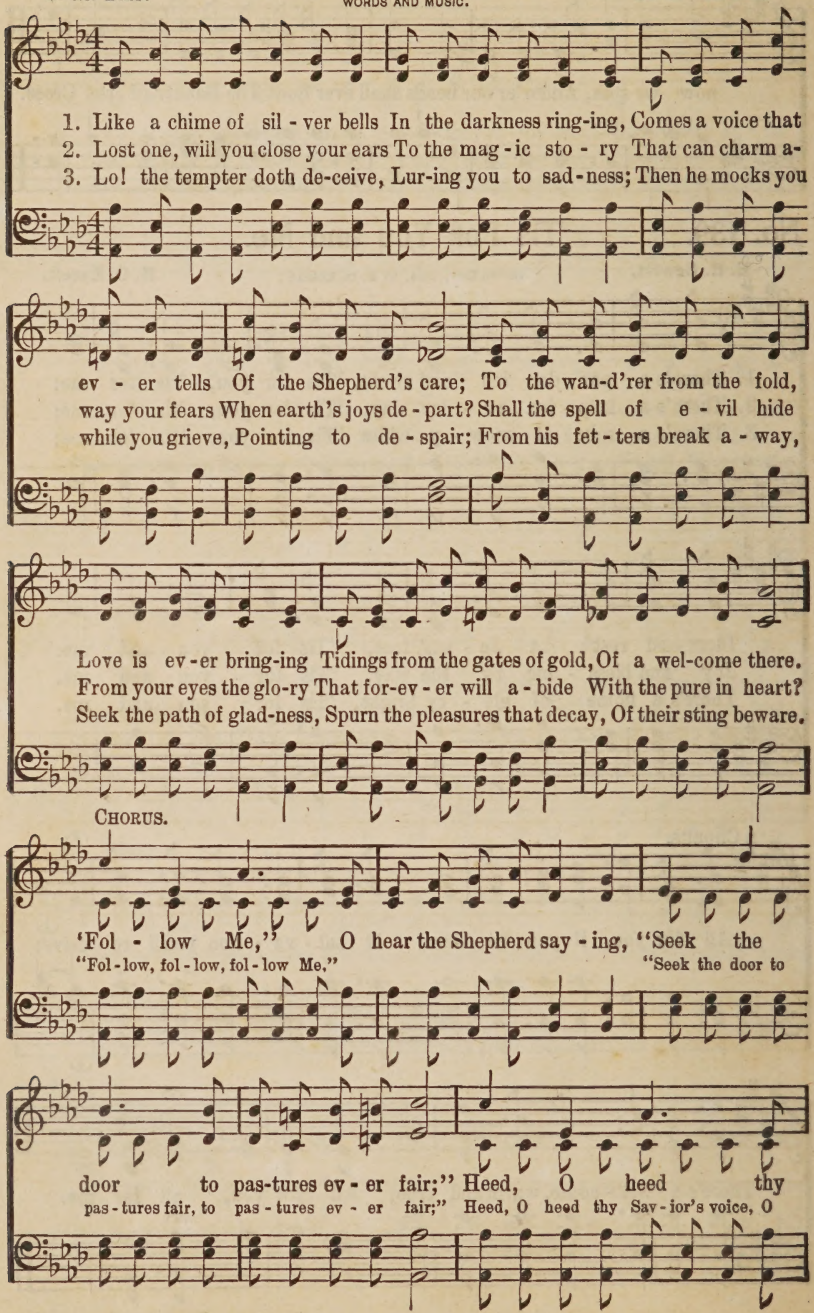
No. 139. 'Tis For You and Me.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.

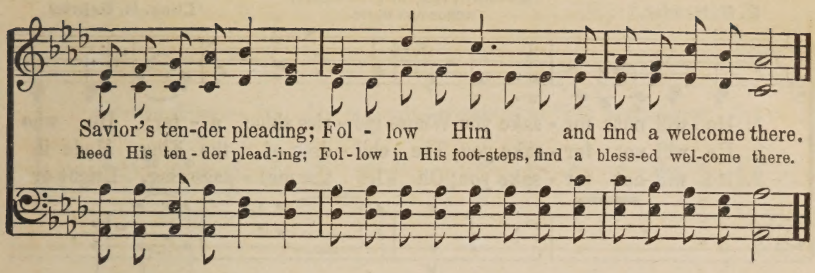
1. There's a par - don full and sweet, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
2. There's a help for ev - 'ry day, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
3. There's a robe of snow - y white 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
Bless - ed rest at Je - sus' feet, 'Tis for you and me.
Joy and bless - ing by the way, 'Tis for you and me.
There's a home of glo - ry bright, 'Tis for you and me.
CHORUS.
All for you, if you be - lieve, If sal - va - tion you'll re - ceive;
There's a wel - come, warm and true, All for you, all for me.

No. 140. Follow Me.

G. M. Bills. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. M. L. McPhail.

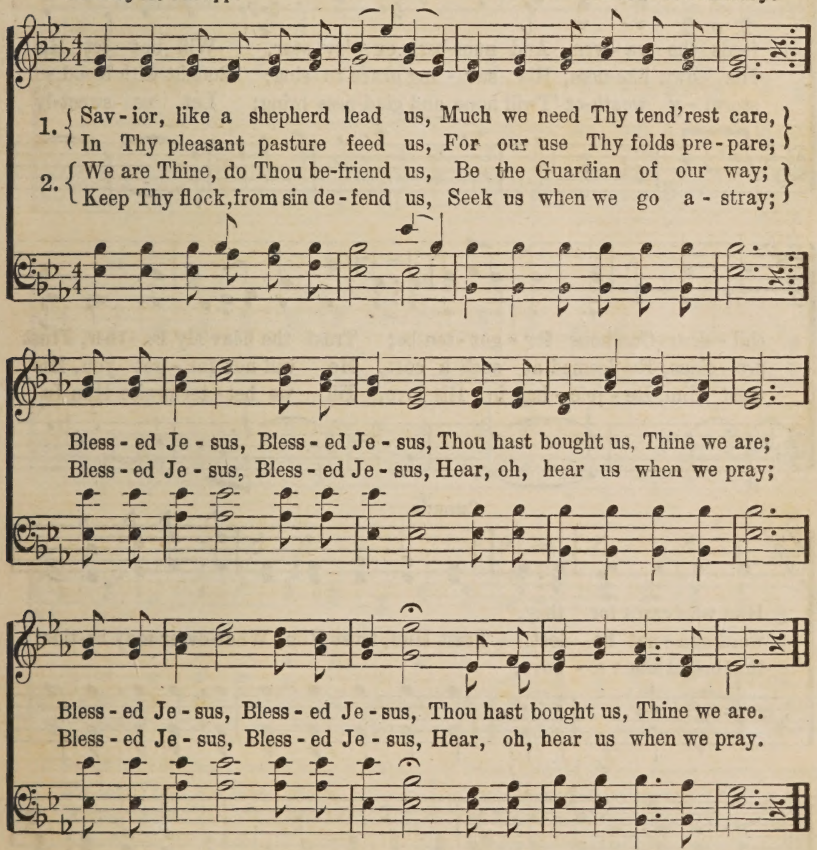

1. Like a chime of sil - ver bells In the darkness ring-ing, Comes a voice that
2. Lost one, will you close your ears To the mag - ic sto - ry That can charm a-
3. Lo! the tempter doth de-ceive, Lur-ing you to sad-ness; Then he mocks you
ev - er tells Of the Shepherd's care; To the wan-d'rer from the fold,
way your fears When earth's joys de - part? Shall the spell of e - vil hide
while you grieve, Pointing to de - spair; From his fet - ters break a - way,
Love is ev - er bring-ing Tidings from the gates of gold, Of a wel-come there.
From your eyes the glo-ry That for-ev - er will a - bide With the pure in heart?
Seek the path of glad-ness, Spurn the pleasures that decay, Of their sting beware.
CHORUS.
'Fol - low Me,'' O hear the Shepherd say - ing, ''Seek the
''Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low Me.''
''Seek the door to
door to pas-tures ev - er fair;'' Heed, O heed thy
pas - tures fair, to pas - tures ev - er fair;'' Heed, O heed thy Sav - ior's voice, O

Follow Me.


Savior's ten-der pleading; Fol - low Him and find a welcome there.
heed His ten - der plead-ing; Fol-low in His foot-steps, find a bless-ed wel-come there.

No. 141. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.


1. Sav - ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
In Thy pleasant pasture feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare;
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 142. He Will Not Forsake You.

E. E. Hewitt.

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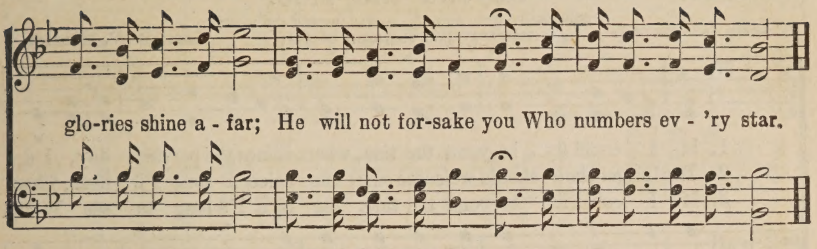
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

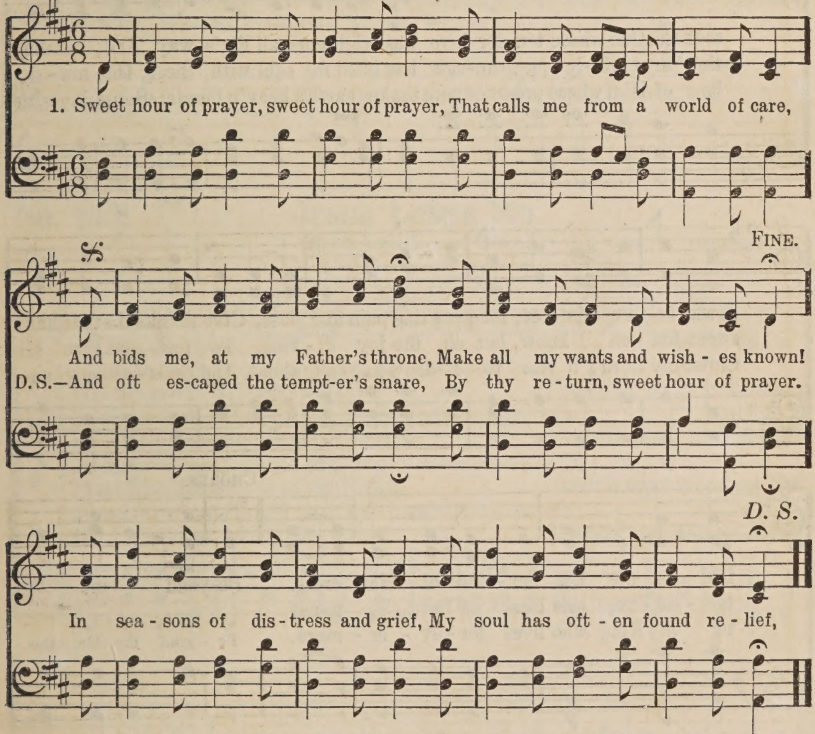
1. He will not for - sake you Whose glo - ries shine a - far; He who
2. He will not for - sake you, The chil - dren of the King, Made in
3. He will not for - sake you; Oh let the mes - sage ring, Bright or
feeds the ra - ven, And num-bers ev - 'ry star, Will not let His
His own like-ness, His sav - ing grace to sing; Bought with blood so
storm - y weath-er 'Twill hope and glad-ness bring; Let us sweet-ly
chil - dren One hour for - got - ten be; Trust the heav'nly Fa - ther, Trust
pre - cious, Re-deemed at such a cost, He will not for - get you, His
trust Him, Re - joic - ing in His love, Till we bet - ter praise Him In
CHORUS.
Him who cares for thee.
word can - not be lost. Trust Him, trust Him, What-ev-er may be-tide;
that bright home a - bove.
He who clothes the lil - ies Is ev - er at your side; Trust Him, trust Him Whose

He Will Not Forsake You.



No. 143. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
FINE.
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
D. S.—And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
D. S.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 144. Beyond the Tide.

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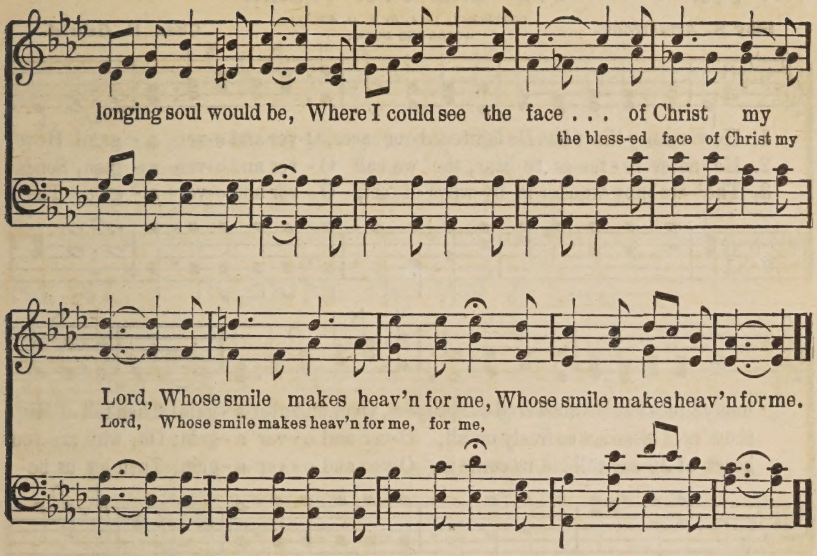
Lizzie DeArmond. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. If I could fly be-yond the tide, where shines the per-fect day, I'd
2. Tho' angel choirs should welcome sing, one voice a-lone I'll hear, That
3. If I could fly be-yond the tide, the face I'd long to see Would
seek the One whose ten-der love has brightened all life's way, And, kneeling
thro' my earth-ly pil-grim-age has filled my soul with cheer; Its mu-sic
be of Him whose presence here makes earth a heav'n for me; Some day with
down be-fore His feet, for-get-ting pain and loss, Give thanks that He had
sweet full well I know, but oh, the joy di-vine, To feel, that thro' e-
Christ my Lord I'll rise to E-den's hap-py shore, And prais-es sing un-
CHORUS.
laid on me the bur-den of His cross. Be-yond the
ter-ni-ty, this bless-ed Lord is mine!
to my King who lives for-ev-er-more. Be-yond the tide, the
tide, . . . the si-lent tide, My long-ing soul, . . . my
roll-ing tide, be-yond the si-lent tide, My long-ing soul would ev-er be,

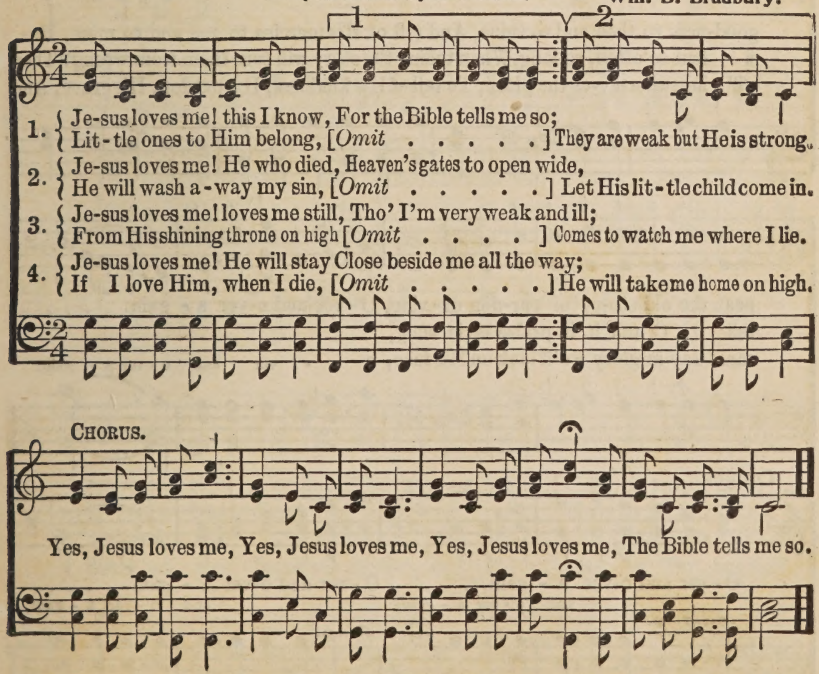
Beyond the Tide.


longing soul would be, Where I could see the face . . . of Christ my
the bless-ed face of Christ my
Lord, Whose smile makes heav'n for me, Whose smile makes heav'n for me.
Lord, Whose smile makes heav'n for me, for me,

No. 145. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.


1
2
1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so;
Lit-tle ones to Him belong, [Omit . . . . .] They are weak but He is strong.
2. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gates to open wide,
He will wash a-way my sin, [Omit . . . . .] Let His lit-tle child come in.
3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high [Omit . . . .] Comes to watch me where I lie.
4. Je-sus loves me! He will stay Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die, [Omit . . . . .] He will take me home on high.

No. 146. Over and Over Again.

Floy S. Armstrong.

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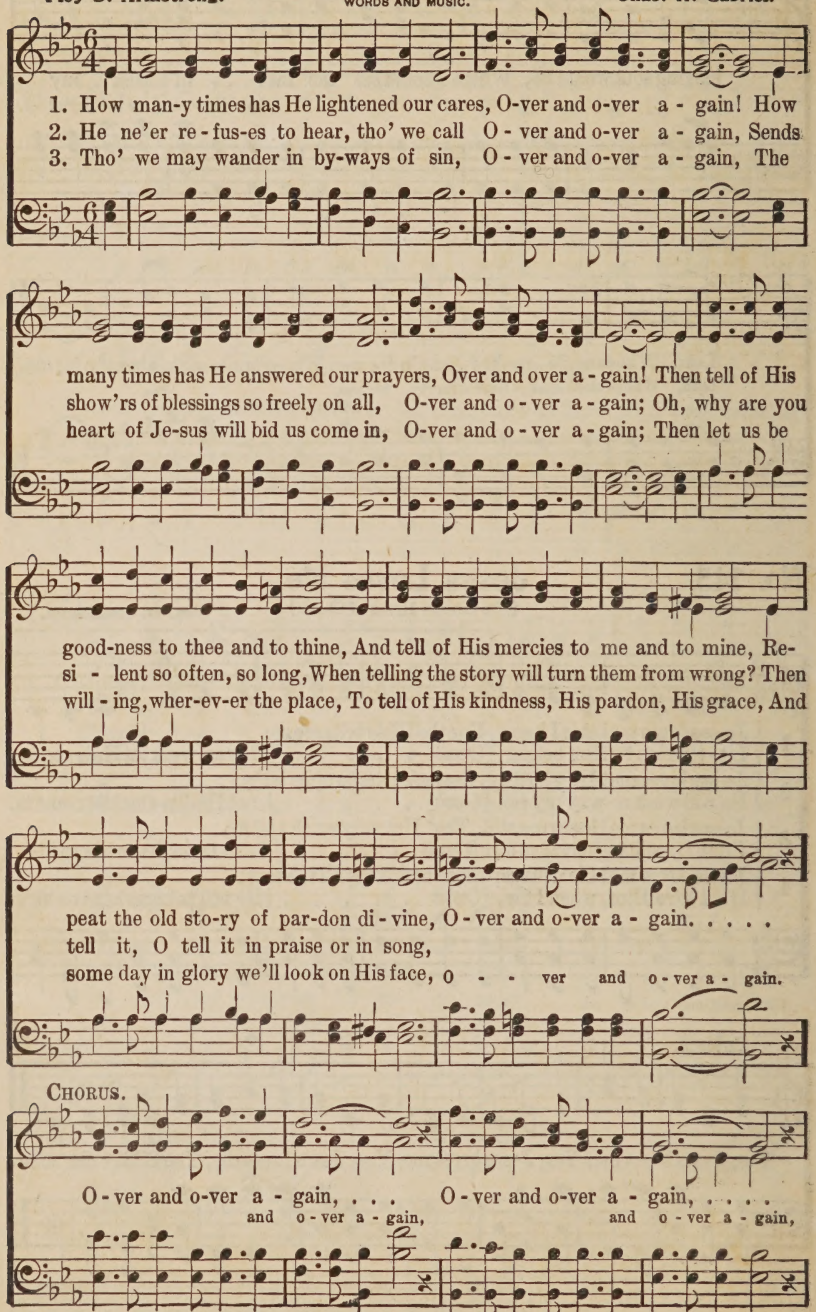
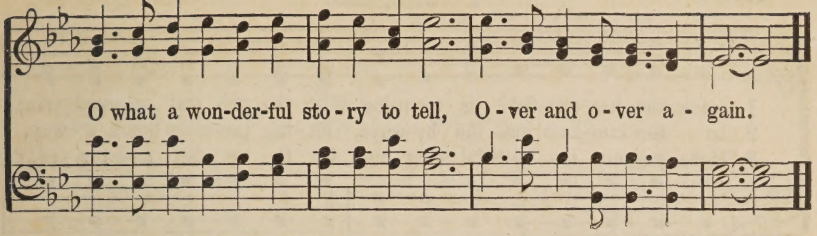
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. How man-y times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How
2. He ne'er re - fus-es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends
3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o-ver a - gain, The
many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His
show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be
good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-
si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then
will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And
peat the old sto-ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o-ver a - gain. . . . .
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,
some day in glory we'll look on His face, o - - ver and o - ver a - gain.
CHORUS.
O - ver and o-ver a - gain, . . . O - ver and o-ver a - gain, ...
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,

Over and Over Again.



No. 147. Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord.

Katharine A. Grimes.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

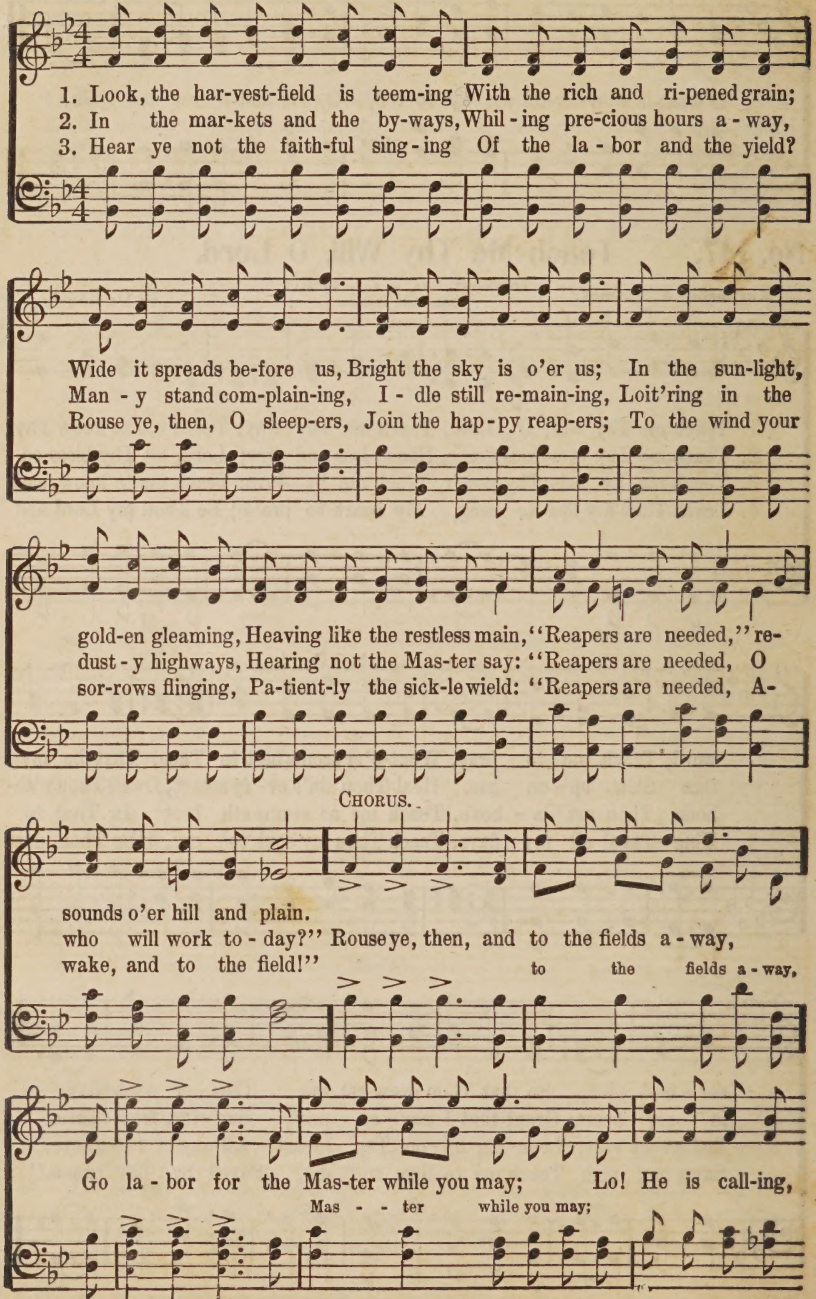
1. Teach me Thy will, O Lord, Teach me Thy way; Teach me to know Thy
2. Teach me Thy wondrous grace, Bound-less and free; Lord, let Thy bless-ed
3. Teach me by pain Thy pow'r, Teach me by love; Teach me to know, each
4. Teach Thou my lips to sing, My heart to praise; Be Thou my Lord and
word, Teach me to pray. What-e'er seems best to Thee, That be my
face Shine up-on me. Heal Thou sin's ev-'ry smart, Dwell Thou with-
hour, Thou art a-bove. Teach me as seem-eth best In Thee to
King Thro' all my days. Teach Thou my soul to cry, "Be Thou, dear
ear-nest plea, So that Thou draw-est me Clos-er each day.
in my heart; Grant that I nev-er part, Sav-ior, from Thee.
find sweet rest; Lean-ing up-on Thy breast, All doubt re-move.
Sav-ior, nigh, Teach me to live, to die, Saved by Thy grace."

No. 148. Harvest Song!

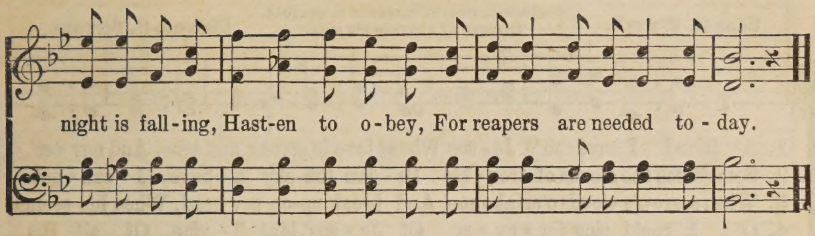
C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield?
Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your
gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the restless main, "Reapers are needed," re-
dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
sor-rows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-
CHORUS.
sounds o'er hill and plain.
who will work to-day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way,
wake, and to the field!"
to the fields a-way,
Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call-ing,
Mas - - ter while you may;

Harvest Song.



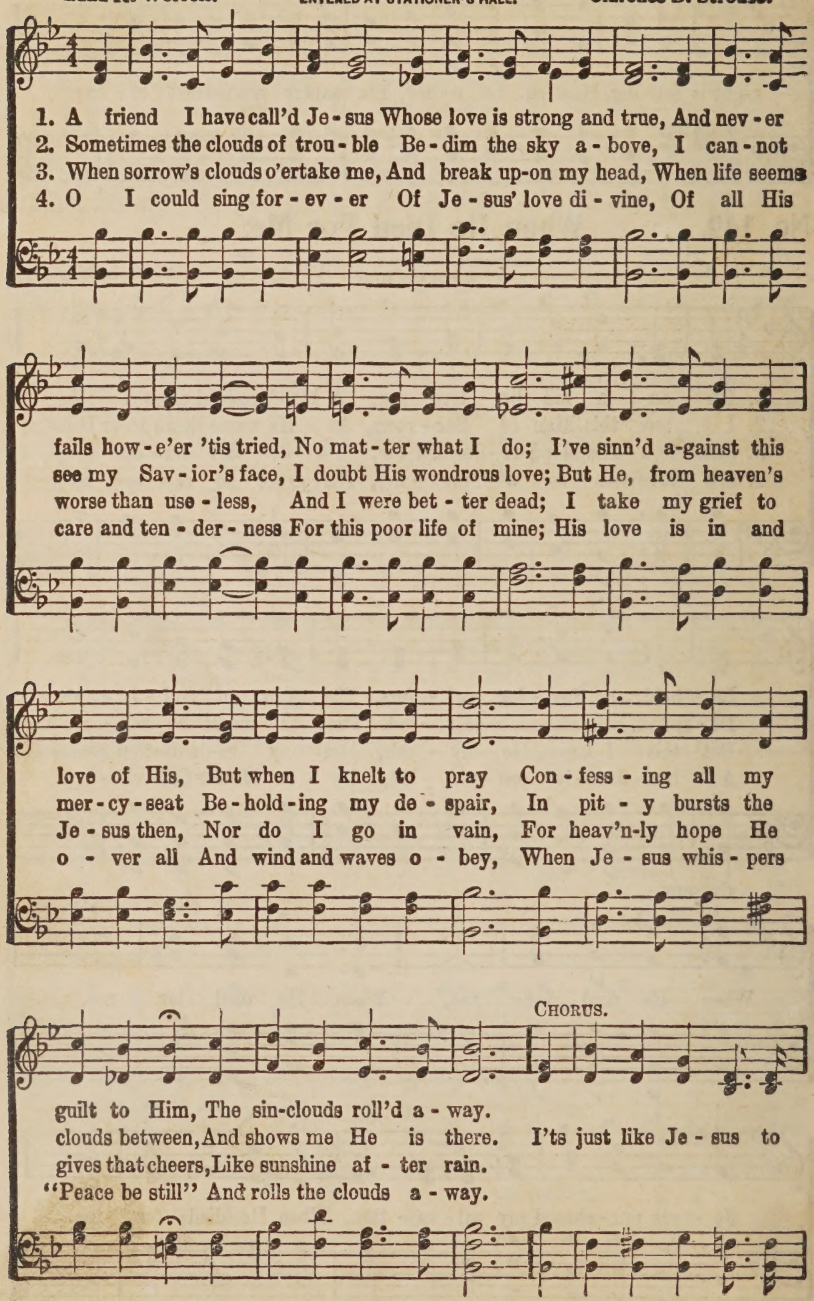
No. 149. When He Died For Me.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. A. H. Ackley.

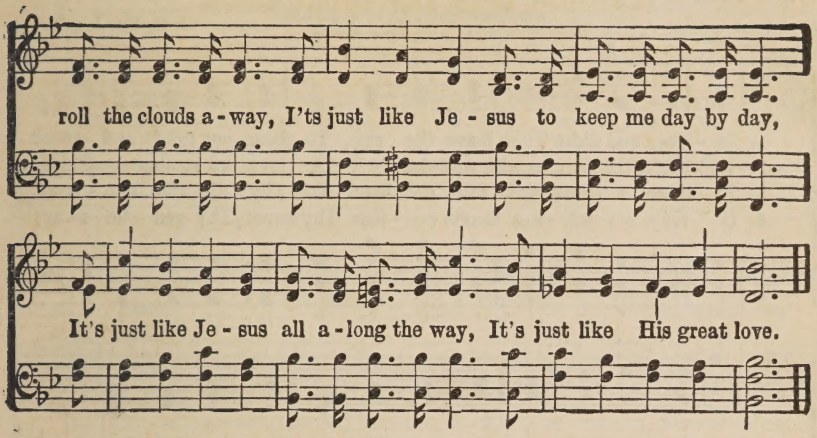
1. Up - on a hill be - fore me, A blood-stained cross I see;
2. I see this Man of Sor - rows, As He came down from Heav'n;
3. Just how His blood re - deemed me, I do not un - der - stand,
4. His love is so a - maz - ing, His grace so rich and free,
Be - hold, the Sav - ior suf - fers, The Man of Gal - i - lee.
De - spised, condemned, re-ject - ed, That I might be for - giv'n.
But this I know, He liv - eth, And my re-demp-tion planned.
A - bun - dant - ly pro - vid - ed, Up - on Mount Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
When He died for me, When He died for me,
Je - sus pur - chased my sal - va - tion, When He died for me.

No. 150. It's Just Like His Great Love.

Edna R. Worrell. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE. ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL. Clarence B. Strouse.

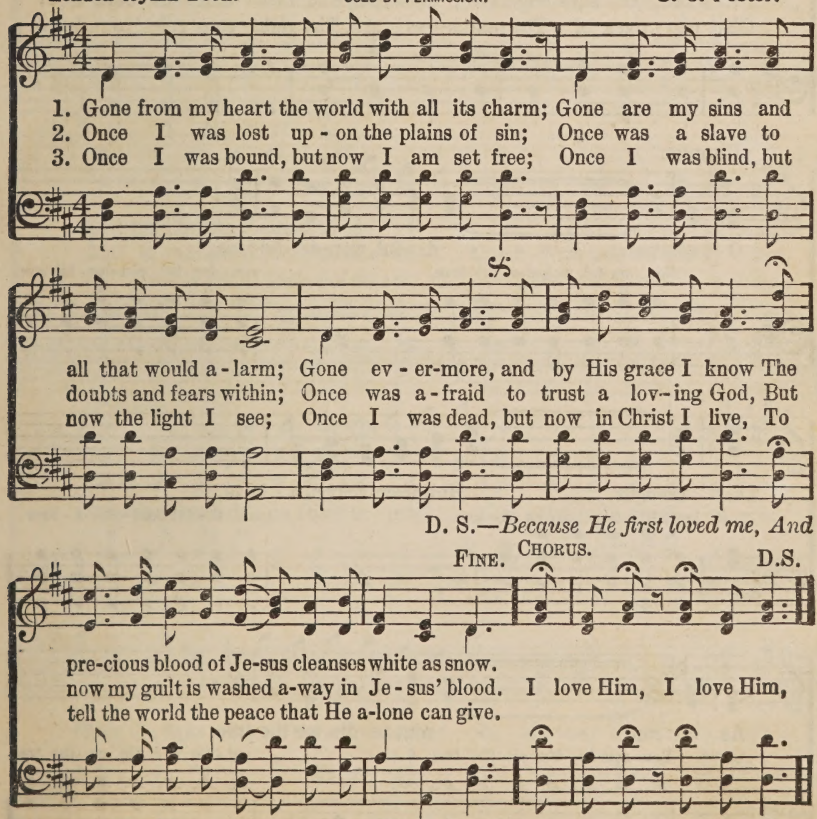

1. A friend I have call'd Je - sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Sometimes the clouds of trou - ble Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up-on my head, When life seems
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His
fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinn'd a-gainst this
see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's
worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and
love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n-ly hope He
o - ver all And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers
CHORUS.
guilt to Him, The sin-clouds roll'd a - way.
clouds between, And shows me He is there. I'ts just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers, Like sunshine af - ter rain.
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.

It's Just Like His Great Love.


roll the clouds a - way, I'ts just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,
It's just like Je - sus all a - long the way, It's just like His great love.

No. 151. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. **S. C. Foster.**


1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
D. S.—*Because He first loved me, And*
FINE. CHORUS. D.S.
pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.
purchased my sal-va - tion On Calv'ry's tree.

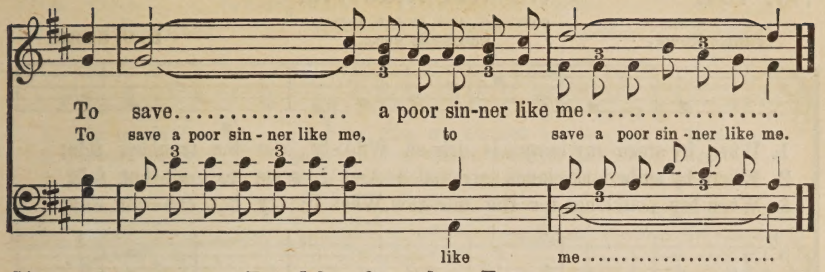
No. 152. Wonderful Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. H. ROSECRANS.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Anne Steele. J. H. Rosecrans.

1. Je - sus, and didst Thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with won-der view A love so strange as Thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy di - vine con - trol?
4. O may our will - ing hearts con - fess Thy sweet, Thy gen - tle sway;
And didst Thou bleed and groan and die For Thy re - bel - lious foes?
No tho't of an - gels ev - er knew Com - pas - sion so di - vine!
De - scend, O sov-'reign love, de-scend, And melt that stub - born soul.
Glad cap - tives of Thy match-less grace, Thy right - eous rule o - bey.
CHORUS.
O 'twas won - - - - der-ful, won-der-ful love,
Won - der-ful, won-der - ful love,
won - der - ful, won-der - ful love,
That brought..... Him from heaven a - bove,
That bro't Him from heav-en a - bove,
beau - ti - ful heav - en a - bove,
As a ran - - - - som to die on the tree,
Ran - som to die on the tree,
suf - fer and die on the tree,

Wonderful Love.



No. 153. Buckle On the Armor.

C. Jay Smith.

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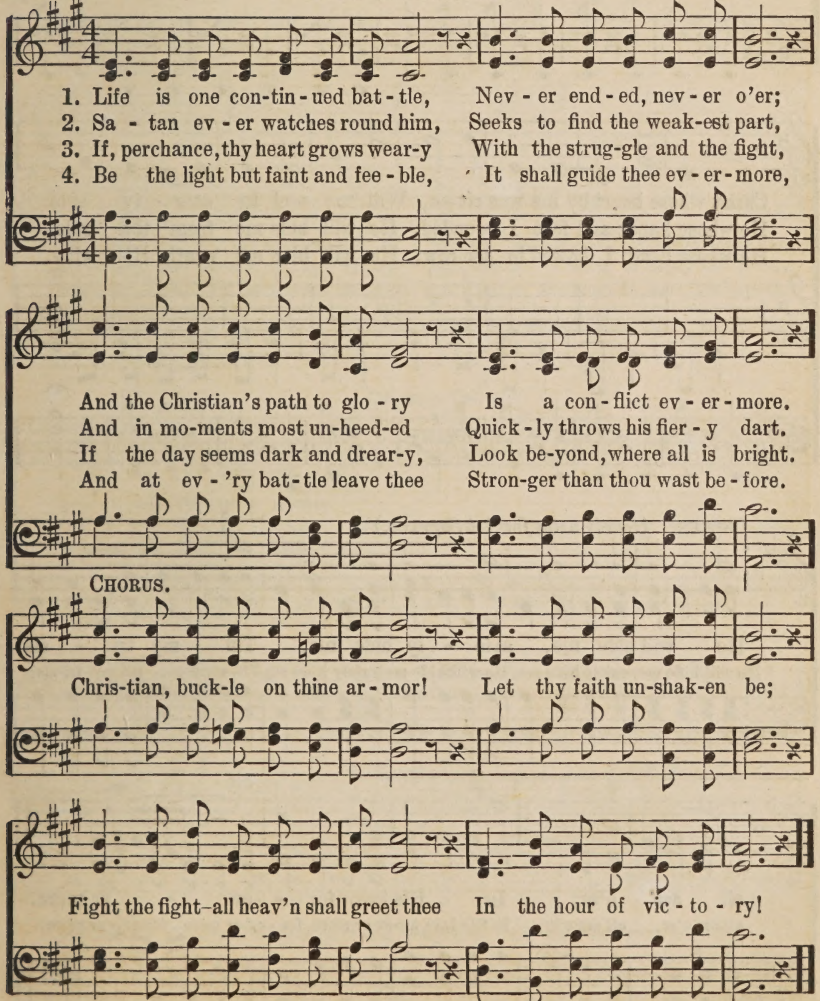
J. H. Rosecrans.


1. Life is one con-tin-ued bat-tle, Nev-er end-ed, nev-er o'er;
2. Sa-tan ev-er watches round him, Seeks to find the weak-est part,
3. If, perchance, thy heart grows wear-y With the strug-gle and the fight,
4. Be the light but faint and fee-ble, It shall guide thee ev-er-more,
And the Christian's path to glo-ry Is a con-flict ev-er-more.
And in mo-ments most un-heed-ed Quick-ly throws his fier-y dart.
If the day seems dark and drear-y, Look be-yond, where all is bright.
And at ev-'ry bat-tle leave thee Stron-ger than thou wast be-fore.
CHORUS.
Chris-tian, buck-le on thine ar-mor! Let thy faith un-shak-en be;
Fight the fight—all heav'n shall greet thee In the hour of vic-to-ry!

No. 154. He Will Hide Me.

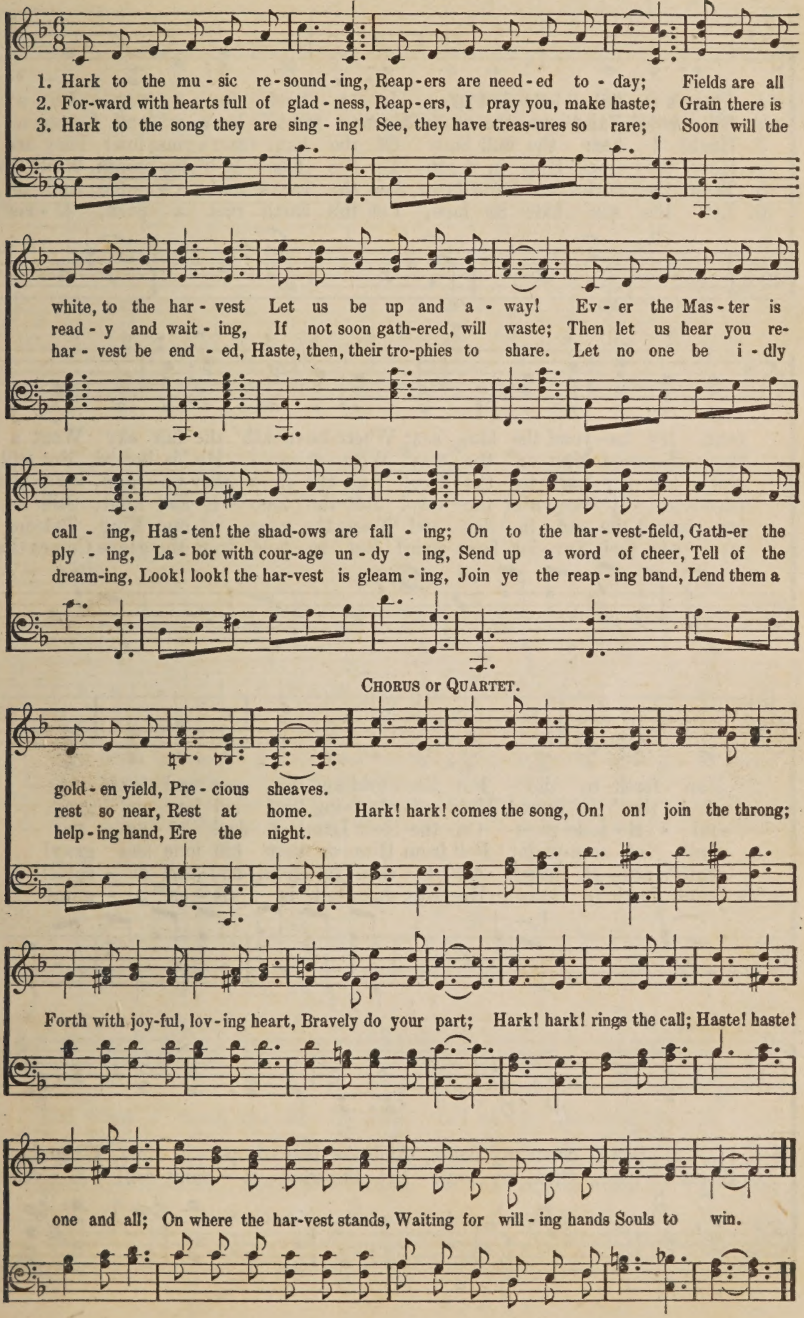
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. When by storm my barque is driv-en Wild-ly o'er the troubled tide;
2. When by sin's dark clouds surrounded And I seem to all but fail;
3. When my soul longs for the mor-row, When I try but can-not sing;
Christ whose heart by me was riv-en, Will my soul in safe-ty hide.
He whose hands and feet I wounded, He will hide me from the gale.
He whose head I bowed in sor-row, He will hide me 'neath His wing.
CHORUS. (Small notes for 1st Soprano.)
1
He will hide me, safe-ly hide me, Till my tri-als
He will hide me, safely hide me, He will hide me, safely hide me, Till my trials, till my tri-als,
2
rit.
all are o'er; In His love for-ev-er more.
all are o'er, all are o'er; In His love for-ev-er more, for-ev-er more, for-ev-er more,

No. 155. Reapers Are Needed.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Hark to the mu - sic re - sound - ing, Reap - ers are need - ed to - day; Fields are all
2. For-ward with hearts full of glad - ness, Reap - ers, I pray you, make haste; Grain there is
3. Hark to the song they are sing - ing! See, they have treas-ures so rare; Soon will the
white, to the har - vest Let us be up and a - way! Ev - er the Mas - ter is
read - y and wait - ing, If not soon gath-ered, will waste; Then let us hear you re-
har - vest be end - ed, Haste, then, their tro-phies to share. Let no one be i - dly
call - ing, Has - ten! the shad-ows are fall - ing; On to the har - vest-field, Gath-er the
ply - ing, La - bor with cour-age un - dy - ing, Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the
dream-ing, Look! look! the har-vest is gleam - ing, Join ye the reap - ing band, Lend them a
CHORUS or QUARTET.
gold - en yield, Pre - cious sheaves.
rest so near, Rest at home. Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng;
help - ing hand, Ere the night.
Forth with joy-ful, lov - ing heart, Bravely do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste!
one and all; On where the har-vest stands, Waiting for will - ing hands Souls to win.

No. 156. The Hill Lone and Gray.

B. Carradine, D. D.

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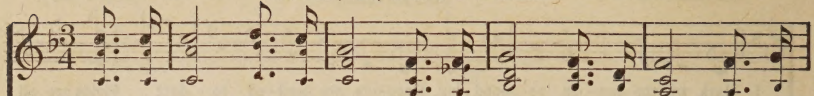
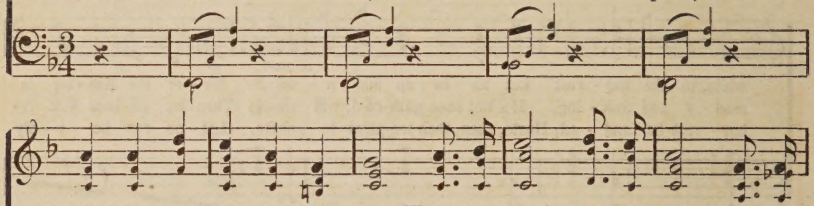
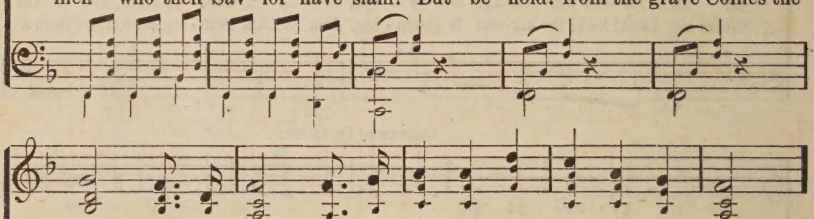
W. E. M. Hackleman.



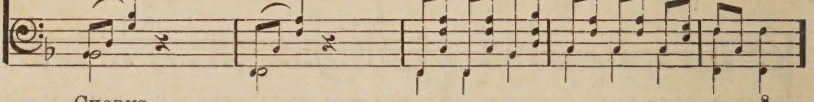
1. There's a hill lone and gray In a land far a - way, In a
2. Be - hold! Faint on the road, 'Neath a world's heav - y load, Comes a
3. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the ham - mer swung low; They are
4. How they mock Him in death To His last la-b'ring breath, While His
5. Then, the dark - ness came down, And the rocks rent a - round, And a
6. Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel a pace, O - ver



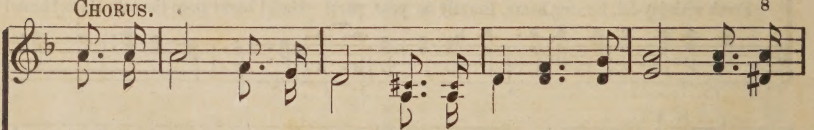
coun - try be - yond the blue sea; Where be - neath the fair sky Went a
thorn-crown-ed Man on the way! With a cross He is bowed, But still
nail - ing my Lord to the tree! And the cross they up - raise, While the
friends sad - ly weep o'er the way! But tho' lone - ly and faint, Still no
cry pierced the sad - la - den air! 'T was the voice of our King Tak-ing
men who their Sav - ior have slain! But be - hold! from the grave Comes the



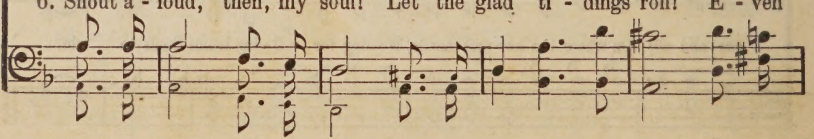
Man forth to die For the world and for you and for me.
on thro' the crowd He's as - cend - ing that hill lone and gray.
mul - ti - tude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Cal - va - ry.
word of com-plaint Fell from Him on that hill lone and gray!
death's cru - el sting, All to save us from end - less de - spair!
Lamb forth to save! He was slain, but is ris - en a - gain!



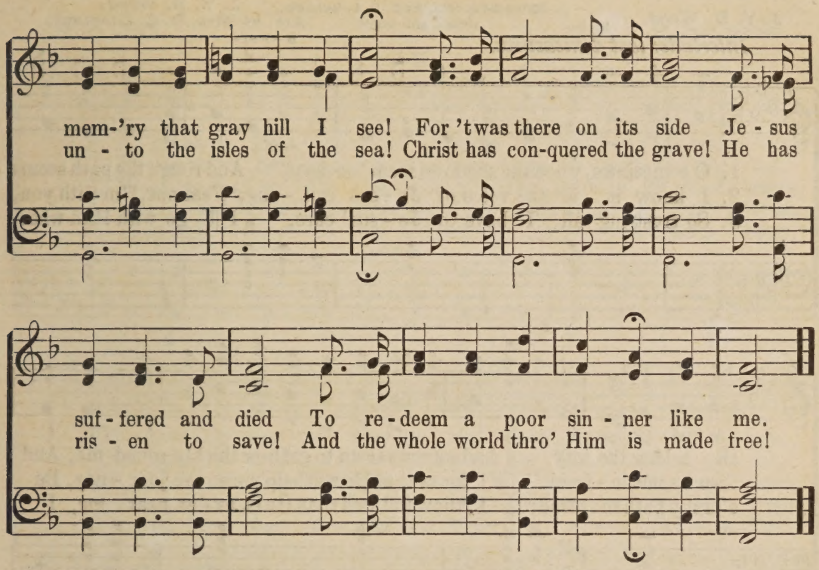
CHORUS.



1-5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear - drops will start, When in
6. Shout a - loud, then, my soul! Let the glad ti - dings roll! E - ven



The Hill Lone and Gray.


mem-'ry that gray hill I see! For 'twas there on its side Je - sus
un - to the isles of the sea! Christ has con-quered the grave! He has
suf - fered and died To re - deem a poor sin - ner like me.
ris - en to save! And the whole world thro' Him is made free!

No. 157. Jesus.

Lytton. W. E. M. Hackleman.

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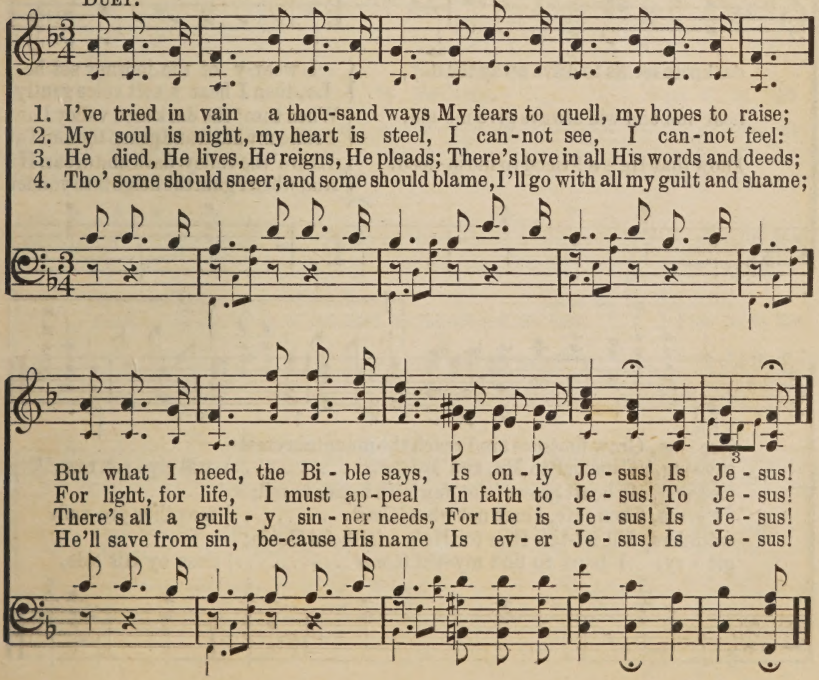
DUET.


1. I've tried in vain a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise;
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can-not see, I can-not feel:
3. He died, He lives, He reigns, He pleads; There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some should sneer, and some should blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame;
But what I need, the Bi - ble says, Is on - ly Je - sus! Is Je - sus!
For light, for life, I must ap - peal In faith to Je - sus! To Je - sus!
There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs, For He is Je - sus! Is Je - sus!
He'll save from sin, be-cause His name Is ev - er Je - sus! Is Je - sus!

No. 158. Sometimes.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY C. R. L. VAWTER.

J. Y. B. Wood. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. Y. B. Wood. Arr. by Mrs. D. C. Constant.

Interlude: last 4 measures.

1. O sometimes, when the shadows seem too deep, And rough the path seems
2. I know it is the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fear not, I'm with you,
3. So trust-ing all I have to Je - sus' care, I'll go with Him wher-
all a-long the way, And sorrows seem to gath-er thickly round me, And
then be not a - fraid." I know that He will help me on the jour - ney, Be
e'er my path may lead; I know full well that He is ev - er near me, I
darkness seems to drive away the day,
I wear-y of the journey set be-
Lo, then I hear a soft voice gently
near me and will always give me aid.
When thro' the darkened valley I am
I raise my hand and grasp the hand of
know that He's a Friend to me in-deed.
If thro' the valley, dark and drear, He
And when I gain the heights to yonder
1
2
fore me, Grow footsore ere I reach the mountain crest—
say - ing, "Come un-to Me, and I (Omit.....) will give you rest."
treading, My heart grows faint, my faith begins to fail;
Je - sus, Then safe, I care not what (Omit.....) may then pre-vail.
wan-ders, I'll fol-low Him for He's a faith-ful Guide;
glo - ry, I hope to find my-self (Omit.....) close by His side.

No. 159. Blessed Be the Name.

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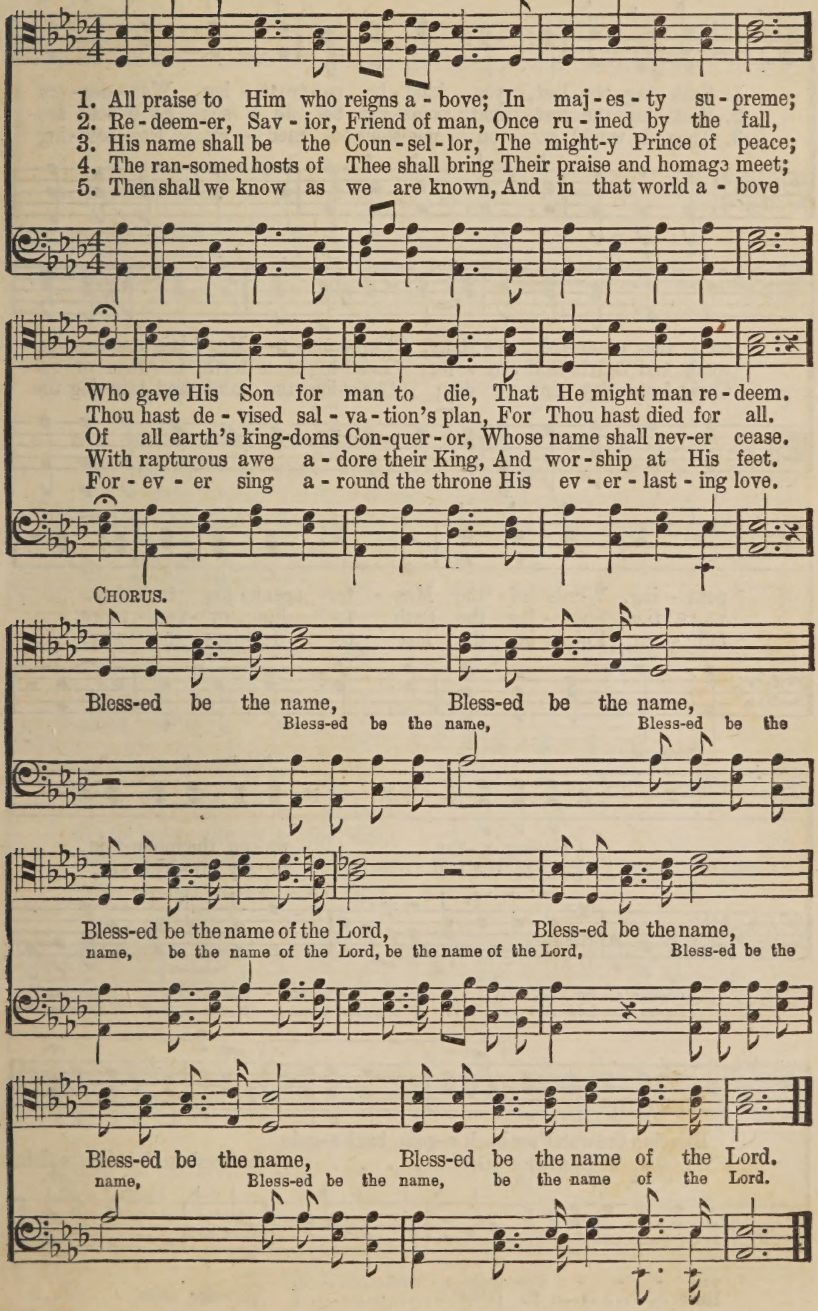
W. H. Clark. Arr. by W. E. M. Hackleman.


1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove; In maj - es - ty su - preme;
2. Re - deem-er, Sav - ior, Friend of man, Once ru - ined by the fall,
3. His name shall be the Coun - sel - lor, The might-y Prince of peace;
4. The ran-somed hosts of Thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet;
5. Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a - bove
Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's king-doms Con-quer - or, Whose name shall nev-er cease.
With rapturous awe a - dore their King, And wor - ship at His feet.
For - ev - er sing a - round the throne His ev - er - last - ing love.
CHORUS.
Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name,
Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the
Bless-ed be the name of the Lord, Bless-ed be the name,
name, be the name of the Lord, be the name of the Lord, Bless-ed be the
Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
name, Bless-ed be the name, be the name of the Lord.

No. 160. Seeking the Lost.

USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus Souls that are
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing

on the moun-tain a-stray; "Come un-to Me," His mes-sage re-
weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-
Christ from day un-to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and rais-ing the

peat-ing, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.
fall-en; Point-ing the lost to Je-sus the way.

CHORUS.

{ Go-ing a-far up-on the moun-tain,
{ In-to the fold of my Re-deem-er,

{ Go-ing a-far ..... up-on the moun-tain,..... Bring-ing the
{ In-to the fold ..... of my Re-deem-er,..... Je-sus, the

1 2

Bringing the wand'rer back a-gain, back a-gain
Je-sus, the Lamb for [*Omit.* . . . . .] sinners slain, for sinners slain.

wan-d'rer back a-gain.....
Lamb..... for [*Omit.*.....] sin-ners slain.....

No. 161. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

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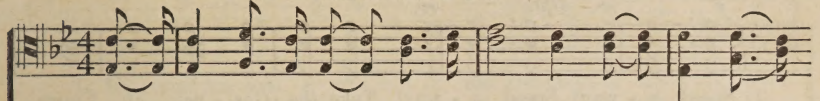
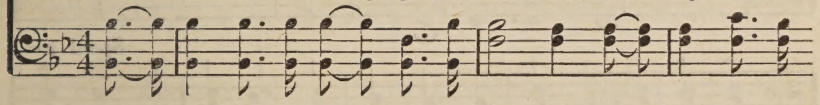
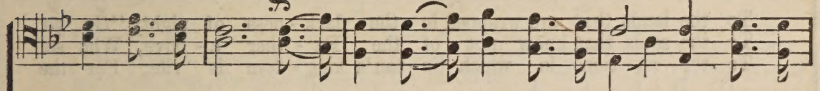
WORDS AND ARR. OF MUSIC.

Dr. William S. Pitts.

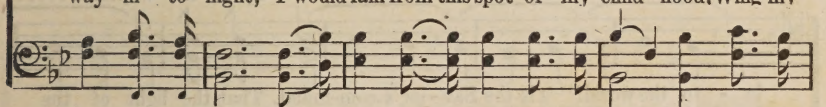


1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No lov - li - er
2. How sweet on a bright Sun - day morn - ing, To hear the
3. To the church that I love in the wild - wood Turns my heart, tho' a -
4. From the church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, When day fades a -



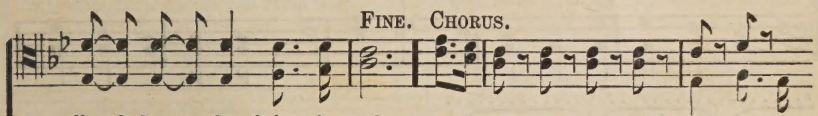


spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child - hood As the
clear ring-ing bell, Its tones so ten - der - ly call - ing To the
far I may roam; 'T is the spot where the loved ones are sleep - ing, 'Neath the
way in - to night, I would fain from this spot of my child - hood, Wing my



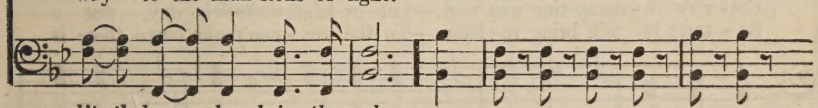
D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.



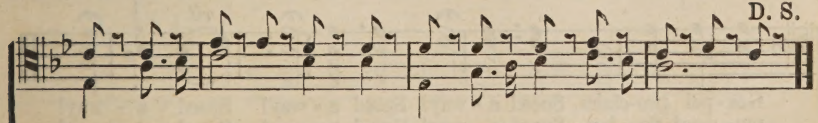
lit - tle brown church in the vale.
lit - tle brown church in the dell.
trees where the wild flow-ers bloom.
way to the man-sions of light.

Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come.

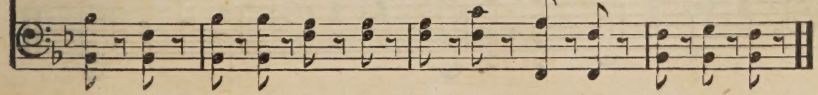


lit - tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.



church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;



No. 162. Speed Away.

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W. E. M. Hackleman. Woodbury. Arr. by W. E. M. H.

f *pp*

1. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Gos - pel of LIGHT
2. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Mes - sage of LOVE
3. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Word that gives LIFE

Speed a-

To the lands that are wrapped in the dark - ness of night; "Go ye
To the souls that know not of the Fa - ther a - bove, Who so
To the na - tions in which Sa - tan's king - dom is rife; For the

way!..... Speed a - way!.....

in - to the world!" 'tis the Sav - ior's com-mand, That the light of the
loved this dark world that He gave His own Son, Thro' whose blood shed on
Word if be - lieved and o - beyed will give peace; To the cap - tives of

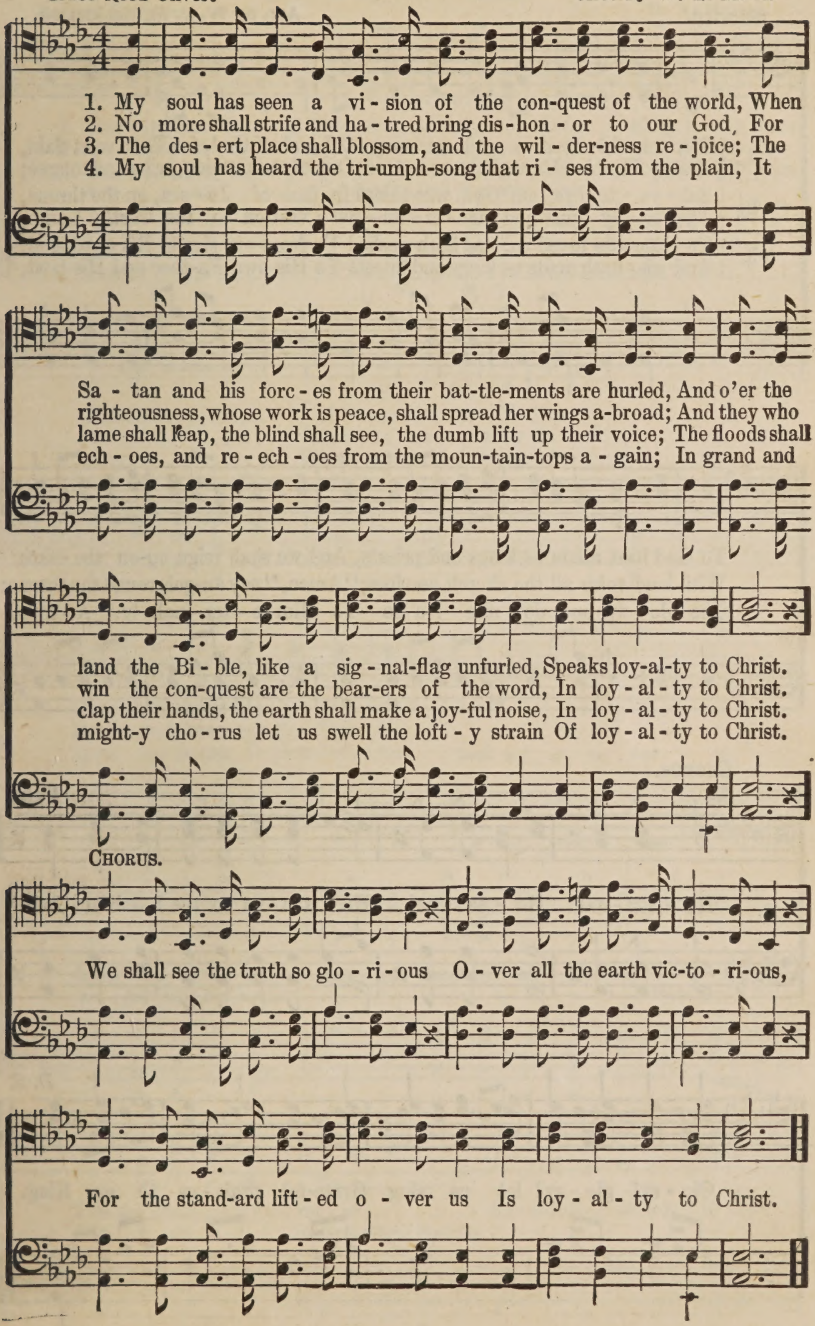
Gos - pel shine o'er ev - 'ry land. Then, go forth in His name, and the
Cal - v'ry re - demp-tion was won.—Let us haste while 'tis day, not a
Sa - tan it will bring re - lease.—To the res - cue make haste, there is

rit.

Gos - pel pro-claim, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
mo - ment de - lay, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
no time to waste, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!

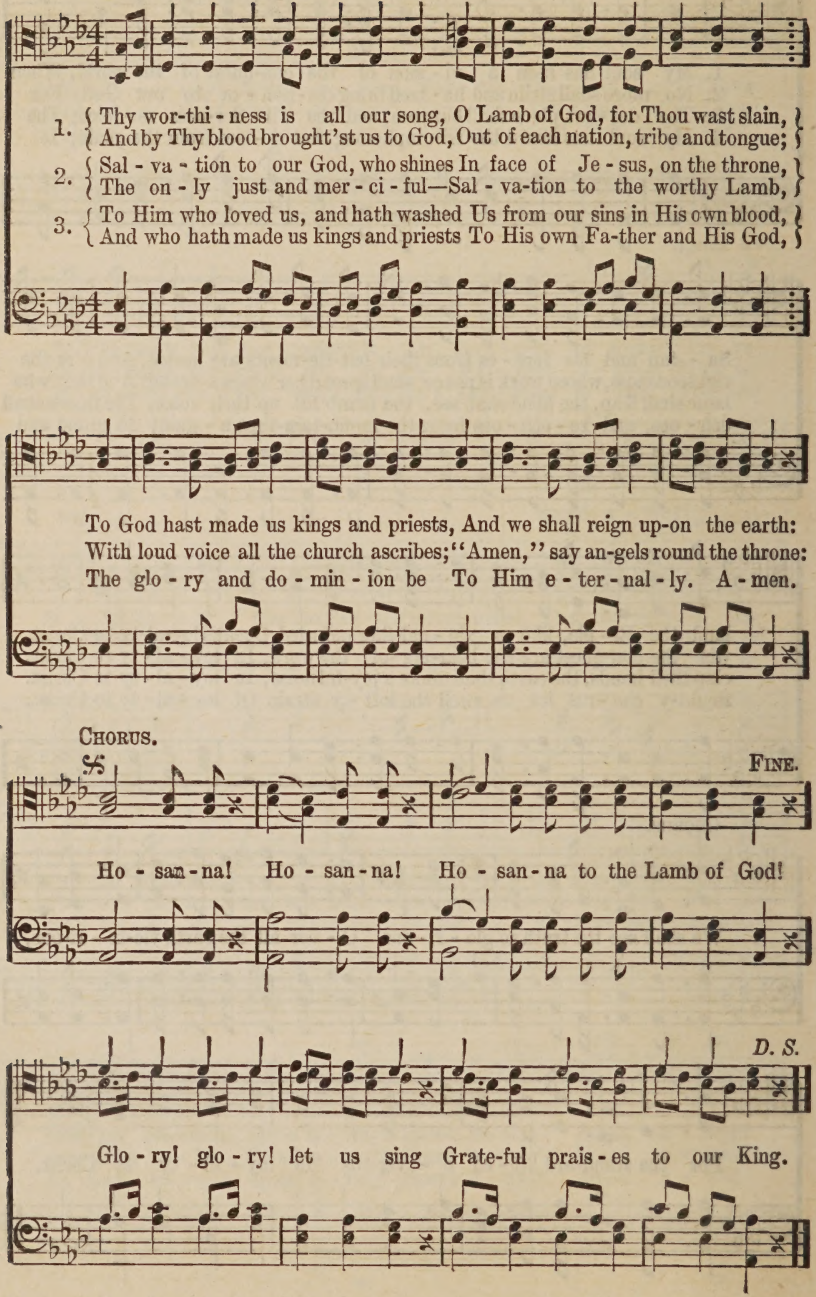
No. 163. Truth Triumphant.

Grace Reed Oliver. Arr. by W. E. M. H.


1. My soul has seen a vi - sion of the con-quest of the world, When
2. No more shall strife and ha - tred bring dis - hon - or to our God, For
3. The des - ert place shall blossom, and the wil - der-ness re - joice; The
4. My soul has heard the tri-umph-song that ri - ses from the plain, It
Sa - tan and his forc - es from their bat-tle-ments are hurled, And o'er the
righteousness, whose work is peace, shall spread her wings a-broad; And they who
lame shall leap, the blind shall see, the dumb lift up their voice; The floods shall
ech - oes, and re - ech - oes from the moun-tain-tops a - gain; In grand and
land the Bi - ble, like a sig - nal-flag unfurled, Speaks loy-al-ty to Christ.
win the con-quest are the bear-ers of the word, In loy - al - ty to Christ.
clap their hands, the earth shall make a joy-ful noise, In loy - al - ty to Christ.
might-y cho - rus let us swell the loft - y strain Of loy - al - ty to Christ.
Chorus.
We shall see the truth so glo - ri - ous O - ver all the earth vic-to - ri-ous,
For the stand-ard lift - ed o - ver us Is loy - al - ty to Christ.

No. 164. Hosanna!

Selected. Arr. by W. E. M. Hackleman.


1. Thy wor-thi - ness is all our song, O Lamb of God, for Thou wast slain,
And by Thy blood brought'st us to God, Out of each nation, tribe and tongue;
2. Sal - va - tion to our God, who shines In face of Je - sus, on the throne,
The on - ly just and mer - ci - ful—Sal - va-tion to the worthy Lamb,
3. To Him who loved us, and hath washed Us from our sins in His own blood,
And who hath made us kings and priests To His own Fa-ther and His God,
To God hast made us kings and priests, And we shall reign up-on the earth:
With loud voice all the church ascribes; "Amen," say an-gels round the throne:
The glo - ry and do - min - ion be To Him e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.
Chorus.
Fine.
Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God!
D. S.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! let us sing Grate-ful prais - es to our King.

No. 165. Lead and Keep Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, W. E. M HACKLEMAN.

Harriet E. Jones. H. A. Henry.

1. Lov - ing Sav - ior, lead Thou me,..... Lest I stray a - far from
2. O Thou ref - uge of my soul,..... Hold me in di - vine con-
3. Sav - ior, keep me day by day,..... All a - long the pil - grim
1. Lov - - ing Sav-ior, lead Thou me, Lest I
Thee;..... I am safe when in Thy care,.....
trol;..... What - so - ev - er may be - tide,.....
way;..... When my earth-ly work is done,.....
stray a - far from Thee; I am safe when in Thy care,
CHORUS.
Thou wilt keep from ev - 'ry snare. Lead me,
Lead and keep me by Thy side.
Lead me home, O bless - ed One. Lead me, O my Sav - ior,
lead me, Sav - ior, lead me all the way;
nev - er let me stray, lead me;
This my constant prayer shall be,..... Sav-ior, lead me home to Thee
This my constant prayer shall be,

No. 166. The Armies of God.

C. D. Emerson.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Geo. C. Hugg.

1. O Chris-tian, gird the ar-mor on, And press the fight with sin!
Go forth a-gainst the hosts of wrong, Go forth our cause to win;
2. O Chris-tian, gird the ar-mor on, And has-ten to the field;
A-gainst the pow'rs of dark-ness go, De-ter-mined not to yield!
3. O Chris-tian, gird the ar-mor on, The world is watch-ing thee;
With prayer and sup-pli-ca-tion press A-long to vic--to-ry!
The con-flict wild-ly ra-ges, No lon-ger then de-lay,
Clad in a full sal-va-tion, The Spir-it's sword in hand,
Be loy-al to His serv-ice, His truth to all pro-claim;
But, trust-ing in Je-ho-vah's might, Go! watch and fight and pray.
From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry go! It is the Lord's com-mand.
God loves a val-iant war-ri-or,— Then go in Je-sus' name.
CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu--jah! they are marching on, Hal-le-lu--jah! praise the
Hal-le-lu-jah!
Hal-le-lu-jah!
Lord! The ar-mies of the liv-ing God are march-ing on.
praise the Lord!
march-ing, march-ing on.

No. 167. Hear Your Country's Call.

***

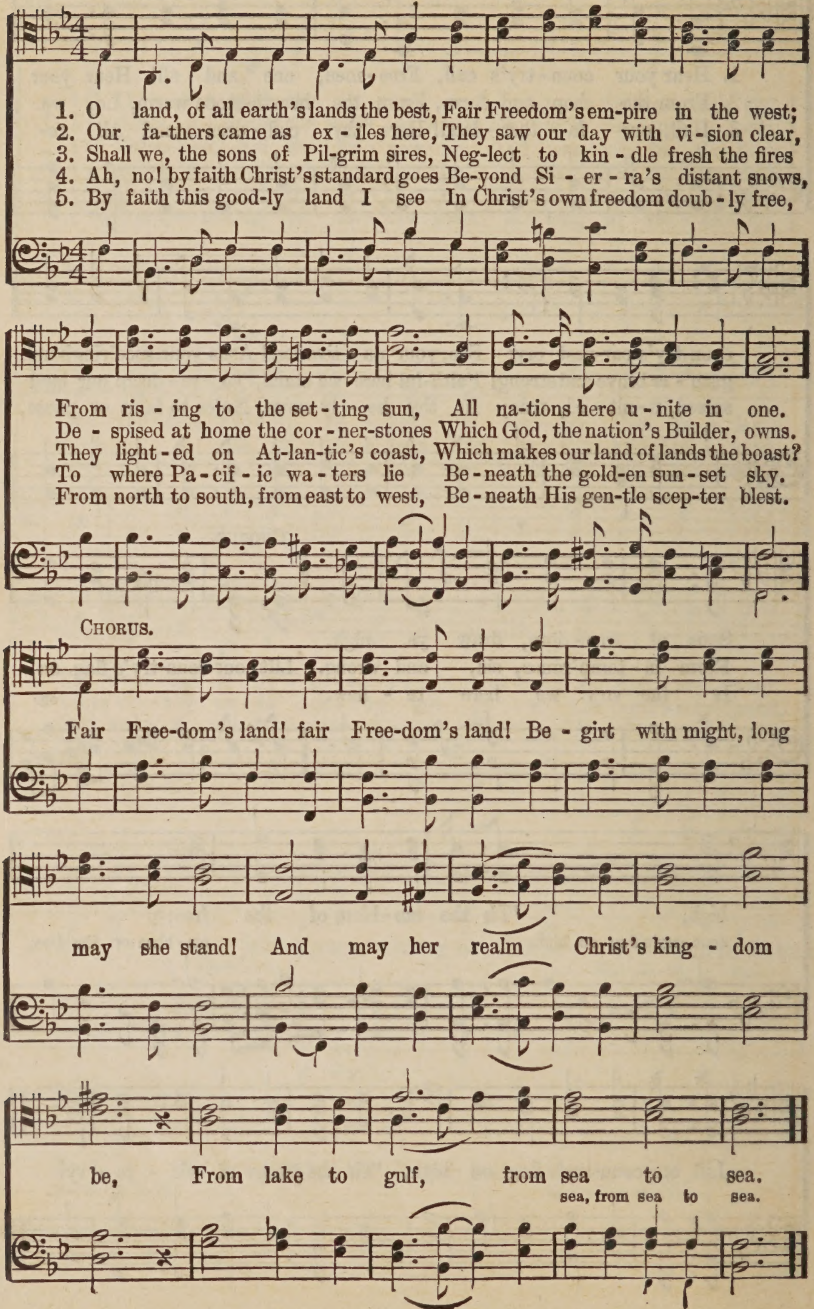
Franz Abt.

1. Hear your coun-try's call, Free-men, one and all! Hear your
2. From the shop and farm, From the hearth-stone warm, Lo, we
3. Hail, our fa-ther-land! Here thy chil-dren stand All re-
coun-try's ear-nest cry; See, your na-tive land Asks your succ'ring hand;
gath-er brave and strong! Faith-ful here we stand, To re-deem our land
solved, u-nit-ed, true; In thy ho-ly cause, Ne'er to faint or pause,
CHORUS.
Sons of free-dom, draw ye nigh.
From in-temp'rance, sin, and wrong. Lift our coun-try's flag on
Is the vow we here re-new.
our
high, 'Tis the em-blem of the free;
coun-try's flag on high, em-blem of the free;
Lift our coun-try's flag on high, 'Tis the pledge of vic-to-ry!

No. 168. Fair Freedom's Land.

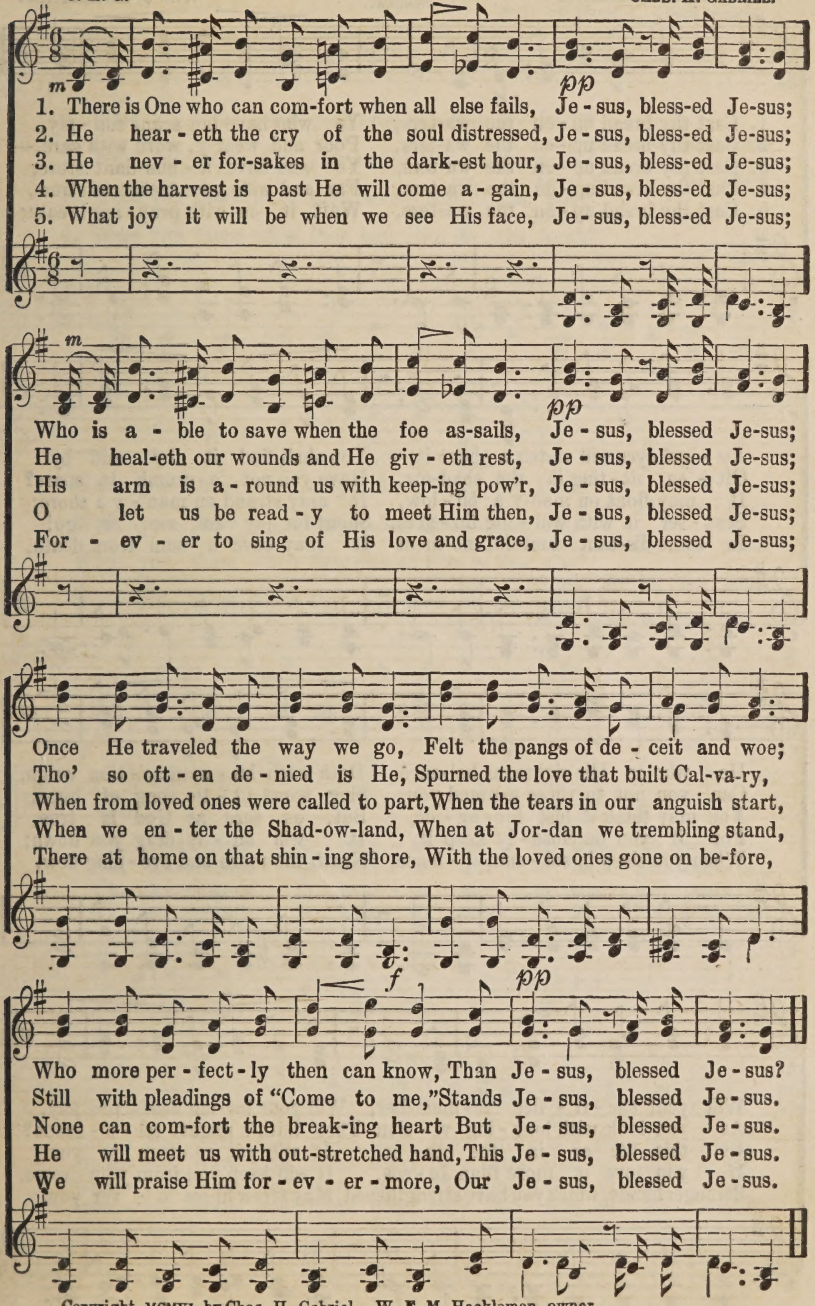
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Dr. J. E. Rankin. Karl Wilhelm.
Arr. by W. E. M. Hackleman.


1. O land, of all earth's lands the best, Fair Freedom's em-pire in the west;
2. Our fa-thers came as ex - iles here, They saw our day with vi - sion clear,
3. Shall we, the sons of Pil-grim sires, Neg-lect to kin - dle fresh the fires
4. Ah, no! by faith Christ's standard goes Be-yond Si - er - ra's distant snows,
5. By faith this good-ly land I see In Christ's own freedom doub - ly free,
From ris - ing to the set - ting sun, All na-tions here u - nite in one.
De - spised at home the cor - ner-stones Which God, the nation's Builder, owns.
They light - ed on At-lan-tic's coast, Which makes our land of lands the boast?
To where Pa - cif - ic wa - ters lie Be - neath the gold-en sun - set sky.
From north to south, from east to west, Be - neath His gen-tle scep-ter blest.
Chorus.
Fair Free-dom's land! fair Free-dom's land! Be - girt with might, long
may she stand! And may her realm Christ's king - dom
be, From lake to gulf, from sea to sea.
sea, from sea to sea.

No. 169. Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


m
pp
1. There is One who can com-fort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
2. He hear - eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
4. When the harvest is past He will come a - gain, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
5. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
m
pp
Who is a - ble to save when the foe as-sails, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
He heal-eth our wounds and He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
His arm is a - round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
O let us be read - y to meet Him then, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
Once He traveled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
Tho' so oft - en de - nied is He, Spurned the love that built Cal-va-ry,
When from loved ones were called to part, When the tears in our anguish start,
When we en - ter the Shad-ow-land, When at Jor-dan we trembling stand,
There at home on that shin - ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be-fore,
f
pp
Who more per - fect - ly then can know, Than Je - sus, blessed Je - sus?
Still with pleadings of "Come to me," Stands Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
None can com-fort the break-ing heart But Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
He will meet us with out-stretched hand, This Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.

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No. 170. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

Mrs. Phoebe J. Hanaford.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
RENEWAL.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup - ply,
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Poor and wear-y, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Ye who have a - bun-dant store;
4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
5. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray - ing breath;
An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
Oft - en sit - ting in the shad-ow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on man-y a bil - low, It may strand on man - y a shore;
Scat - ter it with will - ing fin - gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some dis-tant, doubtful mo-ment It may save a soul from death.
He who in His righteous bal-ance Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh,
Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close - ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;
When you sleep in sol - emn si - lence, 'Neath the morn and eve - ning dew,
Will your sac - ri - fice re - mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re - pay.
As you look with long - ing vi - sion Thro' faith's mighty tel - e - scope?
In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.
If you love it more than Je - sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lil-ies o - ver you.

No. 171. Were You There?

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Fisk. Arr. by Pearl C. Hackleman.

1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross?
yes, cru - ci - fied my Lord?
3. Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
yes, nailed Him to the cross?
4. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
yes, pierced Him in the side?
yes, laid Him in the tomb?
rit.
Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross?
yes, cru - ci - fied my Lord?
Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
yes, nailed Him to the cross?
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
yes, pierced Him in the side?
yes, laid Him in the tomb?
f
m
p
m
Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
f
p
trem - ble, Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
trem - ble, Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross?
trem - ble, Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
trem - ble, Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

No. 172. *Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

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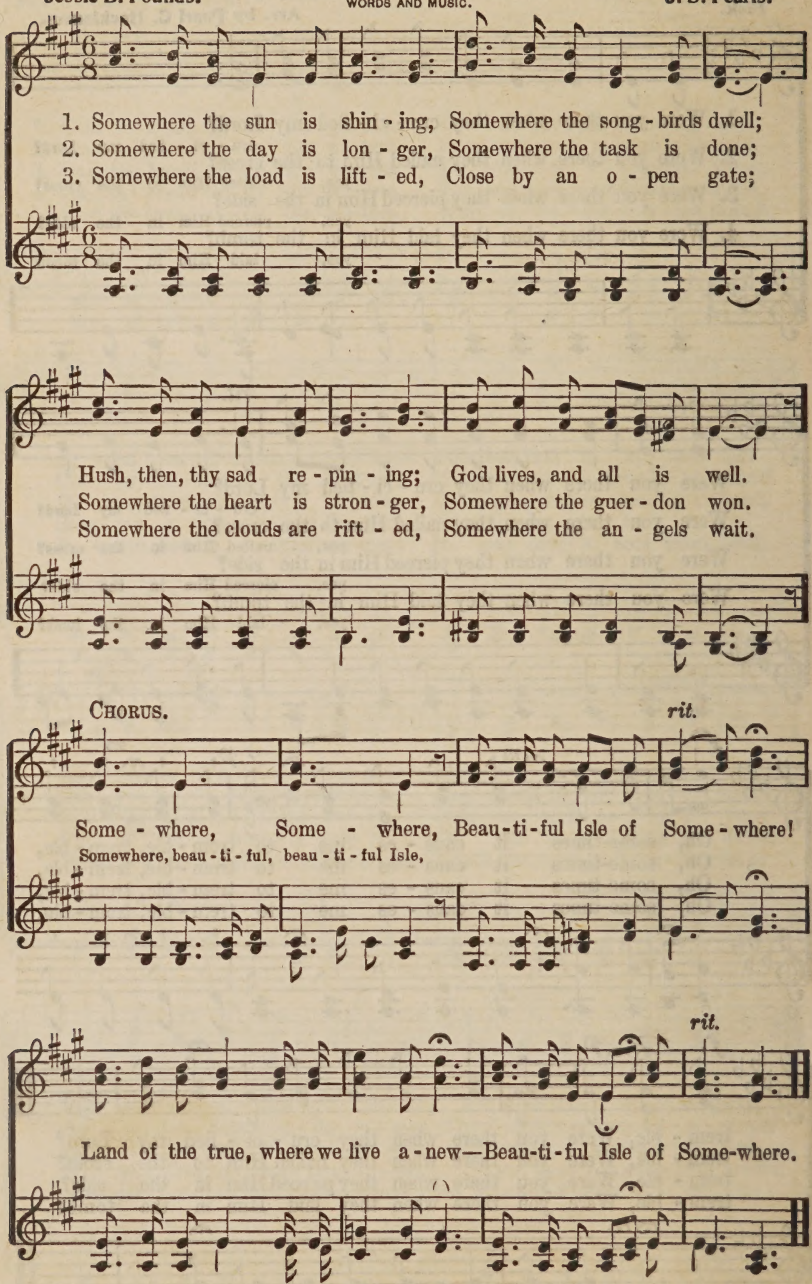
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

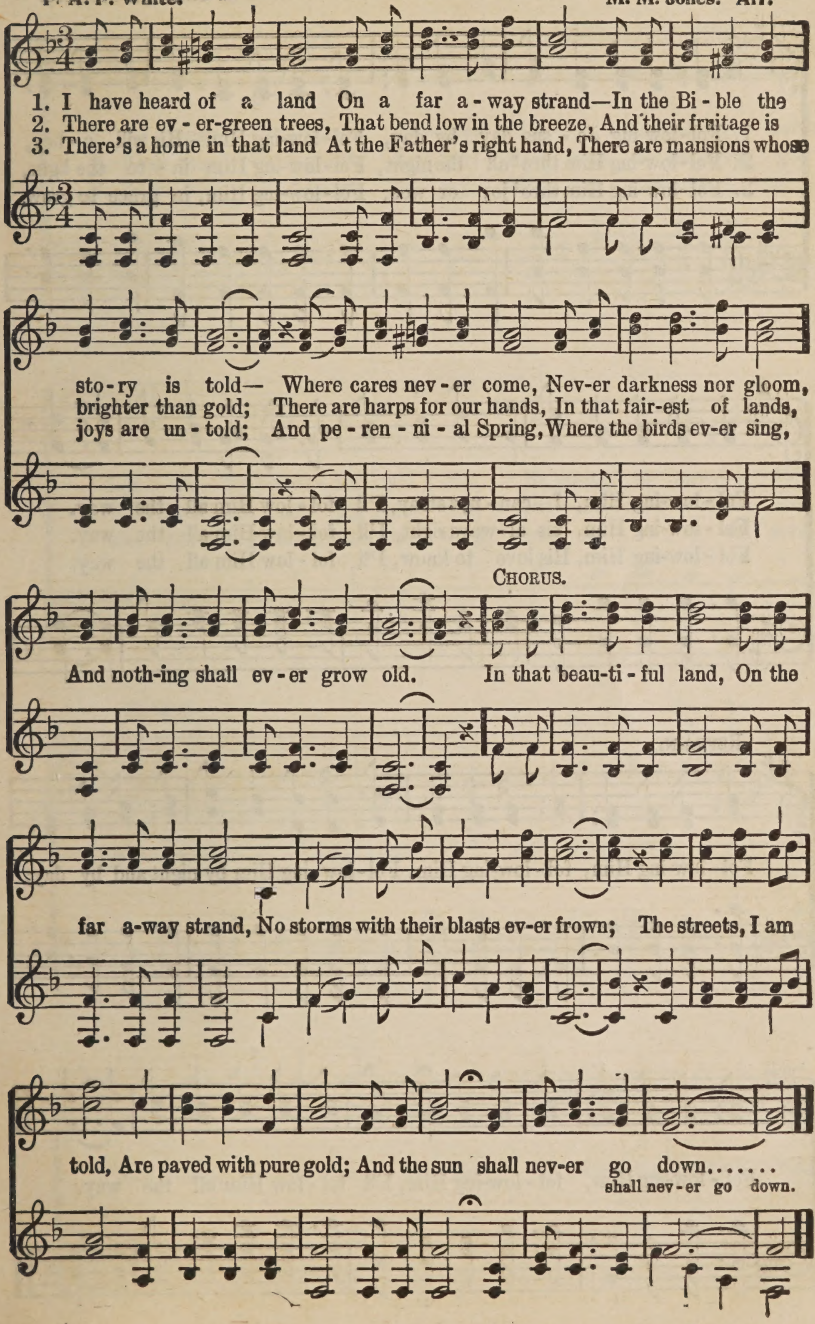

1. Somewhere the sun is shin - ing, Somewhere the song - birds dwell;
2. Somewhere the day is lon - ger, Somewhere the task is done;
3. Somewhere the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing; God lives, and all is well.
Somewhere the heart is stron - ger, Somewhere the guer - don won.
Somewhere the clouds are rift - ed, Somewhere the an - gels wait.
CHORUS.
rit.
Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some - where!
Somewhere, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,
rit.
Land of the true, where we live a - new—Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where.

Sung at the funeral of our martyred President, William McKinley.

No. 173. That Beautiful Land.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1901, W. E. M HACKLEMAN.

F. A. F. White. M. M. Jones. Arr.


1. I have heard of a land On a far a - way strand—In the Bi - ble the
2. There are ev - er-green trees, That bend low in the breeze, And their fruitage is
3. There's a home in that land At the Father's right hand, There are mansions whose
sto - ry is told— Where cares nev - er come, Nev-er darkness nor gloom,
brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands, In that fair-est of lands,
joys are un - told; And pe - ren - ni - al Spring, Where the birds ev-er sing,
CHORUS.
And noth-ing shall ev - er grow old. In that beau-ti - ful land, On the
far a-way strand, No storms with their blasts ev-er frown; The streets, I am
told, Are paved with pure gold; And the sun shall nev-er go down.....
shall nev - er go down.

No. 174. Following Jesus.

C. M. F. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Chas. M. Fillmore.

1. Fol-low-ing Je - sus day by day, Fol-low-ing Him—His will o - bey,
2. Fol-low-ing Him thro' all the night, Fol-low-ing Him in - to the light,
3. Fol-low-ing Him thro' joy or woe, Fol-low-ing Him, in grace to grow,
Fol - low-ing Him, I can - not stray, I'll fol - low Him all the way.
Fol - low-ing Him, 'tis al-ways right, I'll fol - low Him all the way.
Fol - low-ing Him, His love to know, I'll fol - low Him all the way.
REFRAIN.
Fol - low-ing Him, fol - low-ing Him, Fol - low - ing Him by night and by day;
Fol - low-ing Him, fol - low-ing Him, I'll fol - low Him all the way.

No. 175. Advance, O Junior Army!

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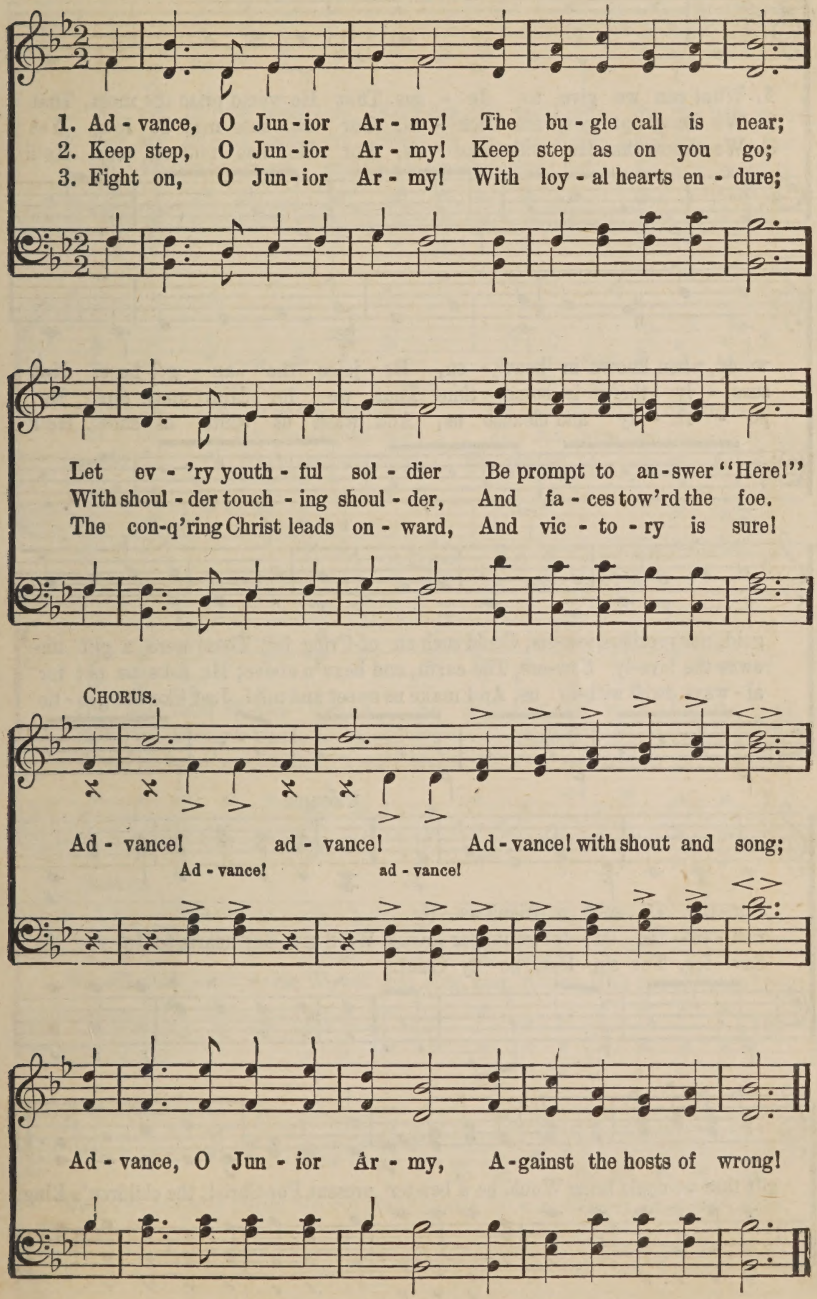
Jessie Brown Pounds. W. E. M. Hackleman.


1. Ad - vance, O Jun - ior Ar - my! The bu - gle call is near;
2. Keep step, O Jun - ior Ar - my! Keep step as on you go;
3. Fight on, O Jun - ior Ar - my! With loy - al hearts en - dure;
Let ev - 'ry youth - ful sol - dier Be prompt to an - swer "Here!"
With shoul - der touch - ing shoul - der, And fa - ces tow'rd the foe.
The con-q'ring Christ leads on - ward, And vic - to - ry is sure!
CHORUS.
Ad - vance! ad - vance! Ad - vance! with shout and song;
Ad - vance! ad - vance!
Ad - vance, O Jun - ior Ar - my, A - gainst the hosts of wrong!

No. 176. Our Gifts to Jesus.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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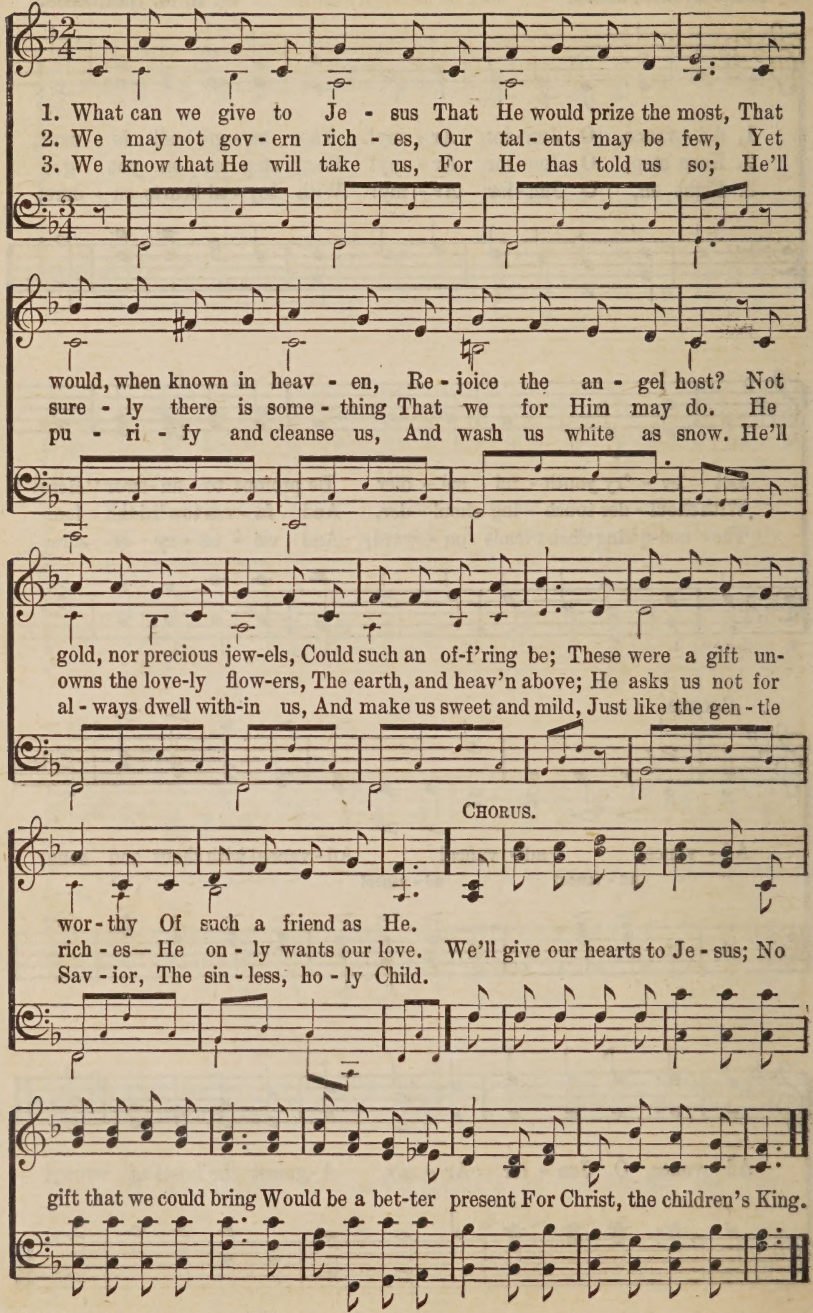
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. What can we give to Je - sus That He would prize the most, That
2. We may not gov - ern rich - es, Our tal - ents may be few, Yet
3. We know that He will take us, For He has told us so; He'll
would, when known in heav - en, Re - joice the an - gel host? Not
sure - ly there is some - thing That we for Him may do. He
pu - ri - fy and cleanse us, And wash us white as snow. He'll
gold, nor precious jew-els, Could such an of-f'ring be; These were a gift un-
owns the love-ly flow-ers, The earth, and heav'n above; He asks us not for
al - ways dwell with-in us, And make us sweet and mild, Just like the gen - tle
CHORUS.
wor - thy Of such a friend as He.
rich - es— He on - ly wants our love. We'll give our hearts to Je - sus; No
Sav - ior, The sin - less, ho - ly Child.
gift that we could bring Would be a bet-ter present For Christ, the children's King.

No. 177. God's Little Ones.

Maggie E. Gregory.

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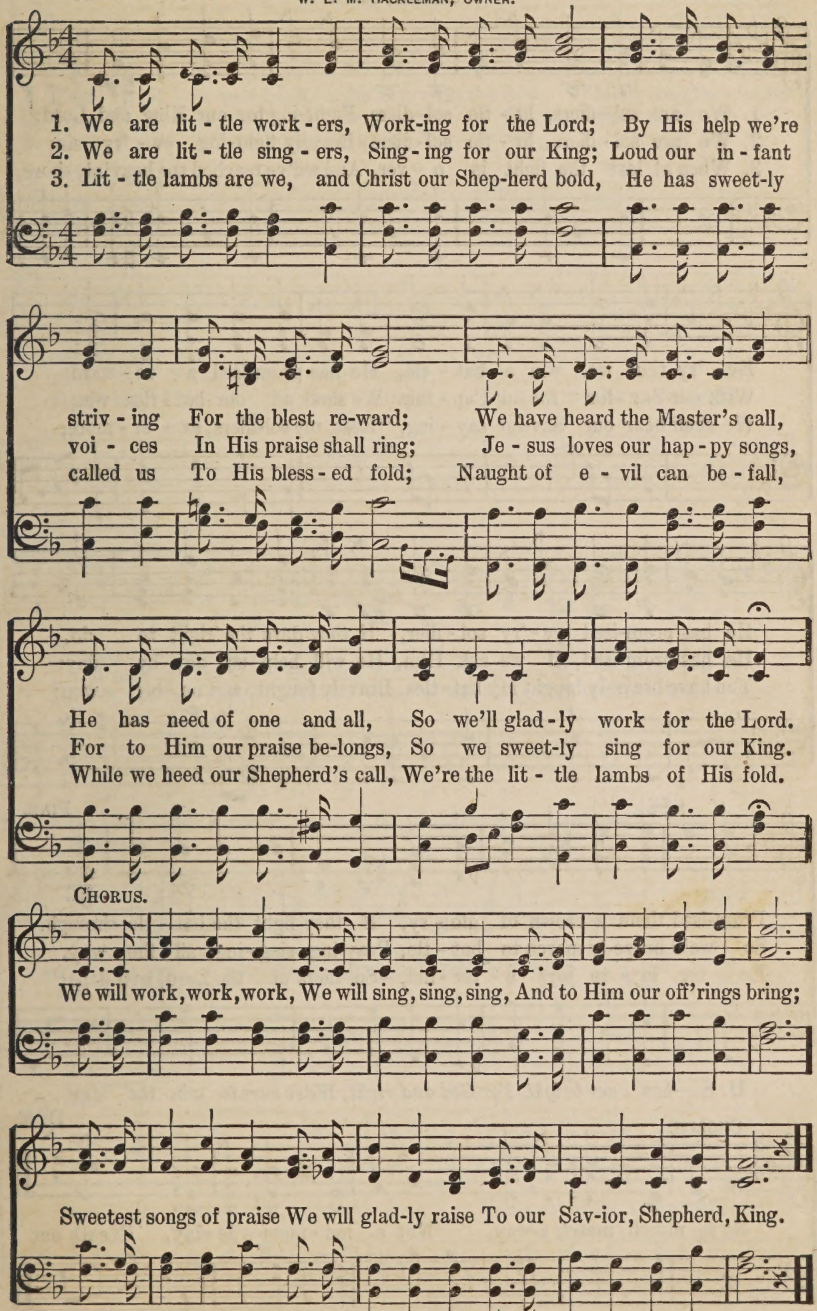
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. We are lit - tle work - ers, Work-ing for the Lord; By His help we're
2. We are lit - tle sing - ers, Sing - ing for our King; Loud our in - fant
3. Lit - tle lambs are we, and Christ our Shep-herd bold, He has sweet-ly
striv - ing For the blest re-ward; We have heard the Master's call,
voi - ces In His praise shall ring; Je - sus loves our hap - py songs,
called us To His bless - ed fold; Naught of e - vil can be - fall,
He has need of one and all, So we'll glad - ly work for the Lord.
For to Him our praise be-longs, So we sweet-ly sing for our King.
While we heed our Shepherd's call, We're the lit - tle lambs of His fold.
CHORUS.
We will work, work, work, We will sing, sing, sing, And to Him our off'rings bring;
Sweetest songs of praise We will glad-ly raise To our Sav-ior, Shepherd, King.

No. 178. Little Soldiers.

Lena Thompson.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are sol - diers, lit - tle sol - diers, Fight-ing for our King and Lord;
2. We are sol - diers, lit - tle sol - diers, Bravely fight-ing ev - 'ry sin;
3. When at last the fight is o - ver, And we've reached the heav'nly shore,
Ev - 'ry time we win a bat - tle, He has prom-ised a re - ward;
With our Sav - ior for our Cap - tain We shall all our bat - tles win;
We shall hear our Sav-ior say - ing, "Rest, my sol-diers, ev - er - more;
He has prom-ised ev - 'ry sol - dier, If they dare the right to do,
He has prom-ised, if we ask Him, He will help us day by day;
You have brave-ly fought My bat - tles, Bravely fought, and no - bly won;
FINE.
Prom-ised them a crown of glo - ry, If they fight the bat - tle through.
So we'll brave-ly march to bat - tle, Pray-ing, sing - ing all the way.
En - ter in - to joys e - ter - nal,—Sol-diers of the Lord, well done!"
D. S.—ban - ner bright, For God and right, We're sure to win the day.
CHORUS.
D. S.
So we march, march a-way, Not a mo - ment's de - lay, 'Neath our

No. 179. Little Rosebuds.

P. H. D. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. P. H. Duncan.

1. Pret - ty lit - tle rose-buds, Glist'ning with the dew, 'Mong the green leaves
2. Dain - ty lit - tle rose-buds, Burst-ing in - to flow'r, Gath-'ring rich - er
3. Love - ly lit - tle rose-buds, May we be like you, Liv - ing for the
nes - tling, In your dress so new; From your hid - ing - pla - ces,
beau - ty From the pass - ing show'r, Reach-ing out your pet - als,
Mas - ter, Faith - ful, pure and true; Of your wealth and beau-ty,
FINE.
Peeping sweet and shy, In your em'rald bow-er, Safe from harm you lie.
Gladd'ning ev-'ry eye, Greeting with your fragrance Ev-'ry pass-er - by.
Rich-ly you be - stow, Ev-'ry day a bless-ing, As you heav'nward grow.
D. S.—*As your charms expand, Liv-ing for the Mas-ter, Fashioned by His hand.*
REFRAIN.
Pret - ty rose - buds, What more fair than you? Love - ly
Pret - ty lit - tle
Love - ly lit - tle
D. S.
rose-buds, Beau-ti - ful, pure and true; What sweet tho'ts you give me,

No. 180. God's Care.

Ida M. Budd.

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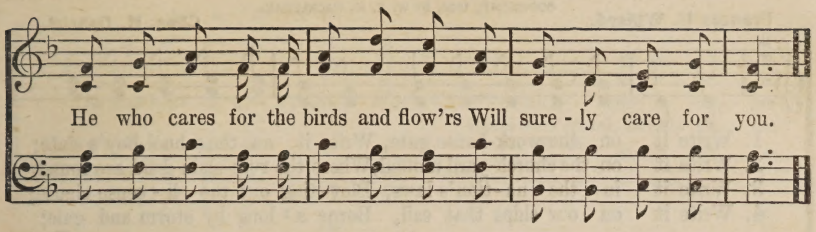
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I see you, lit - tle blos - soms, So mod - est, pure and sweet,
2. I hear you, lit - tle rob - ins, Out in the ma - ple tree,
3. O hap - py lit - tle rob - in, And blos - som nes - tling low,
Now hid - ing 'mong the grass - es green That trem - ble at my feet;
Sing - ing your hap - py song of spring, As blithe as blithe can be;
I learn of you the les - son sweet That God would have me know:
I seem to read on your pet - als, That glis - ten in the dew,
I seem to hear in your glad notes, That ring so clear and sweet,
That, tho' the day may be sun - ny, Or dark the clouds may be,
"God cares for me, O lit - tle one, And He will care for you."
"God cares for all the great round world, And oh, He cares for thee."
The Lord who cares for the birds and flow'rs Will sure - ly care for me.
CHORUS.
Oh, trust, trust in God, Trust Him all the long day thro', For

God's Care.



No. 181. Happy Little Pilgrims.

Kate Ulmer.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Oran Williams.

1. We are hap - py lit - tle pil - grims, Sing - ing as we go;
2. We are fear - less lit - tle pil - grims, Sa - tan can - not harm;
3. We are thank - ful lit - tle pil - grims, For His love so great,
Walk - ing in our Sav - ior's foot - steps Who hath loved us so.
For our Sav - ior leads us on - ward, By His might - y arm.
Who hath died that we might en - ter Heav-en's pearl - y gate.
CHORUS.
Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, Sing - ing all the way;
March - ing, march - ing, march - ing, To the land of day.

No. 182. Write It.

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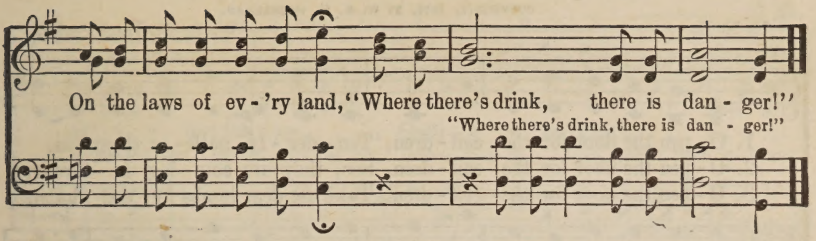
Frances E. Willard. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Write it on the work-house gate, Write it on the school-boy's slate;
2. Write it on the church-yard mound, Where the rum-slain dead are found;
3. Write it in the na-tion's laws, Blot-ting out the li-cense clause;
4. Write it on our ships that sail, Borne a-long by storm and gale;
Write it on the cop-y-book, That the young may oft-en look,—
Write it on the gal-lows high, Write for all the pass-ers-by,—
Write it on each bal-lot white, So it can be read a-right,—
Write it large, in let-ters plain, O-ver ev-'ry land and main,—
Chorus.
"Where there's drink, there is dan-ger!" "Where there's drink, there is
"Where there's drink, there is dan-ger!"
"Where there's drink, there is
dan-ger! Where there's drink, there is dan-ger!" Write it
dan-ger! Look out!
Where there's drink, there is dan-ger!" Look out!
o-ver ev-'ry gate, On the church and halls of state; In the hearts of ev-'ry band,

Write It.



No. 183. Step by Step.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. Step by step, ev - 'ry day, He will lead us all the way;
2. Step by step, all is right, Tho' we walk by faith, not sight;
3. Step by step, some glad day, Home-ward we will wend our way;
Noth - ing can our hearts dis-may, While we fol - low, fol - low Je - sus.
E'en the dark-ness turns to light, While we fol - low, fol - low Je - sus.
Nev - er can we go a - stray, While we fol - low, fol - low Je - sus.
CHORUS.
One step at a time, you see, Is e - nough for you, is e -
nough for me; So we'll fol - low faith-ful - ly, Fol - low, fol - low Je - sus.

No. 184. Open the Door for the Children.

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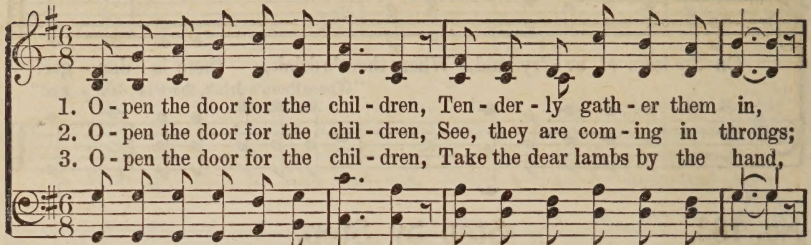
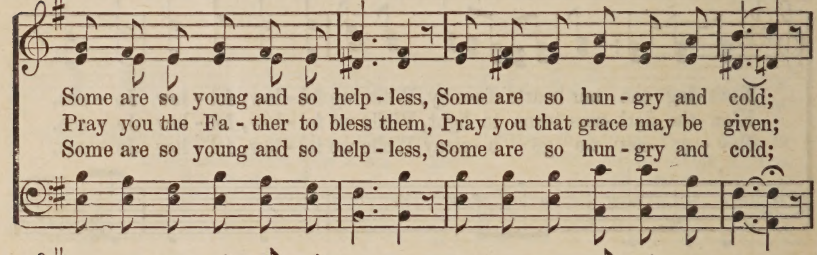
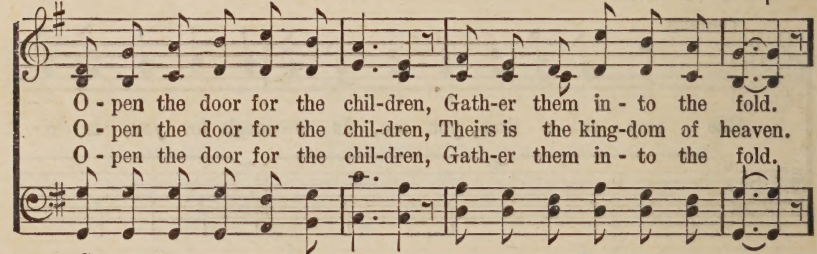
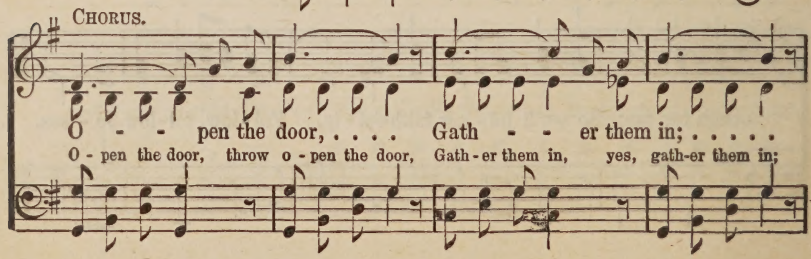
U. N. O. W. E. M. Hackleman.

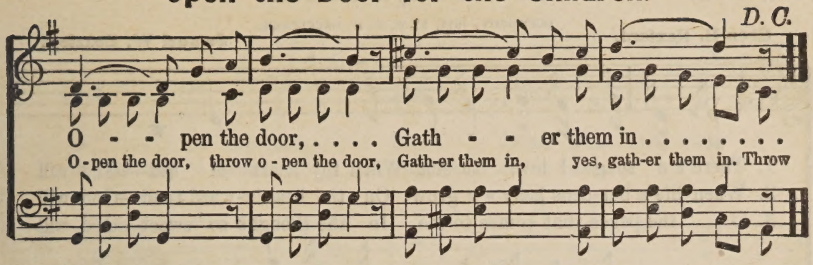

1. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Ten - der - ly gath - er them in,
2. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs;
3. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand,
D. C.— o - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der - ly gath - er them in,
FINE.
In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the pla - ces of sin.
Bid them sit down to the ban - quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs.
Point them to truth and to good - ness, Lead them to Canaan's fair land.
In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the pla - ces of sin.


Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;


O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heaven.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.



Open the Door for the Children.



No. 185. Song of Praise.

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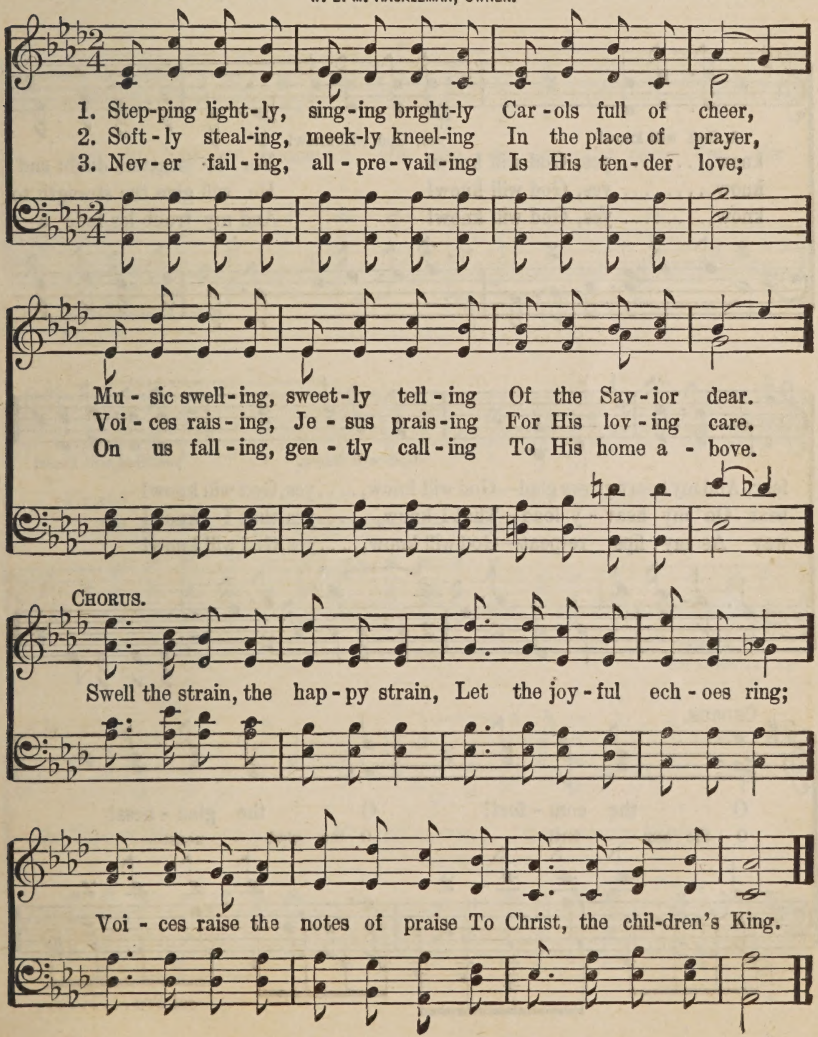
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. Dr. S. B. Jackson.

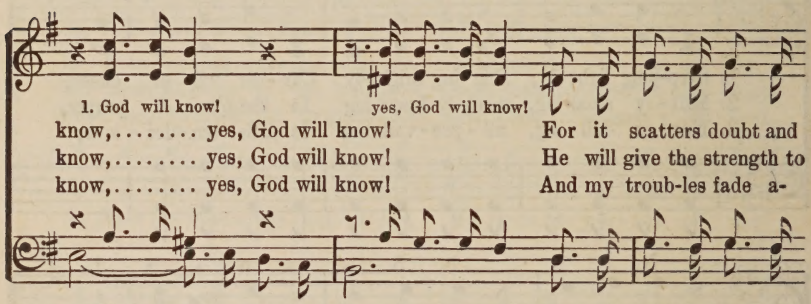

1. Step-ping light-ly, sing-ing bright-ly Car-ols full of cheer,
2. Soft-ly steal-ing, meek-ly kneel-ing In the place of prayer,
3. Nev-er fail-ing, all-pre-vail-ing Is His ten-der love;
Mu-sic swell-ing, sweet-ly tell-ing Of the Sav-ior dear.
Voi-ces rais-ing, Je-sus prais-ing For His lov-ing care.
On us fall-ing, gen-tly call-ing To His home a-bove.
CHORUS.
Swell the strain, the hap-py strain, Let the joy-ful ech-oes ring;
Voi-ces raise the notes of praise To Christ, the chil-dren's King.

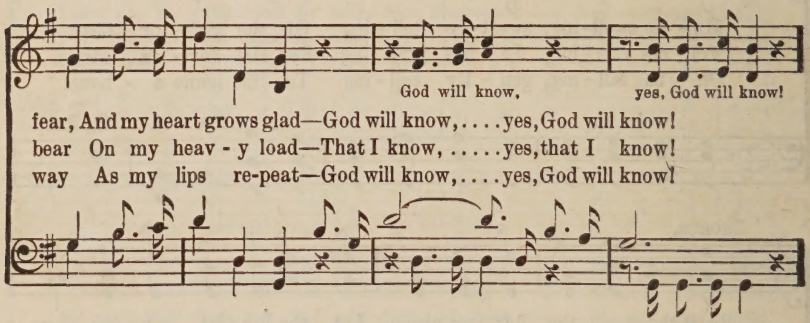
No. 186. God Always Knows.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Eben E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. There's a song I love to sing When my heart is sad— God will
2. When life's bur-dens heav - y grow On the heav'n-ward road—God will
3. O the peace that comes to me In the thought so sweet—God will


1. God will know! yes, God will know!
know,..... yes, God will know! For it scatters doubt and
know,..... yes, God will know! He will give the strength to
know,..... yes, God will know! And my troub-les fade a-


God will know, yes, God will know!
fear, And my heart grows glad—God will know,....yes, God will know!
bear On my heav - y load—That I know,.....yes, that I know!
way As my lips re-peat—God will know,....yes, God will know!

God Always Knows.

O the rap-ture, That flows o'er me while I
O the rap - ture, That flows o'er me
col 8va
sing in hap - py strains, Of His ten - der lov - ing care—Yes, He
col 8va
knows! And my heart is full of joy,
Yes, He knows, God al-ways knows! God al-ways knows!
col 8va
As I speak His name in prayer—Yes, He knows, ... God al-ways knows!
Yes, He knows,
col 8va

No. 187. Sweet Gospel Bells.

"Hear, believe, repent, confess, obey."

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USED BY PERMISSION

A. W. Conner. W. E. M. Hackleman.

Con spirito.

1. When the Prince of Peace wa crowned As the Sav - ior of the lost,
2. On the streets, in tem - ple walls, Was the gos - pel preached each day,
3. Help us ring the Gos - pel Bells, Let their joy - ous sound be heard,
ff
And the Gos - pel Bells were rung On the day of Pen - te - cost,
And be - liev - ing souls made haste Their Re-deem - er to o - bey.
Till the na - tions of the earth Shall o - bey the Sav - ior's word:
ff
f
ff
Then the tongues of men like bells Sounded forth the won-drous plan,—
And to - day the Sav-ior's love Still the Gos - pel Bells pro - claim,
Till all hearts are filled with love As the wa - ters fill the sea,
How the Son of God had died To re - deem re - bel - lious man.
Off'ring peace and par - don free, In the Prince of Glo - ry's name.
And each suff'ring soul on earth From the curse of sin is free.

Sweet Gospel Bells.

Chorus.
Be - lieve, re - pent of sin, Con - fess, o-
Oh, hear sweet bells, Oh, hear sweet
Sweet gos - pel, gos - pel bells, Sweet gos - pel,
bey the Lord, The com-mand-ment is to all.
bells,
gos - pel bells,
Oh, save your-selves from sin, Oh, save your-
Oh, hear sweet bells, Oh, hear sweet
Sweet gos - pel, gos - pel bells, Sweet gos - pel,
selves from death, Oh, ac - cept the Sav - ior's call.
bells, Sav - ior's, Sav - ior's call.
gos - pel bells, 8va.....

No. 188. Praise the Lord.

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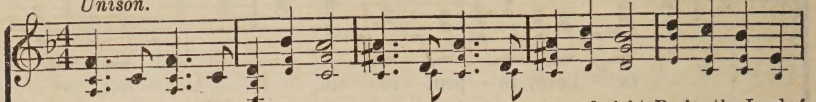
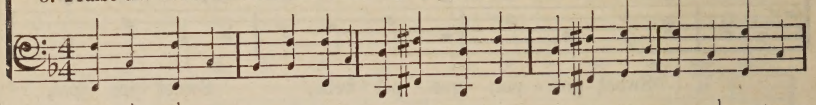
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison.

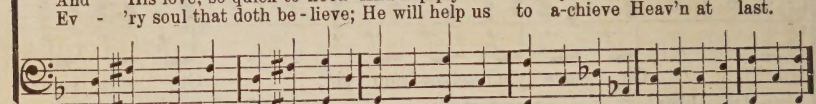


1. Praise the Lord of love and light, Praise Him morning, noon and night; Praise the Lord of
2. Praise the Lord whose love so kind Heals the sick, the lame, the blind! In Him ev - 'ry
3. Praise the Lord who stills our fears, Wipes a - way our fall-ing tears—He will bless our



truth and might Ev - 'ry where. His are all cre - a - ted things;
soul may find Sweet - est peace. He doth hear us when we plead,
fu - ture years As the past. Praise the Lord who will re - ceive

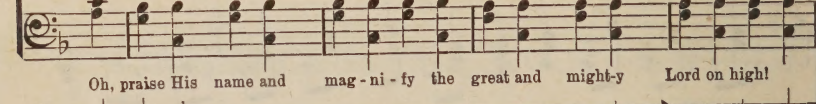
From Him ev-'ry blessing springs; Send to Him on faith's strong wings, Praise and prayer.
And His love, so quick to heed And sup-ply our ev - 'ry need, Will not cease.
Ev - 'ry soul that doth be - lieve; He will help us to a-chieve Heav'n at last.



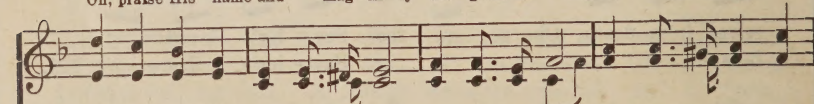
CHORUS—*Parts.*

Oh, mag - ni - fy the Lord on high!

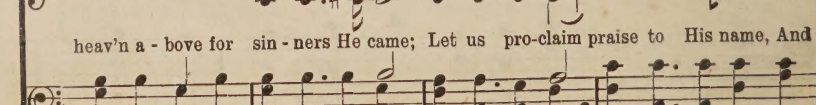
Oh, praise and mag - ni - fy the might - y Lord on high! From



Oh, praise His name and mag - ni - fy the great and might-y Lord on high!



heav'n a - bove for sin - ners He came; Let us pro-claim praise to His name, And



Praise the Lord.

sing His love that rules a - bove;
sing His won - drous love that rules in heav'n a - bove; With joy abounding,
sing His strong and wondrous love that rules in earth and heav'n a-bove;
Oh, let us
songs ev - er sound-ing, Christ all-vic-to-rious, praise! Oh, let us glad - ly
Oh, let us bless and
praise, thro' all our days,
praise, thro' all our earth - ly days, This King whose kingdom never shall end.
glad-ly praise, thro' all our earth-ly passing days,
On Him a - lone— who loves His
He is our Friend—we will depend On Him, and Him a - lone— who dear - ly loves His
On Him a - lone, on Him alone—who dearly, sweet-ly
own; Oh, tell love's story—show forth His glo-ry! Praise—ever sing His praise.
love's His own;

No. 189. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

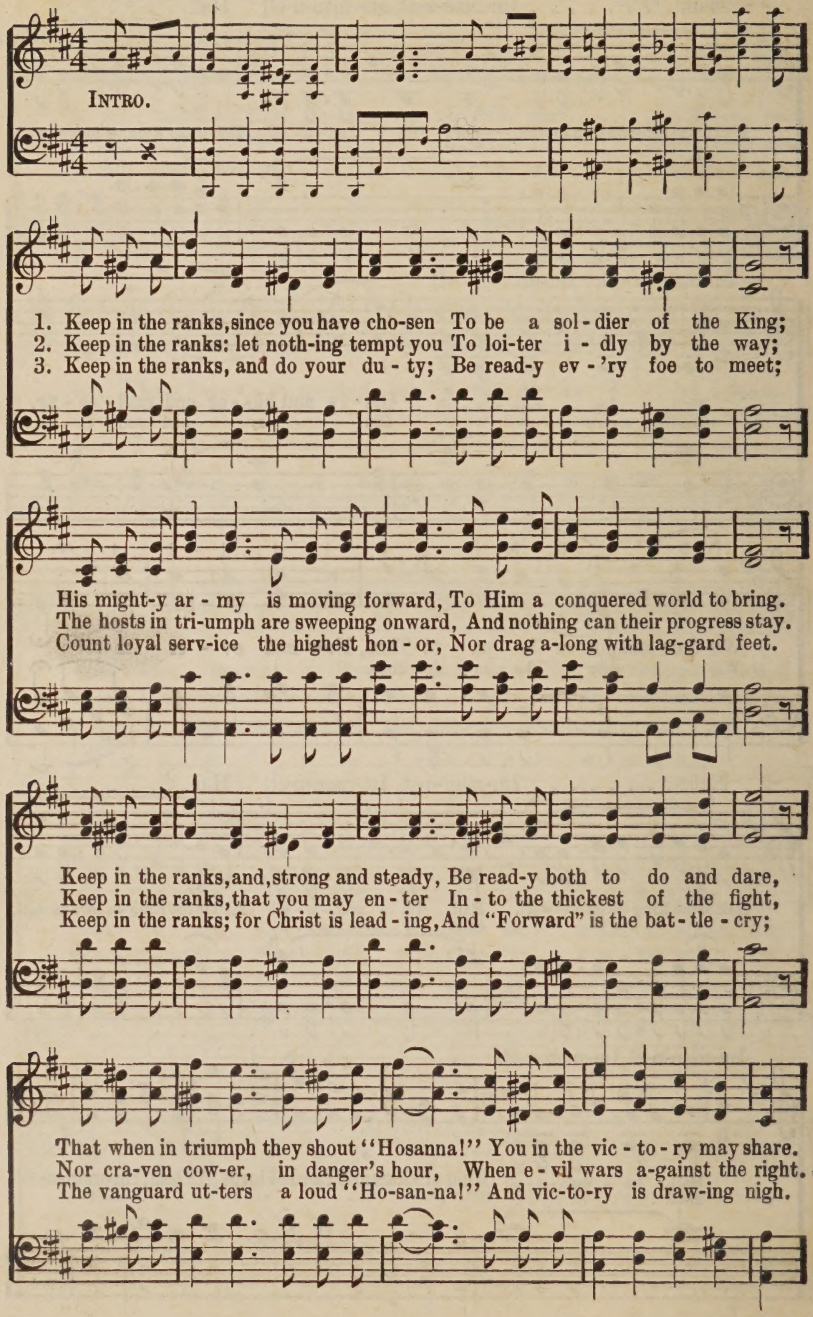
1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran--somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris--en King and
fore Thee; Let ev-'ry heart o-bey Thy will, And ev--'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov-'reign, King to
Sav-ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om-nip-o-tent for-
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav-ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a-ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev-er. Death, sin and hell no lon-ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is
heav-en ring, And ech-o back the might-y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in-to im-mor-tal song: All
burst in twain; E-ter-nal glo-ry to Thy Name: All
hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man-u-el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty,
Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!
Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!
Hail! . . . . . .

No. 190. Keep In the Ranks.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Samuel W. Beazley.


INTRO.
1. Keep in the ranks, since you have cho-sen To be a sol-dier of the King;
2. Keep in the ranks: let noth-ing tempt you To loi-ter i-dly by the way;
3. Keep in the ranks, and do your du-ty; Be read-y ev-'ry foe to meet;
His might-y ar-my is moving forward, To Him a conquered world to bring.
The hosts in tri-umph are sweeping onward, And nothing can their progress stay.
Count loyal serv-ice the highest hon-or, Nor drag a-long with lag-gard feet.
Keep in the ranks, and, strong and steady, Be read-y both to do and dare,
Keep in the ranks, that you may en-ter In-to the thickest of the fight,
Keep in the ranks; for Christ is lead-ing, And "Forward" is the bat-tle-cry;
That when in triumph they shout "Hosanna!" You in the vic-to-ry may share.
Nor cra-ven cow-er, in danger's hour, When e-vil wars a-gainst the right.
The vanguard ut-ters a loud "Ho-san-na!" And vic-to-ry is draw-ing nigh.

Keep In the Ranks.

CHORUS.

Keep in the ranks, that you may not fall, That the onward march may not be
Keep in the ranks, keep marching, marching on-ward, March-ing lest the
bro-ken; March sure-ly, one and all, "Forward" is the
line be bro-ken; March-ing, march-ing, sure-ly march-ing, Thus the
word the King has spo-ken; Keep in the ranks till the fight is done,
King has spo-ken; March-ing, march-ing, march-ing on-ward,
On-ly a u-ni-ted host can con-quer; Keep in the ranks, ...
March-ing till the fight is done; Keep in the ranks,
keep in the ranks, ... Un-til the vic-to-ry is won.
keep in the ranks,

No. 191. Crown Him King of Kings.

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B. B. Rexford. WORDS AND MUSIC. DeLoss Smith.

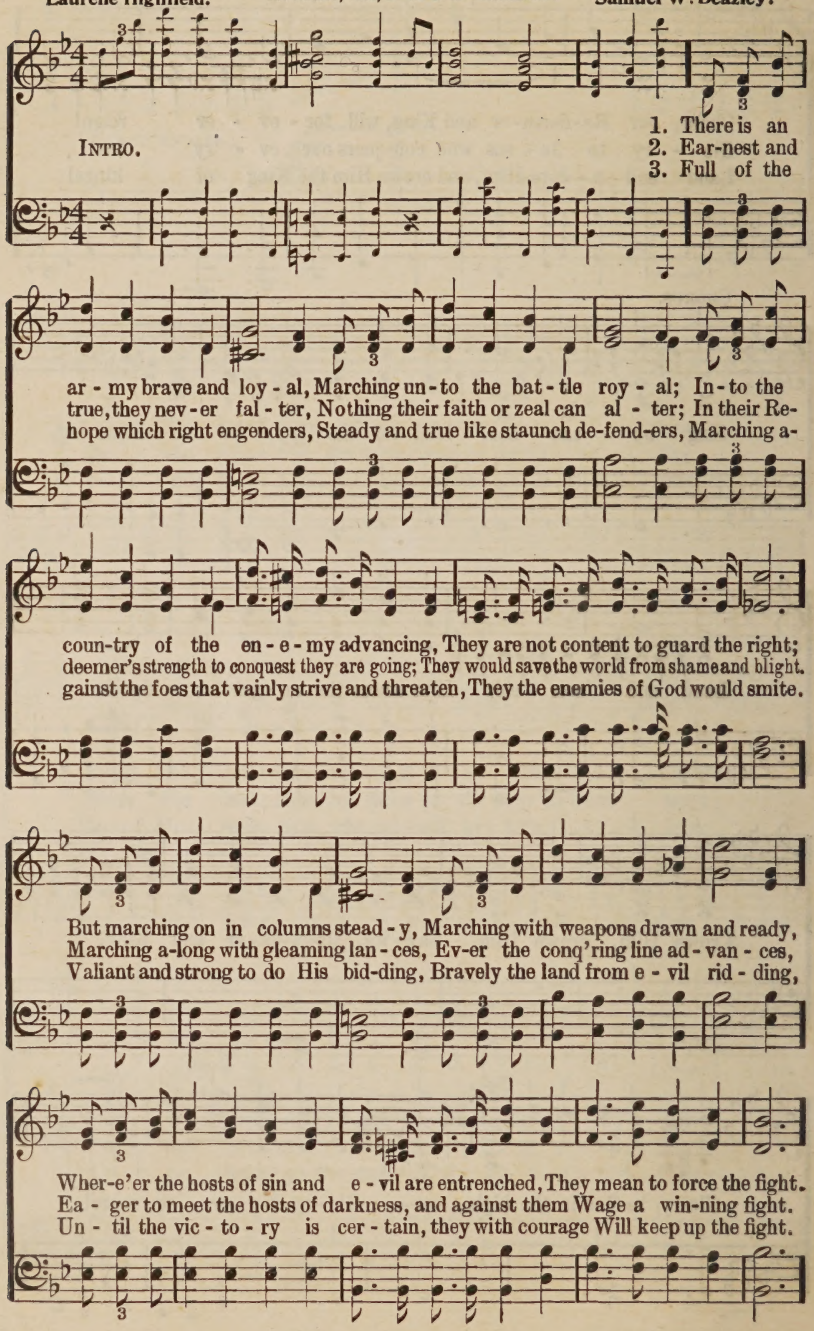
INTRODUCTION.
VOICES IN UNISON.
1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;
Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;
Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
Glo-ry to Je-sus who con-quers our ev-'ry foe!
Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!
CHORUS.
Sing ho-san-nas, loud let the joy-ful an-thems ring,
Laud and wor-ship Him whom the an-gels a-dore!
Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and King,
Glo-ry to God in the high-est— Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

No. 192. Into the Enemy's Country.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Samuel W. Beazley.


INTRO.
1. There is an
2. Ear-nest and
3. Full of the
ar - my brave and loy - al, Marching un - to the bat - tle roy - al; In - to the
true, they nev - er fal - ter, Nothing their faith or zeal can al - ter; In their Re-
hope which right engenders, Steady and true like staunch de-fend-ers, Marching a-
coun-try of the en - e - my advancing, They are not content to guard the right;
deemer's strength to conquest they are going; They would save the world from shame and blight.
gainst the foes that vainly strive and threaten, They the enemies of God would smite.
But marching on in columns stead - y, Marching with weapons drawn and ready,
Marching a-long with gleaming lan - ces, Ev-er the conq'ring line ad - van - ces,
Valiant and strong to do His bid-ding, Bravely the land from e - vil rid - ding,
Wher-e'er the hosts of sin and e - vil are entrenched, They mean to force the fight.
Ea - ger to meet the hosts of darkness, and against them Wage a win-ning fight.
Un - til the vic - to - ry is cer - tain, they with courage Will keep up the fight.

Into the Enemy's Country.

CHORUS.

Marching a - gainst the hosts of e - vil, Where sin abounds, boldly the land they in-
Marching a-gainst the hosts of sin and night,
vade, ... Marching a - long to fight for Je - sus, Strong in His
for the right, Marching a - long to fight for truth and light,
strength, onward they go undismayed; Marching a - gainst the pow'rs of
to the fight; Marching a-gainst the pow'rs of
darkness, Forcing the fight wher-ev-er sin lurks in the shad-ows; Marching a-
dark and sin,
long right valiantly, They are striv-ing faith-ful-ly To rid the world of sin.

No. 193. A Song of Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Charlotte G. Homer — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;
Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;
Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

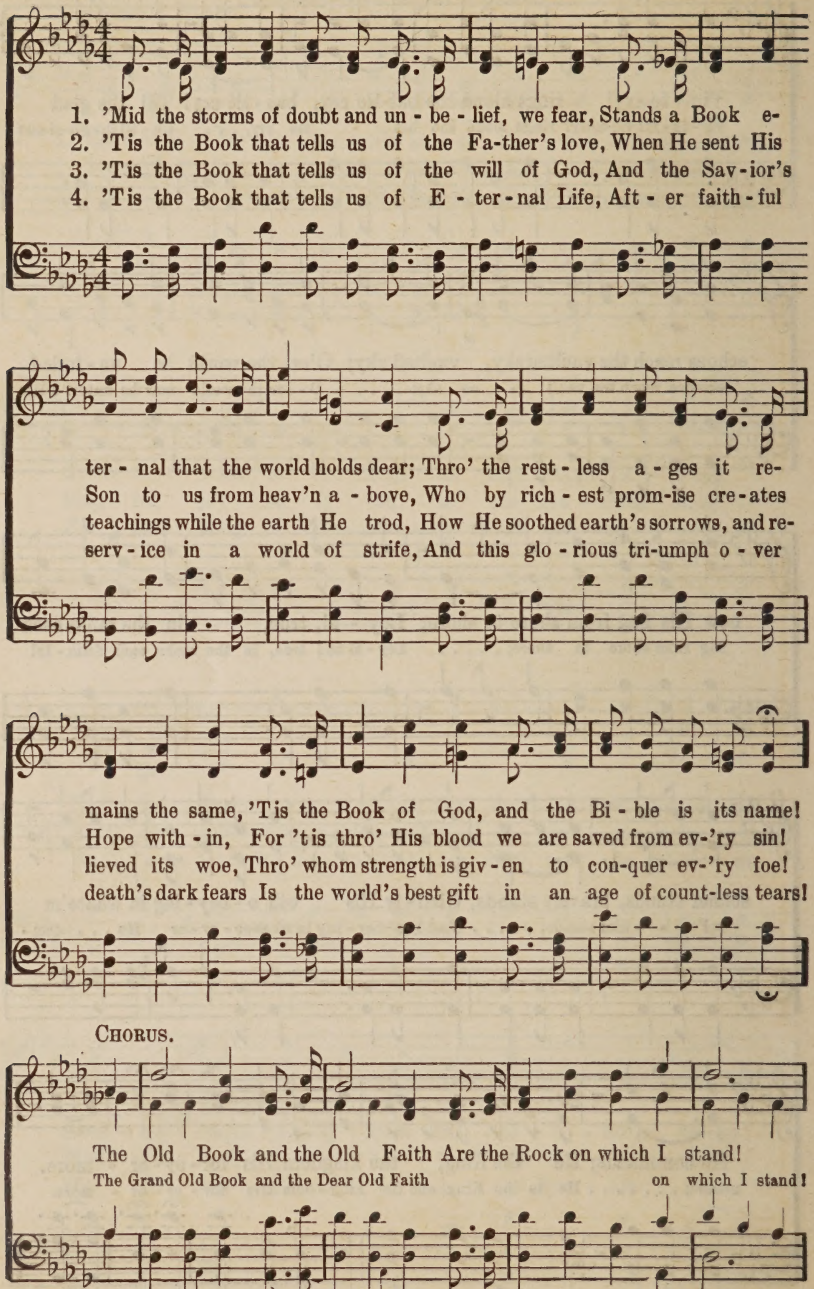
A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat-tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad
Vic - to - ry! vic-to-ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo-ri-ous
echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech-oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . . O - ver the world now be unfurl'd His
now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; , ... Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful
soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, ... Glad-ly o - bey - ing in what-so - ev - er He . . . com -
He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; . . . . . He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

No. 194. The Old Book and the Old Faith.

G. H. C. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Geo. H. Carr.


1. 'Mid the storms of doubt and un - be - lief, we fear, Stands a Book e-
2. 'T is the Book that tells us of the Fa-ther's love, When He sent His
3. 'T is the Book that tells us of the will of God, And the Sav-ior's
4. 'T is the Book that tells us of E - ter - nal Life, Aft - er faith - ful
ter - nal that the world holds dear; Thro' the rest - less a - ges it re-
Son to us from heav'n a - bove, Who by rich - est prom-ise cre - ates
teachings while the earth He trod, How He soothed earth's sorrows, and re-
serv - ice in a world of strife, And this glo - rious tri-umph o - ver
mains the same, 'T is the Book of God, and the Bi - ble is its name!
Hope with - in, For 't is thro' His blood we are saved from ev-'ry sin!
lieved its woe, Thro' whom strength is giv - en to con-quer ev-'ry foe!
death's dark fears Is the world's best gift in an age of count-less tears!
CHORUS.
The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith on which I stand!

The Old Book and the Old Faith.

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the bul-wark of the land! . . .
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith
Thro' storm and stress they stand the test, In ev-'ry clime and na-tion blest;
The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Hope of ev-'ry land!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith
GRAND CHORUS AT CLOSE. (May be omitted.)
Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!
rit.
Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Hope of ev-'ry land!

No. 195. I Love to Tell.

F. H. S. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. F. H. Shaul.

1. I love to tell.... of the tri-umph o'er death and the grave;
2. I love to tell.... of the love that is bound-less and free,
3. I love to tell.... how He bro't me from dark-ness to light;
Of Je - sus' love.... and His won-der-ful pow'r to save;..
The love that pur - chased my par-don on Cal - va - ry;....
One ten - der touch,.. and my blindness was changed to sight;..
I love to tell.... He as-cend-ed to heav-en's throne..
I love to tell.... how He saved me from sin and shame;
I love to tell.... how He spoke to my trem-bling soul;...
To reign for - ev - er, the vic - t'ry won.....
I love to tell.... it in Je - sus' name....
I love to tell.... how He made me whole....
(1.) To reign for-ev-er, to reign for-ev-er, the vic - t'ry won.....

I Love to Tell.

CHORUS. (Alto prominent.)

Je - - sus is reign - ing in heav-en, O praise His name!
Je-sus is reign-ing in heav-en for-ev-er, O praise His name!
Laud and a-dore Him with song and with glad ac-claim!
Laud and a-dore Him with songs of re-joic-ing and glad ac - - claim!
Go tell the news, glo-rious news to the dy-ing race,
Go tell His vic-t'ry o'er death and the grave to the dy - - ing race,
Go tell the world how they may be victorious thro' sav - ing grace.....
vic-to-rious thro' sav - ing grace, saving grace.

No. 196. Servant of All.

C. A. F.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY VAWTER AND HACKLEMAN.

Chas. A. Finch.

1. Who would be greatest a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all;
2. Who would be greatest a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all;
3. Who would be greatest a-mong you,—What shall the prof-it then be,
4. Who would be greatest a-mong you,—Moth-er of Zeb - e - dee's sons,
This is the Sav-ior's commandment, This is the Spir-it's sweet call.
Drink of the cup of My sor - row, Taste of earth's wormwood and gall.
Gain - ing the world, if thou los - est Life thro' e - ter - ni - ty?
Seats of the kingdom are giv - en Him who in low - li - ness comes.
Un - to the true and the faith - ful Soundeth this clar - i - on call:
Deep are Geth-sem - a - ne's shad - ows, Yon-der the cross, grim and tall:
Voi - ces of pleas-ure are call - ing Un - to the ban-quet-ing hall:
Thrones on My right and My left hand On - ly to he-roes shall fall:
Who would be great-est a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all.
Who would be great-est a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all.
Who would be great-est a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all.
Those who o - bey My commandments, These are the greatest of all.

Servant of All.

CHORUS.

Let him be serv-ant of all, . . . This is the Savior's sweet
be serv-ant of all, the
call; . . . Hon-ors of earth fade a-way, . . .
Sav-ior's sweet call; fade a-way,
Treasures in heav-en re-pay. . . Un-to the true and the
in heav-en re-pay.
faith-ful Sound-eth this clar-i-on call: . . . Who would be
clar-i-on call:
rit.
greatest a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all. . . .
be serv-ant of all.

No. 197. Praise Him.

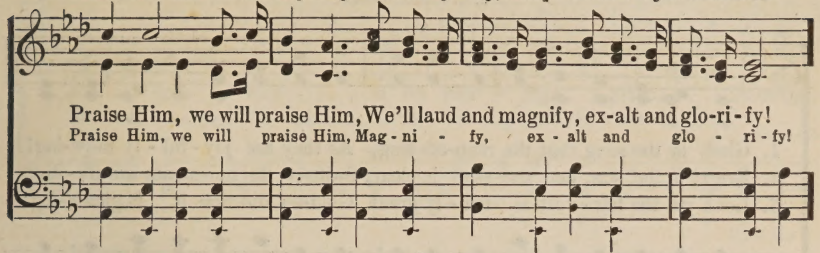
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKELMAN.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

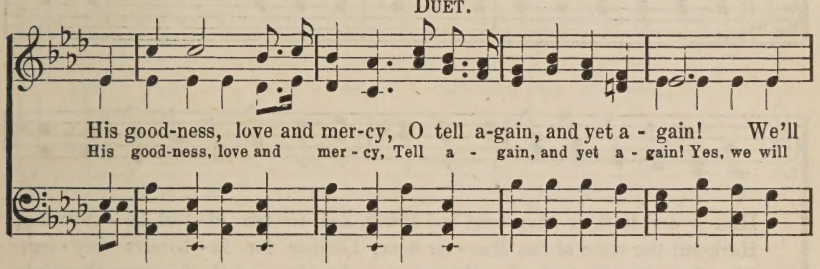
1. A-wake! let songs of joy and glad-ness ring Un-to Him, un-to
2. A-wake, and ren-der more than songs of praise Un-to Him,
Him, Let men with an-gels join His praise to sing, Hal-le-
un-to Him, For, lo! we're in the midst of har-vest day, And the
lu-jah to His name! He suffered for me, He bled and died on the tree,
Mas-ter calls for you; Look out o'er the plain; Go forth and gather the grain,
Hal-le-lu-jah
And the Master
For-ev-er His shall the praise and glo-ry be! We'll love, mag-ni-fy, a-dore
For, doubters, love shorn of works will be in vain. Go out to the fields of sin
And praise Him for-ev-er-more, Hal-le-lu-jah to the King!
And gath-er the wan-d'rers in, Call them from the broad high-ways.

Praise Him.

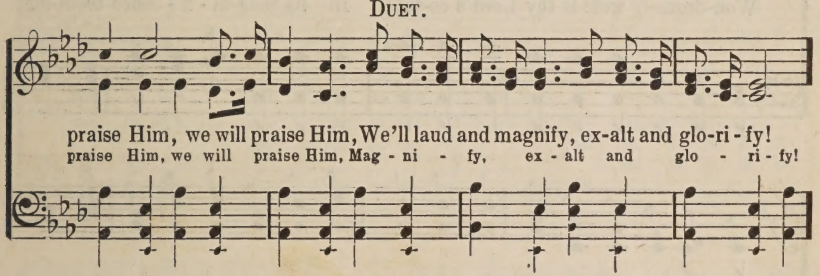
CHORUS. *All voices may sing the melody only, except the last eight measures.*


Praise Him, we will praise Him, We'll laud and magnify, ex-alt and glo-ri-fy!
Praise Him, we will praise Him, Mag-ni-fy, ex-alt and glo-ri-fy!

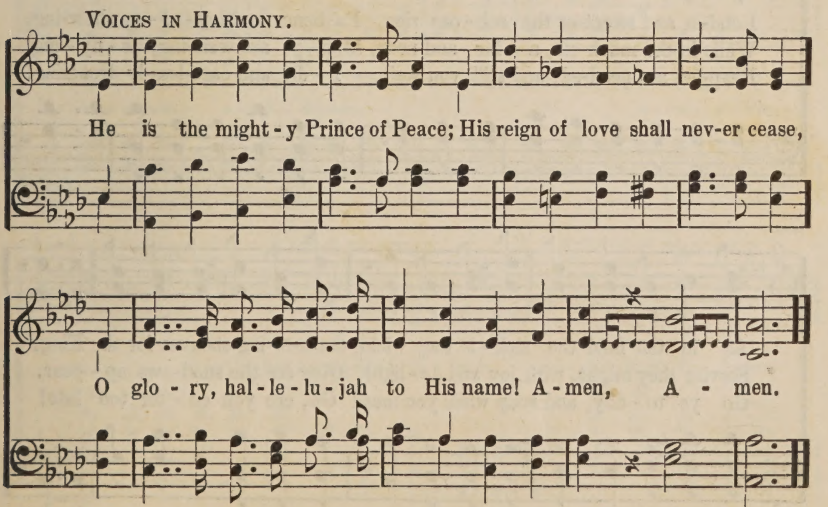
DUET.


His good-ness, love and mer-cy, O tell a-gain, and yet a-gain! We'll
His good-ness, love and mer-cy, Tell a-gain, and yet a-gain! Yes, we will

DUET.


praise Him, we will praise Him, We'll laud and magnify, ex-alt and glo-ri-fy!
praise Him, we will praise Him, Mag-ni-fy, ex-alt and glo-ri-fy!

VOICES IN HARMONY.

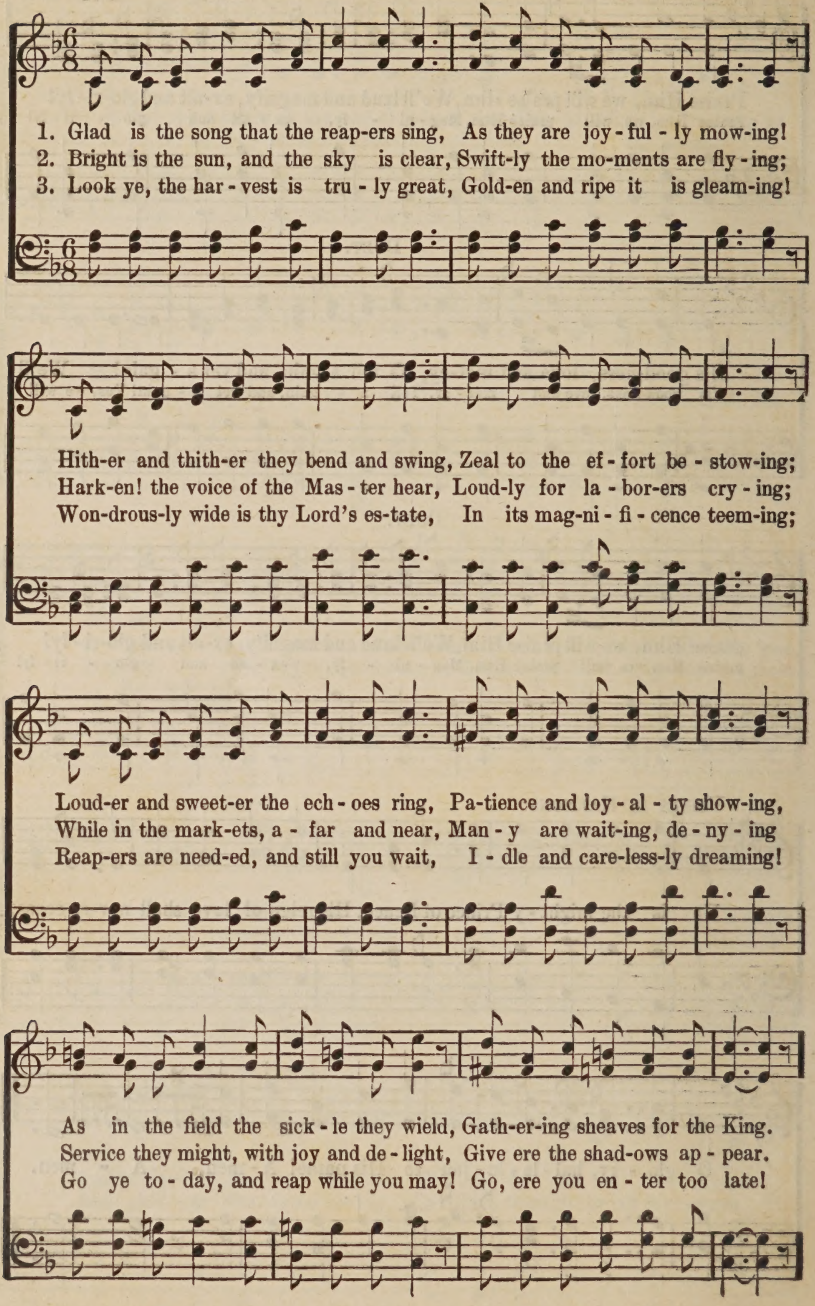


No. 198. Harvest-Time is Here.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy-ful-ly mow-ing!
2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly-ing;
3. Look ye, the har-vest is tru-ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!
Hith-er and thith-er they bend and swing, Zeal to the ef-fort be-stow-ing;
Hark-en! the voice of the Mas-ter hear, Loud-ly for la-bor-ers cry-ing;
Won-drous-ly wide is thy Lord's es-tate, In its mag-ni-fi-cence teem-ing;
Loud-er and sweet-er the ech-oes ring, Pa-tience and loy-al-ty show-ing,
While in the mark-ets, a-far and near, Man-y are wait-ing, de-ny-ing
Reap-ers are need-ed, and still you wait, I-dle and care-less-ly dreaming!
As in the field the sick-le they wield, Gath-er-ing sheaves for the King.
Service they might, with joy and de-light, Give ere the shad-ows ap-pear.
Go ye to-day, and reap while you may! Go, ere you en-ter too late!

Harvest-Time is Here.

CHORUS.

Far and wide, ... in its wav - ing pride, ... Does the
Far and wide, yea, far and wide, in its wav - ing pride, its wav - ing pride, ...
Does the
field all gold - en, rich and ripe ap - pear; And lo! the
field all gold - en, field all gold - en,
sun is high . . . . . in the cloud - less sky; . . . . Then a-
sun is high, the sun is high in the cloud-less sky, the cloud-less sky; Then a-
wake, . . . and a - rouse, . . . For the har-vest-time is here; A-wake, . . . a-
wake, a-rouse, a - wake, a-rouse,
A - wake, a - wake, a-
1st & 2d verses.
After last verse only.
wake, ... For the har - vest-time is here. har - vest-time is here.
wake, a - wake,

No. 199. Christ is Leading On.

J. F. Williams.

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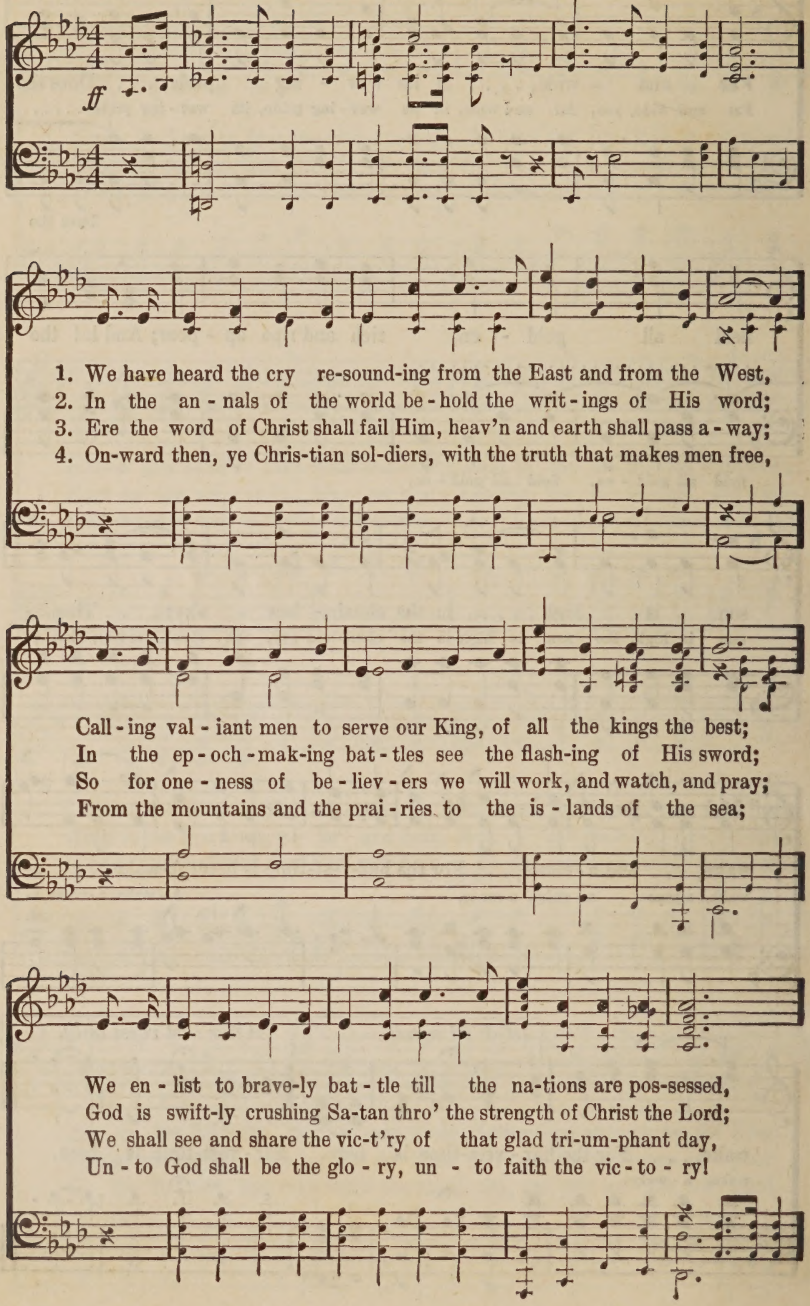
WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.


ff
1. We have heard the cry re-sound-ing from the East and from the West,
2. In the an - nals of the world be - hold the writ - ings of His word;
3. Ere the word of Christ shall fail Him, heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;
4. On-ward then, ye Chris-tian sol-diers, with the truth that makes men free,
Call - ing val - iant men to serve our King, of all the kings the best;
In the ep - och - mak-ing bat - tles see the flash-ing of His sword;
So for one - ness of be - liev - ers we will work, and watch, and pray;
From the mountains and the prai - ries to the is - lands of the sea;
We en - list to brave-ly bat - tle till the na-tions are pos-sessed,
God is swift-ly crushing Sa-tan thro' the strength of Christ the Lord;
We shall see and share the vic-t'ry of that glad tri-um-phant day,
Un - to God shall be the glo - ry, un - to faith the vic - to - ry!

Christ is Leading On.

For Christ, our great Commander, for Christ, Im-man-u - el.
Sin's might - y host shall trem-ble, for venge-ance is our God's.
When Christ shall con-quer Sa - tan, and come in peace to reign.
All hail the name of Je - sus, all hail Im-man-u - el!
CHORUS.
Shout ho - san - na, Christ vic - to - rious! See His
Shout ho-san-na, Christ vic - to-rious!
ban - rer proud-ly wav-ing o - ver us! Sin and er - ror fall be-
Sin and er - ror
fore us, For Christ is lead - ing on; Sin and
fall be-fore us,
er - ror fall be-fore us, For Christ is lead-ing on.
Sin and er - ror
fall before us,

No. 200. "The Theme Eternal."

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.

1. Oh, could my voice make the u - ni-verse ring, Love still my theme should
2. Had I a thou-sand more years still to live Here in this earth - ly
3. Soon in the land where the ransomed rejoice, I with my Lord shall
be; . . . . . More than has ev - er been sung I would sing Of
place, ... All to my Sav - ior di - vine I would give, Ex-
be; . . . . . Then I shall sing with a far sweet-er voice, In
Je - sus who suf - fered for me; . . . . . Moun-tains and val - leys their
tol - ling His won - der - ful grace; . . . . Stars for my crown should be
praise of His good-ness to me. . . . . There, near the throne of my
voi - ces should raise, Sun, moon, and stars a - bove, ...
ev - er my aim, "More love to Thee" my plea, ...
glo - ri - fied King, With all the throngs a - bove, ...

"The Theme Eternal."

All should repeat thro' the ages my praise Of Christ and His wonderful love.
Sweeter and sweeter my voice should proclaim The Savior who suffered for me.
Sweet-er as age fol-lows age, I shall sing Of Christ and His wonderful love.
CHORUS.
Praise Him, praise Him, Je - sus the King a - bove;
Praise Him, ye nations, ye throngs on high, Sing of His mer-cy and love;
Hon - or, glo - ry, His thro' the a - ges shall be,
Honor, and glo-ry, and praise to the Lamb Who suffered death for me.

No. 201. Homeward and Heavenward.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL. Samuel W. Beazley.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

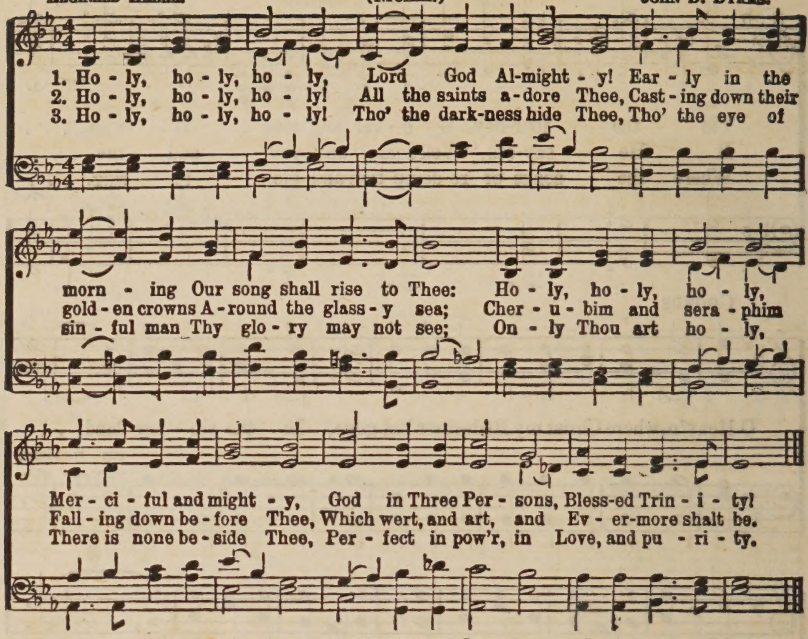
Intro.
Unison.
1. Trav - 'ling on in the path that the Sav - ior trod, . .
2. Trav - 'ling home to the land where our loved have gone, . .
3. Trav - 'ling homeward and heav'nward by way of the cross, . .
Know - ing that it leads in - to the land of God, . . .
Out of dark-ness of earth to a heav'n - ly dawn, . . .
To the land where no tears are, no pain, no loss, . . .
Trust - ing Je - sus will guide us thro' shade or sun, . . .
Out of sor-row and sin with the Lord to be, ...
To see Je - sus our Sav - ior, our God, our King, . . .

Homeward and Heavenward

Till the jour-ney is o - ver and rest is won. . . .
If He say-eth, "Well done," unto you and me. . . .
Where the songs of re-demp-tion and glo - ry ring. . . .
8
CHORUS.
O Heav'n, where Christ my Redeemer has gone, In the sin - less land, . .
sin - less land,
From thy hills those gone on be - fore Wave a beck-on-ing hand. . . . .
beck-on - ing hand.
Some glad day the message will come From that land to me, ...
that land to me.
rit. cres.
ff
"Child of earth, come home–come home, Heav'n has need of thee!"

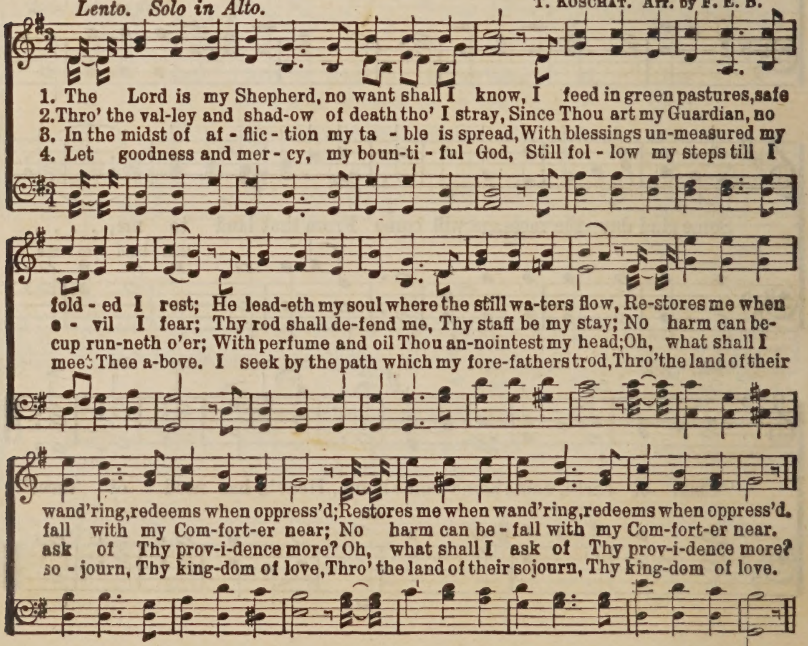
No. 202. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. (NICÆA.) JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns A - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
Mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev - er-more shalt be.
There is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in Love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 203. The Lord is My Shepherd.

Lento. Solo in Alto. T. KOSCHAT. Arr. by F. E. B.


1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread, With blessings un-measured my
4. Let goodness and mer - cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol - low my steps till I
fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when
e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-
cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou an-nointest my head; Oh, what shall I
meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod, Thro' the land of their
wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd; Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
fall with my Com-fort-er near; No harm can be - fall with my Com-fort-er near.
ask of Thy prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
so - journ, Thy king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy king-dom of love.

No. 204. "Whosoever Will."

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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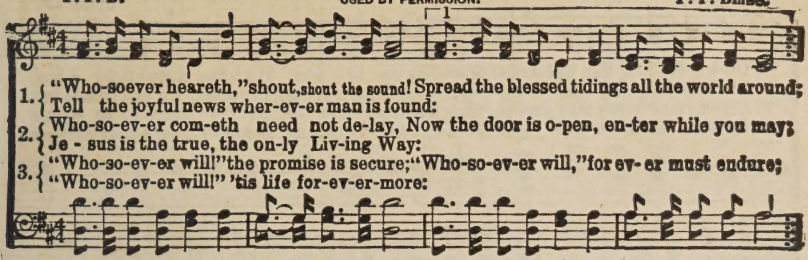
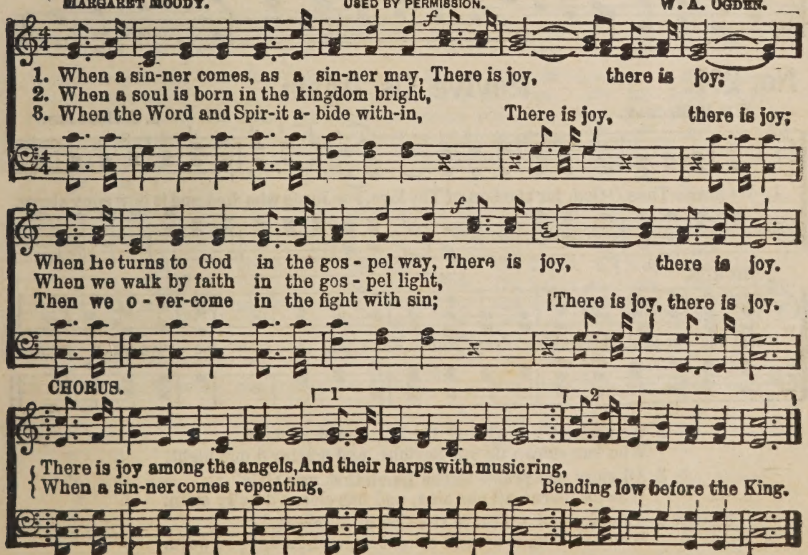
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev- er must endure;
"Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:
FINE. CHORUS.
"Who-so - ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev - er will:" Send the
D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"
D. S.
proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Father calls the wand'rer home:

No. 205. There Is Joy.

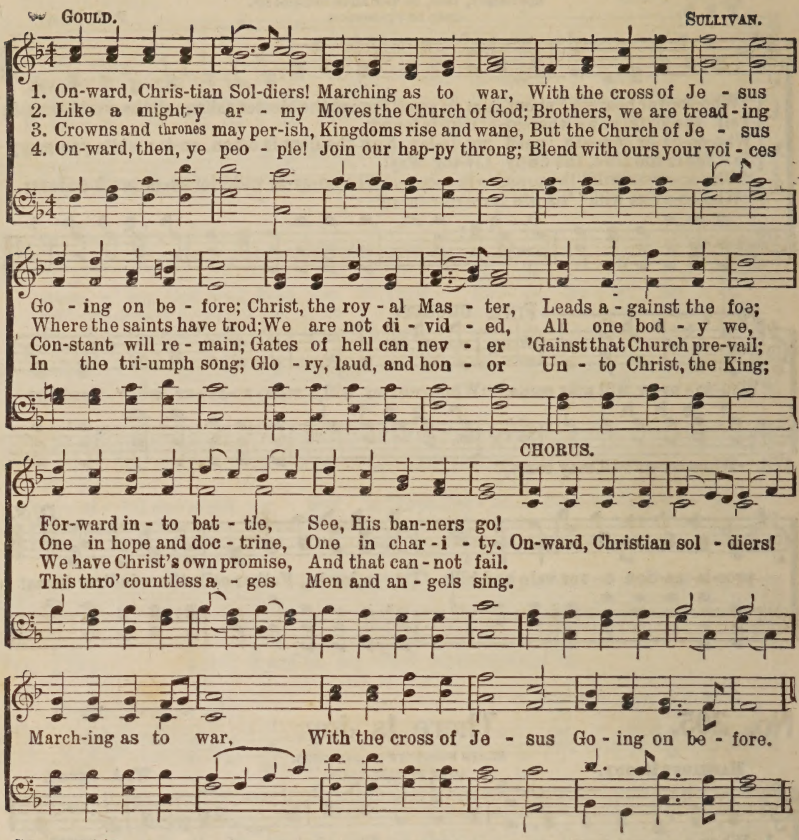
SILVER BURDETTE CO., OWNERS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.


1. When a sin-ner comes, as a sin-ner may, There is joy, there is joy;
2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright,
3. When the Word and Spir-it a- bide with-in, There is joy, there is joy;
When he turns to God in the gos - pel way, There is joy, there is joy.
When we walk by faith in the gos - pel light,
Then we o - ver-come in the fight with sin; There is joy, there is joy.
CHORUS.
There is joy among the angels, And their harps with music ring,
When a sin-ner comes repenting, Bending low before the King.

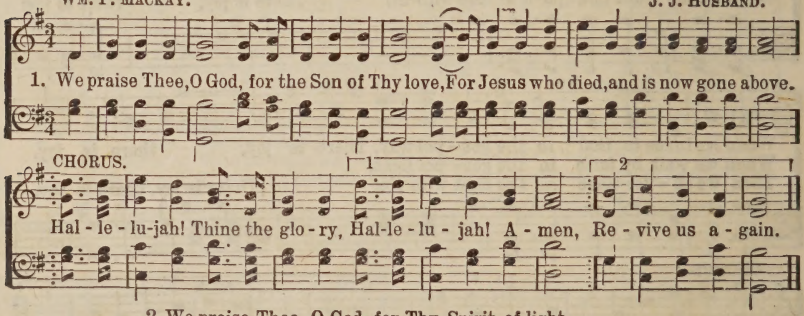
No. 206. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

GOULD. SULLIVAN.


1. On-ward, Chris-tian Sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voi - ces
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King;
CHORUS.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Christian sol - diers!
We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 207. Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.


1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
CHORUS.
1
2
Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men, Re - vive us a - gain.

2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scatter'd our night.

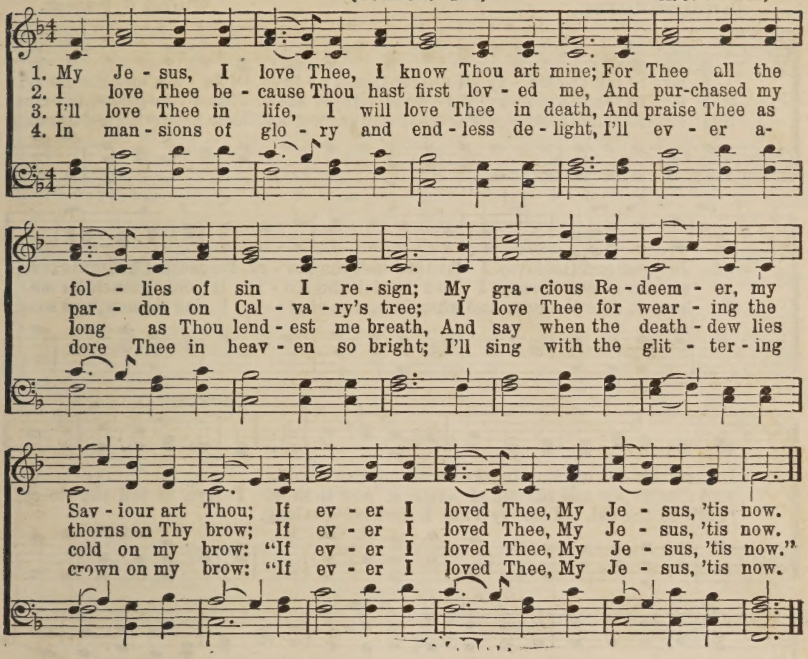
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 208. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

(GORDON. 11s.) A. J. GORDON,


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 209. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

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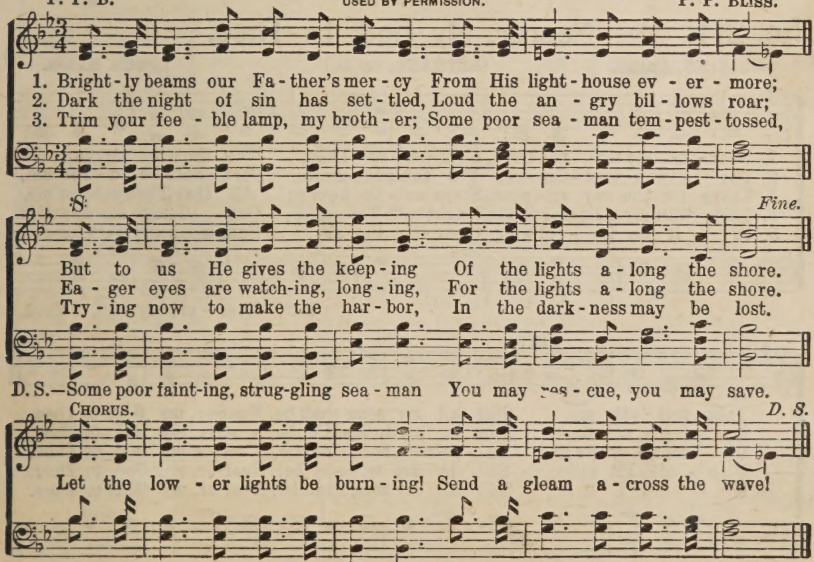
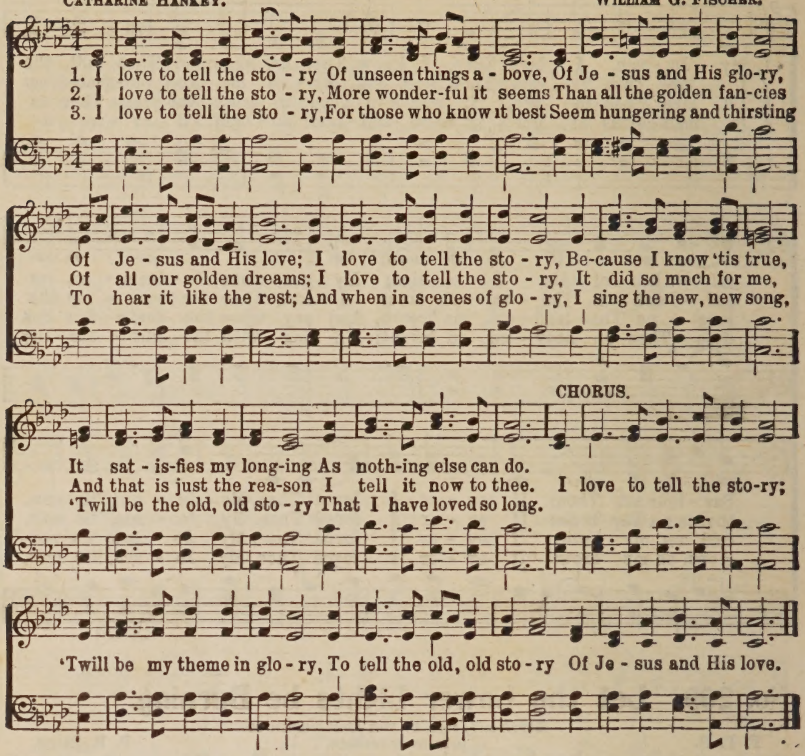
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. Bright - ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er - more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er; Some poor sea - man tem - pest - tossed,
S.
Fine.
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.
D. S.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

No. 210. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo-ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonder-ful it seems Than all the golden fan-cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting
Of Je - sus and His love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true,
Of all our golden dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,
To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is-fies my long-ing As noth-ing else can do.
And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry;
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 211. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (BETHANY. 6s. 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs
5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,
D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,
FINE.
D. S.
That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Still in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God to Thee,
Near - er to Thee.

No. 212. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

OWNED BY MRS. W. A. OGDEN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is-es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than an - y mes-sage
2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je-sus hath shown; Sweeter far than an-y love that
3. List to His lov-ing words, "Come un-to me," Wea-ry, heav-y - la-den, there is
man ev-er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ, Sinless I see; He the great ex-
mor-tals have known; Kind to the erring one, Faith-ful is He; He the great ex-
sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom-is-es, Faith-ful and sure; Lean up-on the
CHORUS.
am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.
am-ple is, and pat-tern for me. Where..... He leads I'll fol - low,
Savior, and thy soul is se-cure. Where He leads I'll fol-low, where He leads I'll fol - low,
1
Fol - low all the way;
Fol-low all the way, yes, fol-low all the way;
2
Fol-low Je-sus ev-'ry day.

No. 213. I Need Thee Every Hour.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
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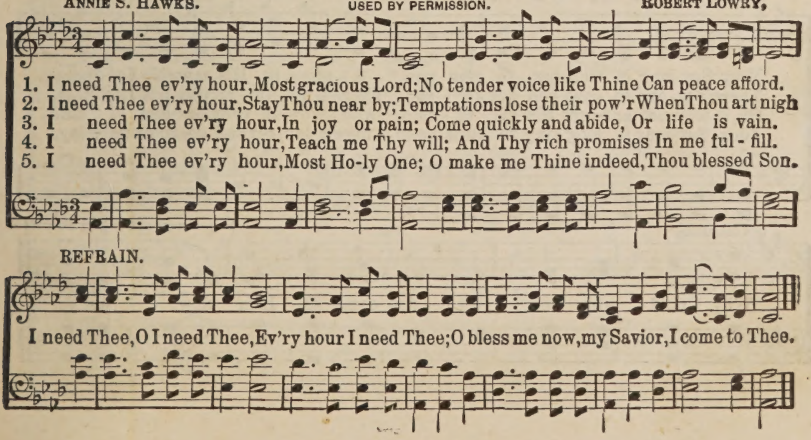
ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like Thine Can peace afford.
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promises In me ful - fill.
5. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.
REFRAIN.
I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

No. 214. Almost Persuaded.

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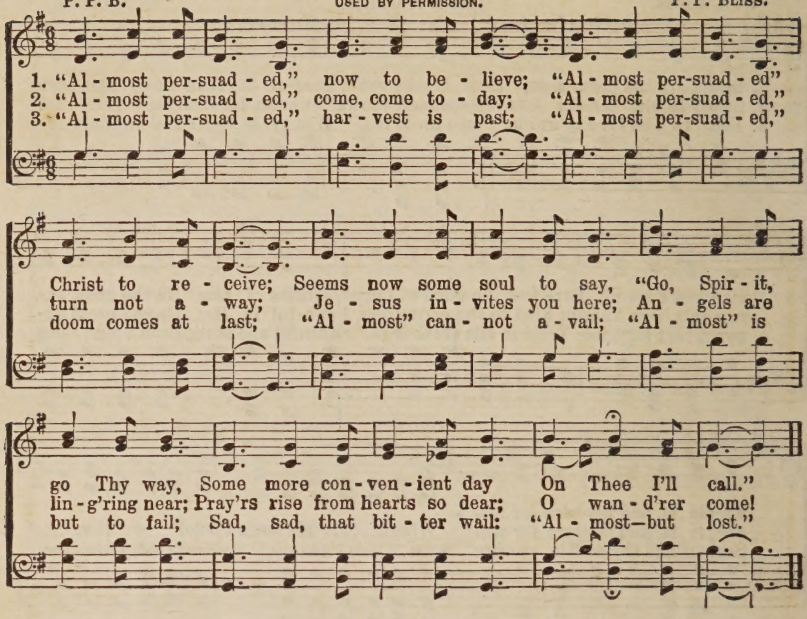
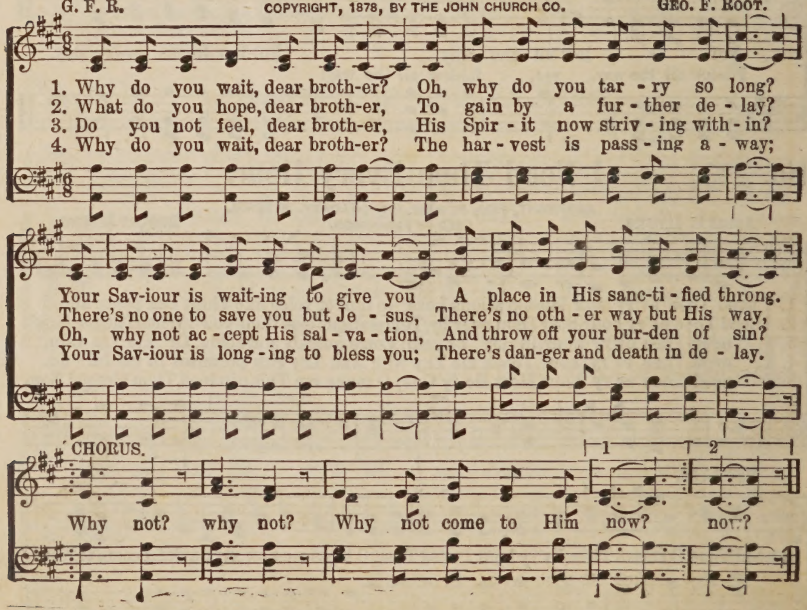
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin - g'ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al - most—but lost."

No. 215. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har - vest is pass - ing a - way;
Your Sav-iour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way,
Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-iour is long - ing to bless you; There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.
CHORUS.
1 2
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 216. Where Are the Reapers?

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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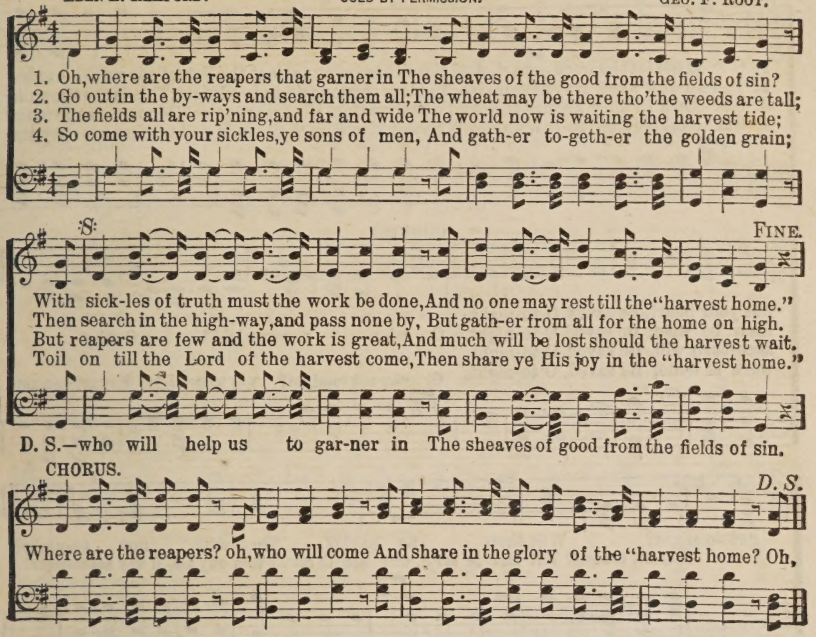
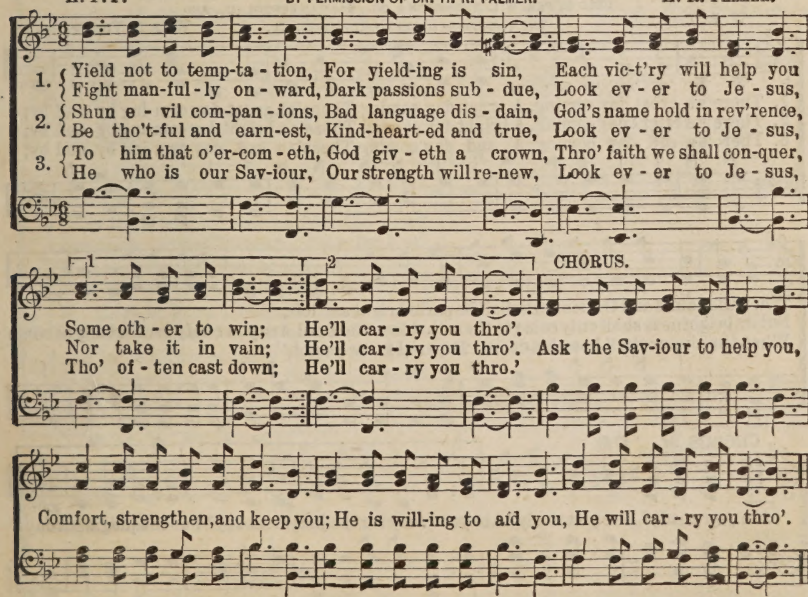
EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Oh, where are the reapers that garner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there tho' the weeds are tall;
3. The fields all are rip'ning, and far and wide The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-er the golden grain;
With sick-les of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, But gath-er from all for the home on high.
But reapers are few and the work is great, And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come, Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."
D. S.—who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.
CHORUS.
Where are the reapers? oh, who will come And share in the glory of the "harvest home? Oh,

No. 217. Yield Not to Temptation.

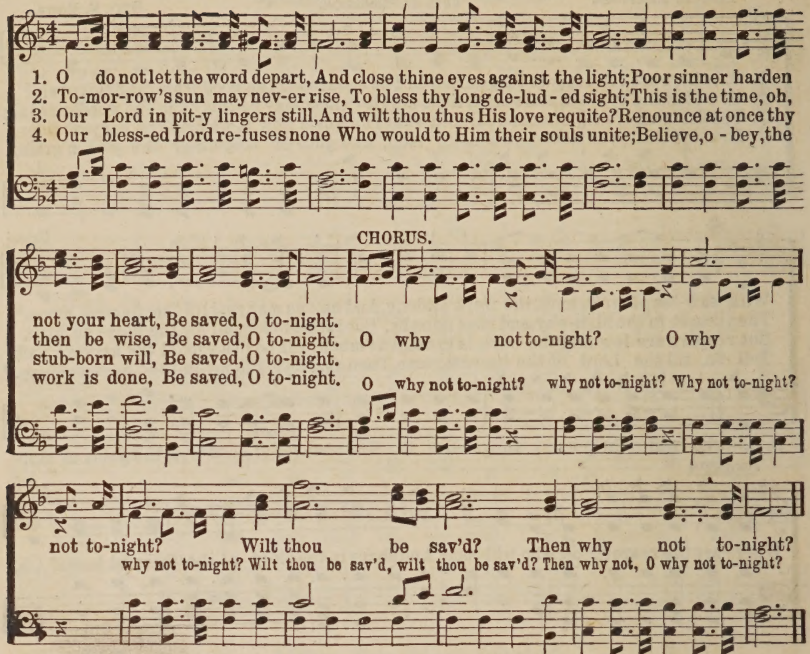
H. P. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
CHORUS.
Some oth-er to win; He'll car-ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car-ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,
Tho' of-ten cast down; He'll car-ry you thro.'
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.

No. 218. O Why Not To-night?

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY J. H. HALL. USED BY PER.

J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

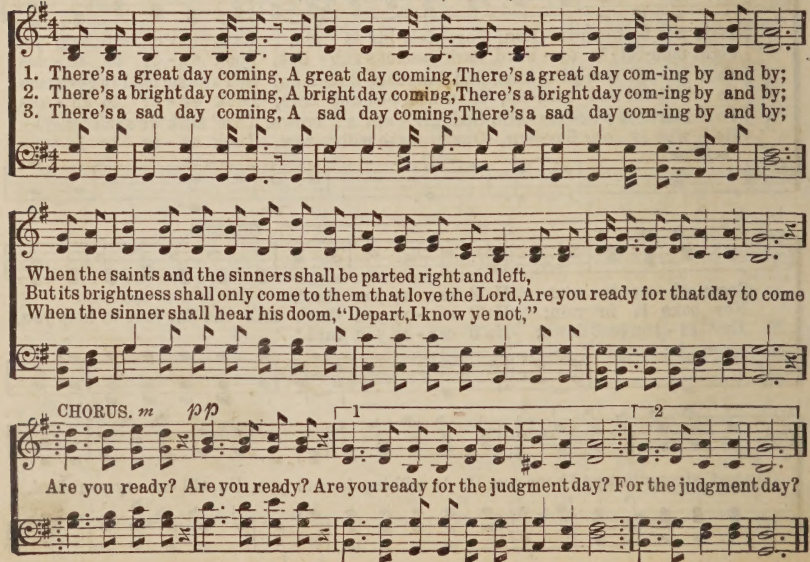

1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner harden
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud - ed sight; This is the time, oh,
3. Our Lord in pit-y lingers still, And wilt thou thus His love requite? Renounce at once thy
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fuses none Who would to Him their souls unite; Believe, o - bey, the
CHORUS.
not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
then be wise, Be saved, O to-night. O why not to-night? O why
stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
work is done, Be saved, O to-night. O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night?
not to-night? Wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not to-night?
why not to-night? Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, O why not to-night?

No. 219. There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

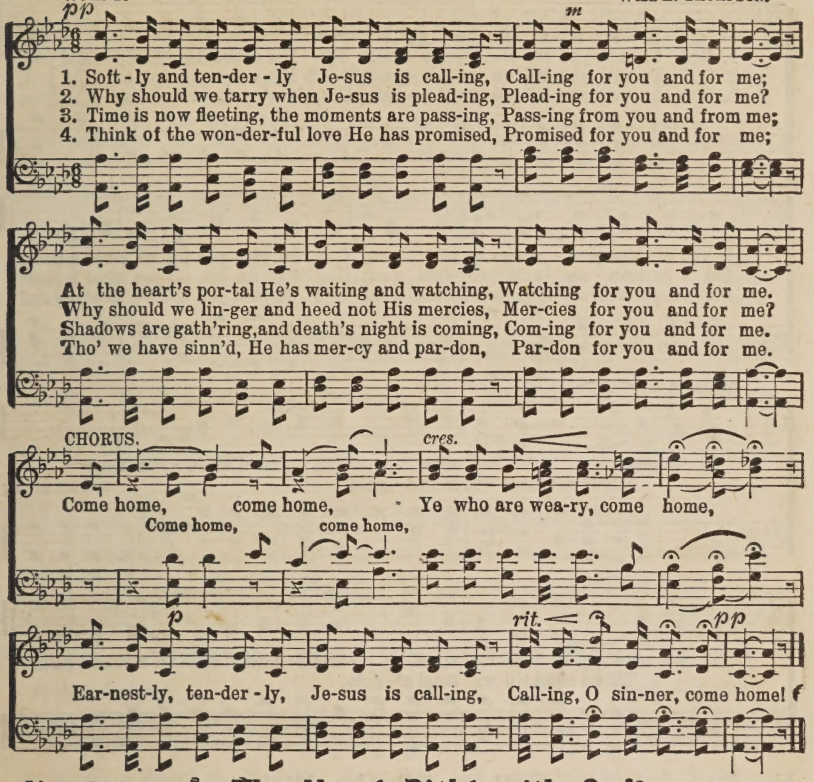
WILL L. THOMPSON.


1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;
When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"
CHORUS. m pp
1
2
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

No. 220. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

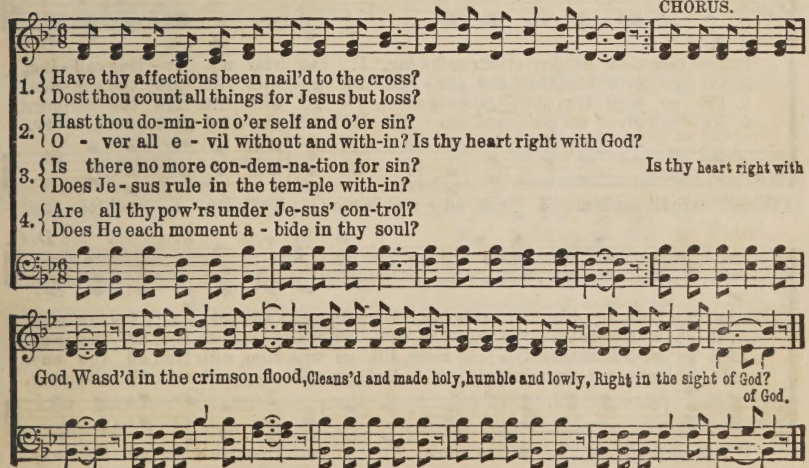
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.
CHORUS.
cres.
Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,
p
rit.
pp
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!
f

No. 221. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

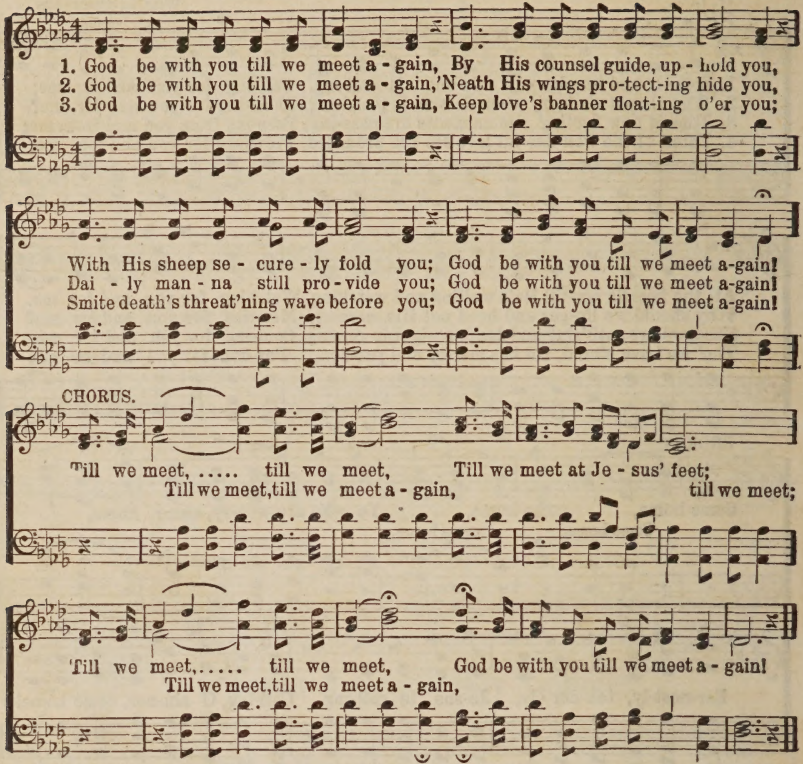
USED BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


CHORUS.
1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross?
Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin?
O - ver all e - vil without and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul?
Is thy heart right with
God, Wasd'd in the crimson flood, Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God.

No. 222. God Be With You!

J. E. RANKIN. BY PERMISSION OF J. E. RANKIN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. W. G. TOMER.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsel guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain,'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you;
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
CHORUS.
Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet,till we meet a - gain, till we meet;
Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet,till we meet a - gain,

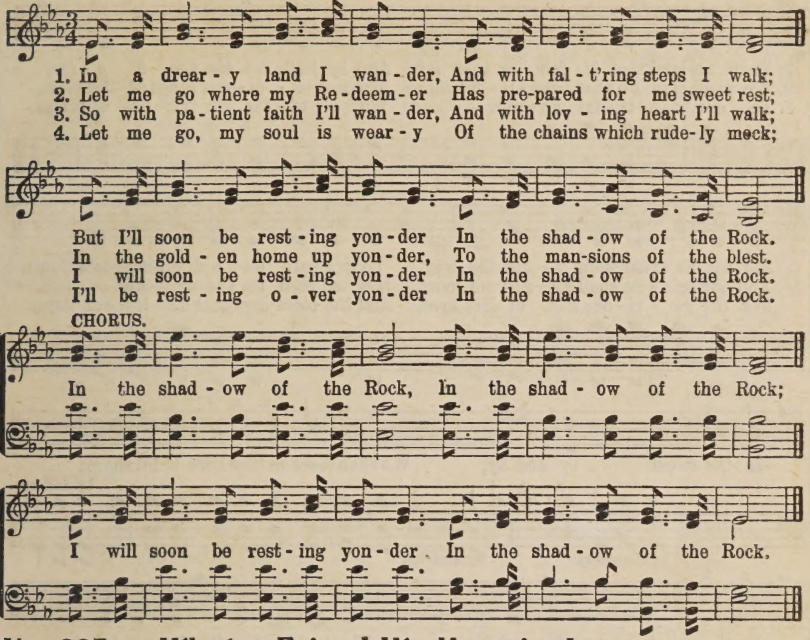
No. 223. Follow All the Way.

Arr. Arranged.

1. I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
Ad lib.
D. C.
I can hear my Sav-iour call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

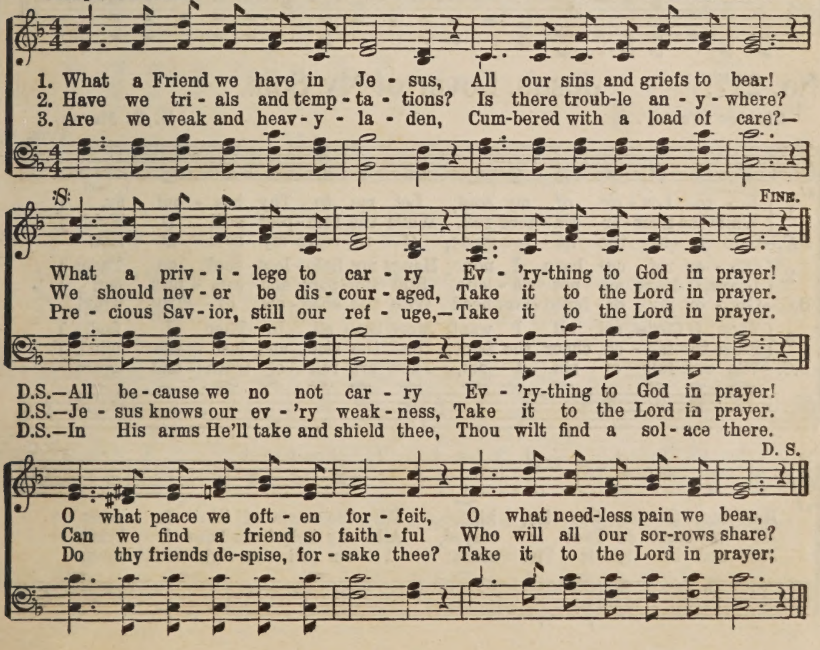
No. 224. In the Shadow of the Rock.

J. V. Coombs. J. T. Reese.


1. In a drear - y land I wan - der, And with fal - t'ring steps I walk;
2. Let me go where my Re - deem - er Has pre-pared for me sweet rest;
3. So with pa - tient faith I'll wan - der, And with lov - ing heart I'll walk;
4. Let me go, my soul is wear - y Of the chains which rude - ly meek;
But I'll soon be rest - ing yon - der In the shad - ow of the Rock.
In the gold - en home up yon - der, To the man-sions of the blest.
I will soon be rest - ing yon - der In the shad - ow of the Rock.
I'll be rest - ing o - ver yon - der In the shad - ow of the Rock.
CHORUS.
In the shad - ow of the Rock, In the shad - ow of the Rock;
I will soon be rest - ing yon - der In the shad - ow of the Rock.

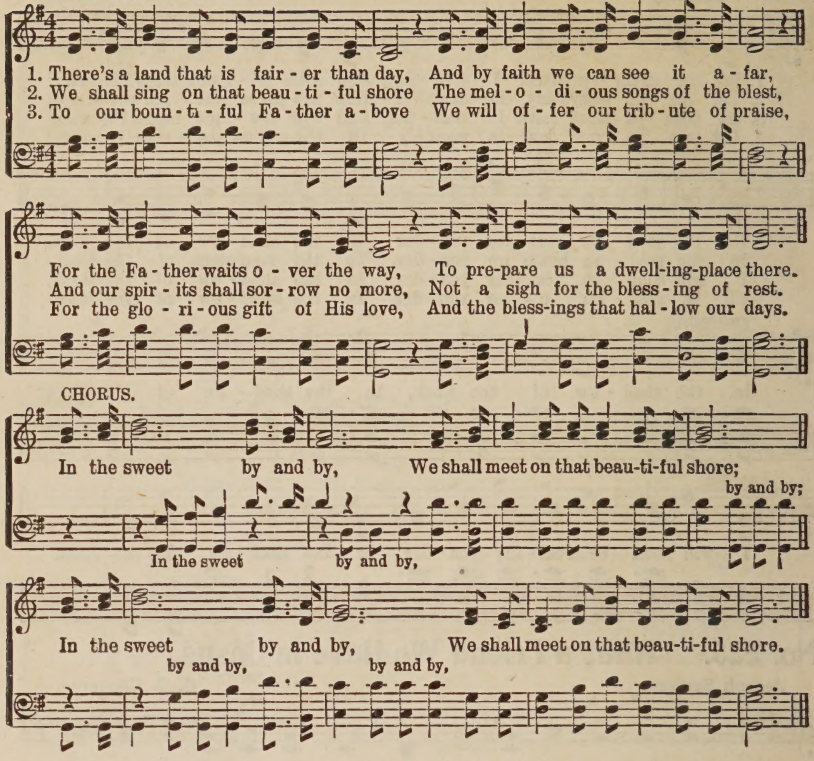
No. 225. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

Joseph Scriven. C. C. Converse.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—
D.S.
FINE.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—All be - cause we no not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.
D. S.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

No. 226. Sweet By and By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far,
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest,
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise,
For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing-place there.
And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that hal - low our days.
CHORUS.
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore;
by and by;
In the sweet by and by,
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
by and by, by and by,

No. 227. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
D.C.—Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
D.C.—Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
D. C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un-right-eous - ness;

No. 228. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

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Robert Lowry.

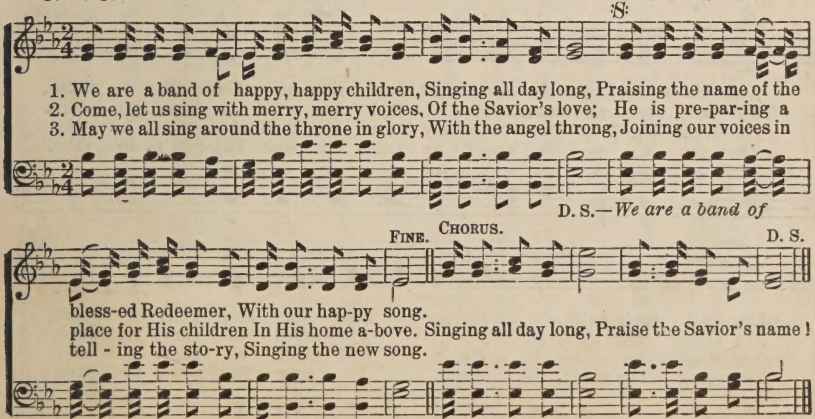
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Sav - ior's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grim-age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Saints, whom death will nev - er sev - er, Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.
CHORUS.
p
Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

No. 229. Happy Children.

J. V. C.

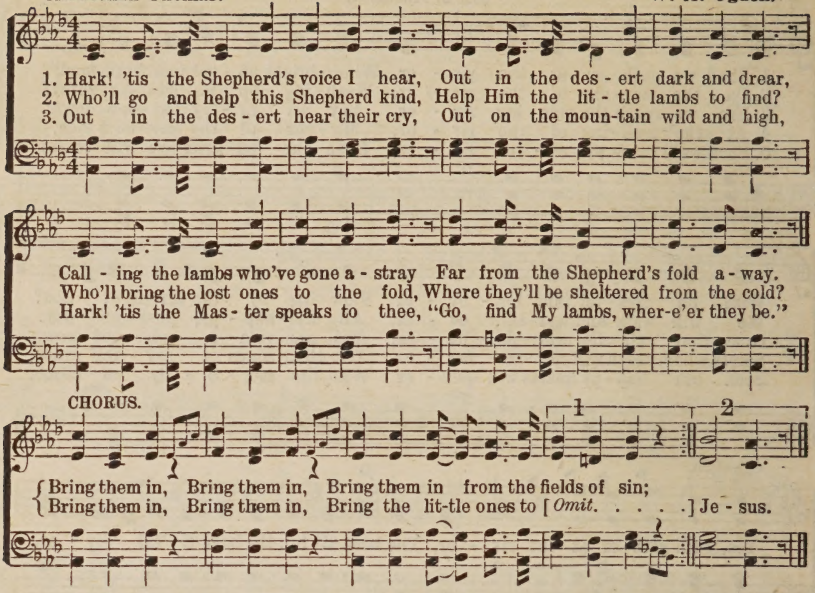
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

J. V. Coombs.


1. We are a band of happy, happy children, Singing all day long, Praising the name of the
2. Come, let us sing with merry, merry voices, Of the Savior's love; He is pre-par-ing a
3. May we all sing around the throne in glory, With the angel throng, Joining our voices in
D. S.—We are a band of
FINE.
CHORUS.
D. S.
bless-ed Redeemer, With our hap-py song.
place for His children In His home a-bove. Singing all day long, Praise the Savior's name!
tell - ing the sto-ry, Singing the new song.
happy, happy children. Singing all day long.

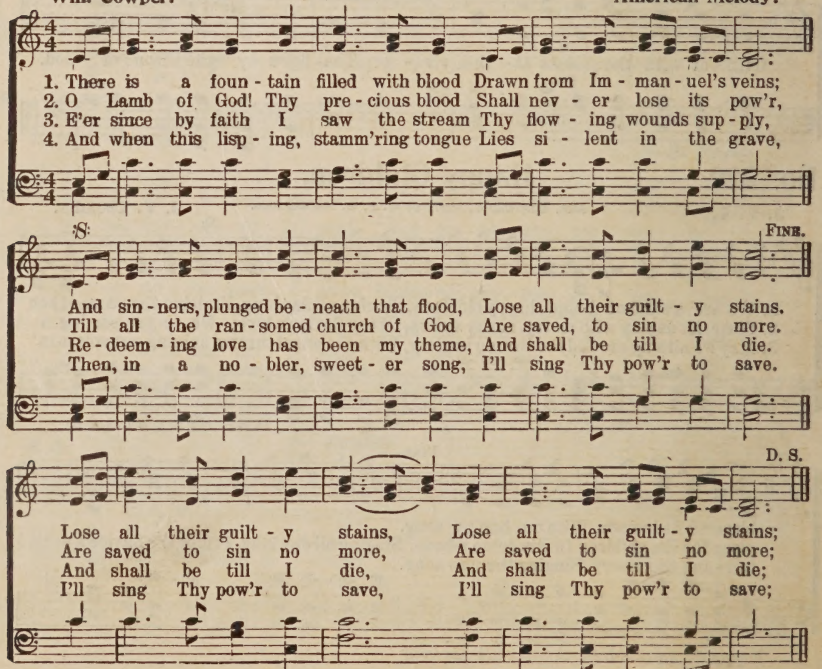
No. 230. Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. W. A. Ogden.


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the lit - tle lambs to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the moun-tain wild and high,
Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go, find My lambs, wher-e'er they be."
CHORUS.
1
2
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to [Omit. . . . .] Je - sus.

No. 231. There is a Fountain.

Wm. Cowper. American Melody.


1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
2. O Lamb of God! Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
4. And when this lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,
S.
FINE.
And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
Till all the ran - somed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then, in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;

No. 232. Jesus, the Light of the World.

J. V. C. Arranged.

1. All ye saints of light pro - claim, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Hear the Sav - ior's ear - nest call, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Why not seek Him then to - day? Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Come, con - fess Him as your King, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
Life and mer - cy in His name, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Send the gos - pel truth to all, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Go with truth the nar - row way, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Then the bells of heav'n will ring, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
CHORUS.
We'll walk in the light, beau - ti - ful light, Come where the dew-drops of mer-cy are bright;
Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

No. 233. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.

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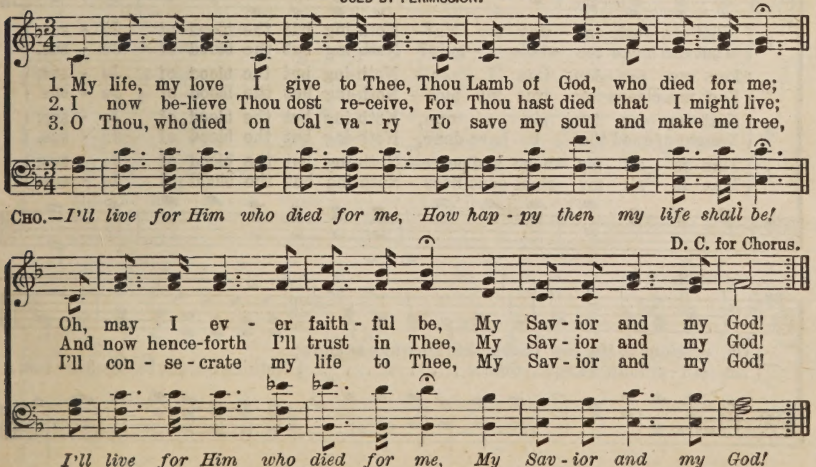
C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou, who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,
CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!
D. C. for Chorus.
Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 234. Jesus Will Help You.

Wm. Stevenson.

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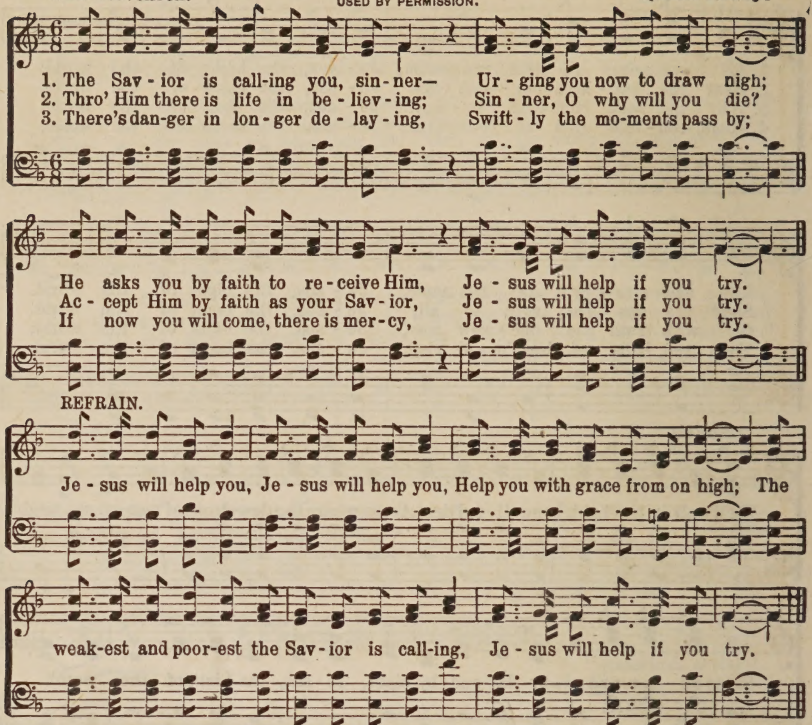
Robert Lowry.


1. The Sav - ior is call-ing you, sin-ner— Ur - ging you now to draw nigh;
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, O why will you die?
3. There's dan-ger in lon-ger de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the mo-ments pass by;
He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him, Je - sus will help if you try.
Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior, Je - sus will help if you try.
If now you will come, there is mer - cy, Je - sus will help if you try.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will help you, Help you with grace from on high; The
weak-est and poor-est the Sav - ior is call-ing, Je - sus will help if you try.

No. 235. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. L.

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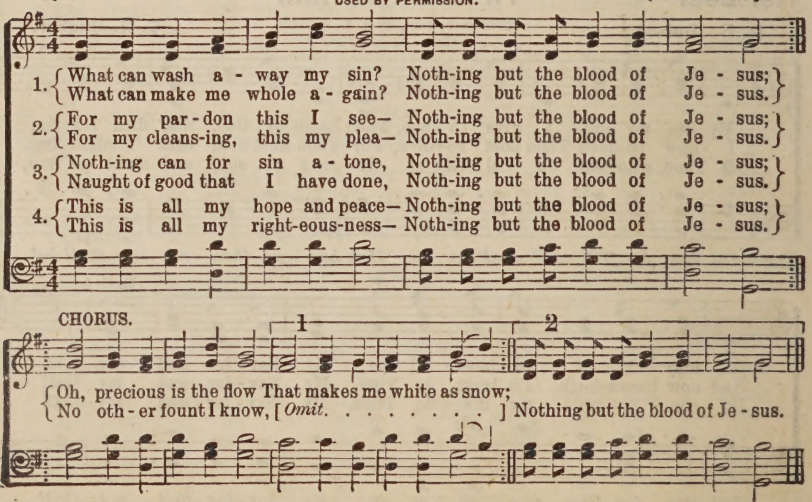
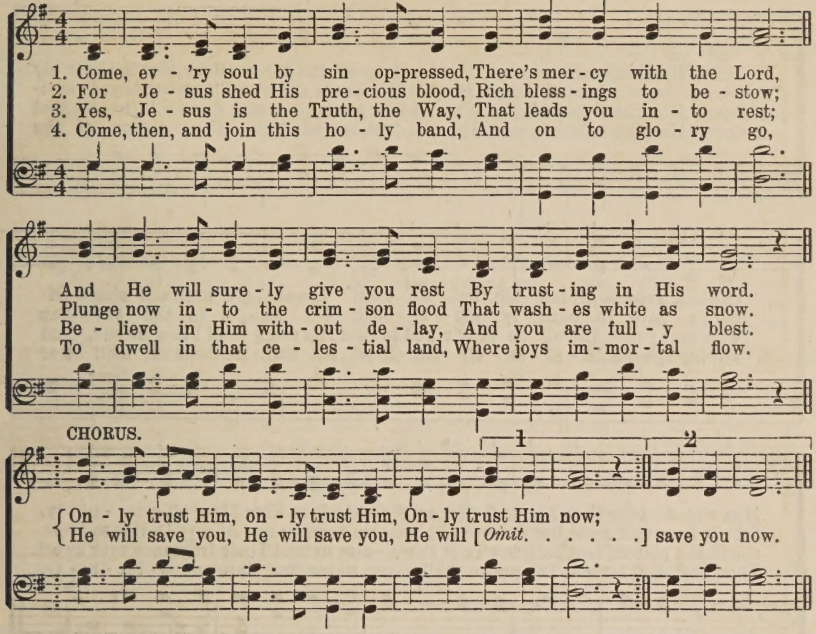
Robert Lowry.


1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
2. For my par-don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
Naught of good that I have done, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
This is all my right-eous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
CHORUS.
1
2
Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er fount I know, [Omit. . . . .] Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

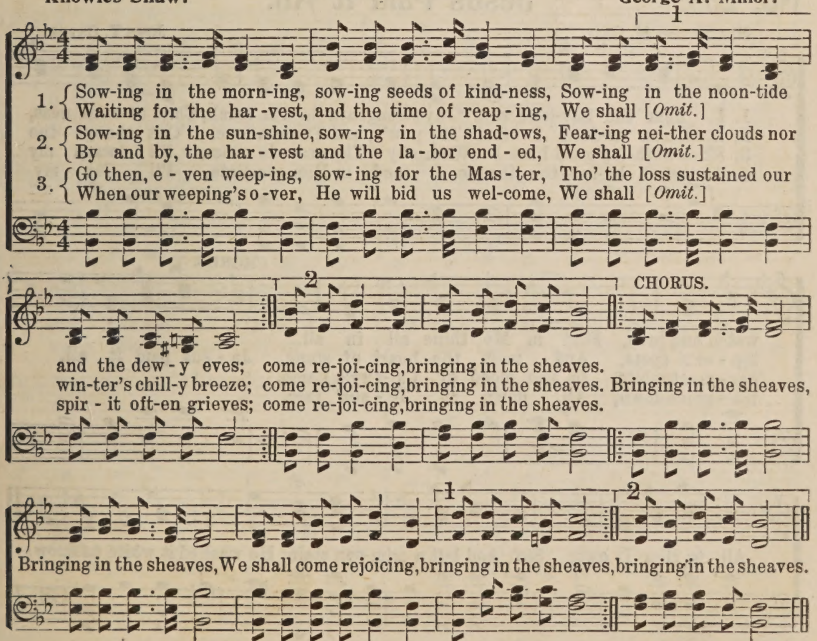
No. 236. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood, Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are full - y blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
CHORUS.
1
2
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will [Omit. . . . . .] save you now.

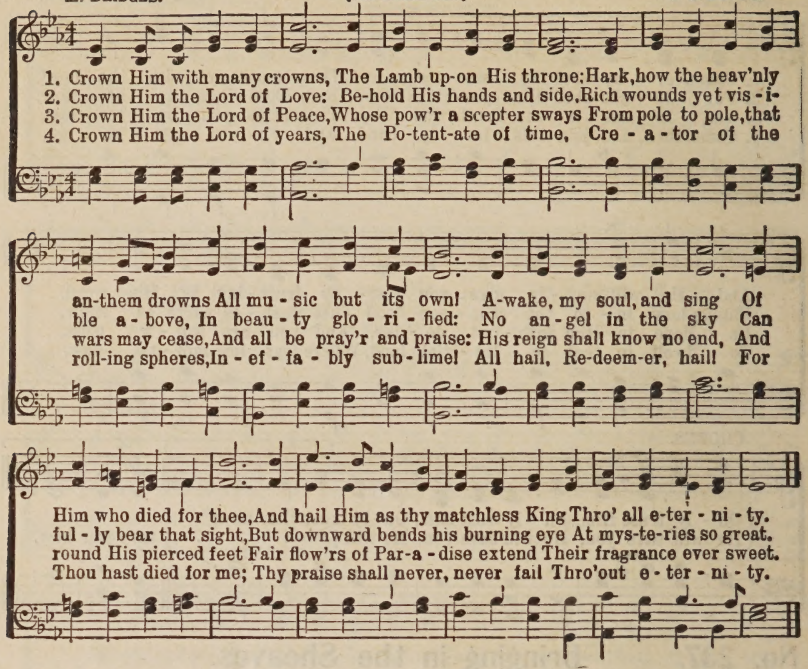
No. 237. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.


1
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall [Omit.]
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor
By and by, the har-vest and the la-bor end-ed, We shall [Omit.]
3. Go then, e-ven weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our
When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, We shall [Omit.]
2
CHORUS.
and the dew-y eves; come re-joi-cing, bringing in the sheaves.
win-ter's chill-y breeze; come re-joi-cing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
spir-it oft-en grieves; come re-joi-cing, bringing in the sheaves.
1
2
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves.

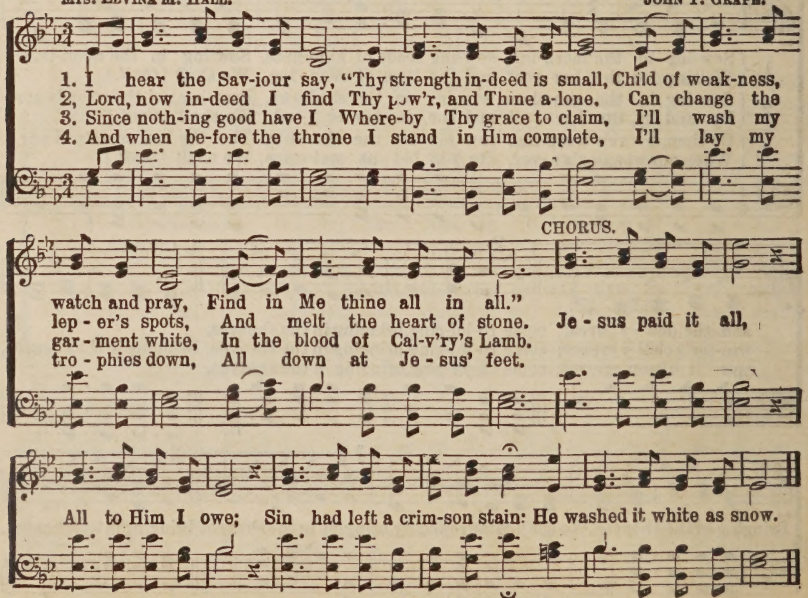
No. 238. Crown Him with Many Crowns.

M. BRIDGES. (DIADEMATA.) G. J. ELVEY.


1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb up-on His throne; Hark, how the heav'nly
2. Crown Him the Lord of Love: Be-hold His hands and side, Rich wounds yet vis-i-
3. Crown Him the Lord of Peace, Whose pow'r a scepter sways From pole to pole, that
4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po-tent-ate of time, Cre-a-tor of the
an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own! A-wake, my soul, and sing Of
ble a-bove, In beau-ty glo-ri-fied: No an-gel in the sky Can
wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise: His reign shall know no end, And
roll-ing spheres, In-ef-fa-bly sub-lime! All hail, Re-deem-er, hail! For
Him who died for thee, And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
ful-ly bear that sight, But downward bends his burning eye At mys-te-ries so great.
round His pierced feet Fair flow'rs of Par-a-dise extend Their fragrance ever sweet.
Thou hast died for me; Thy praise shall never, never fail Thro'out e-ter-ni-ty.

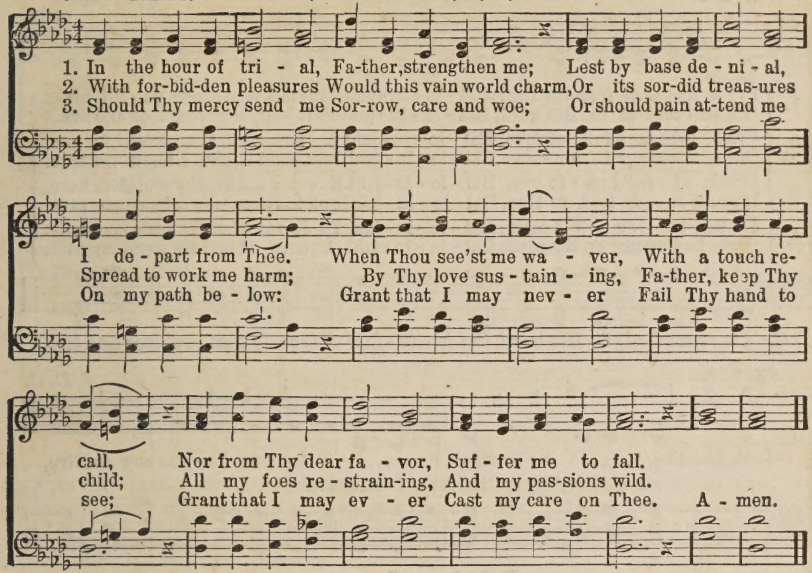
No. 239. Jesus Paid it All.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.


1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength in-deed is small, Child of weak-ness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone. Can change the
3. Since noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my
CHORUS.
watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all,
gar-ment white, In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed it white as snow.

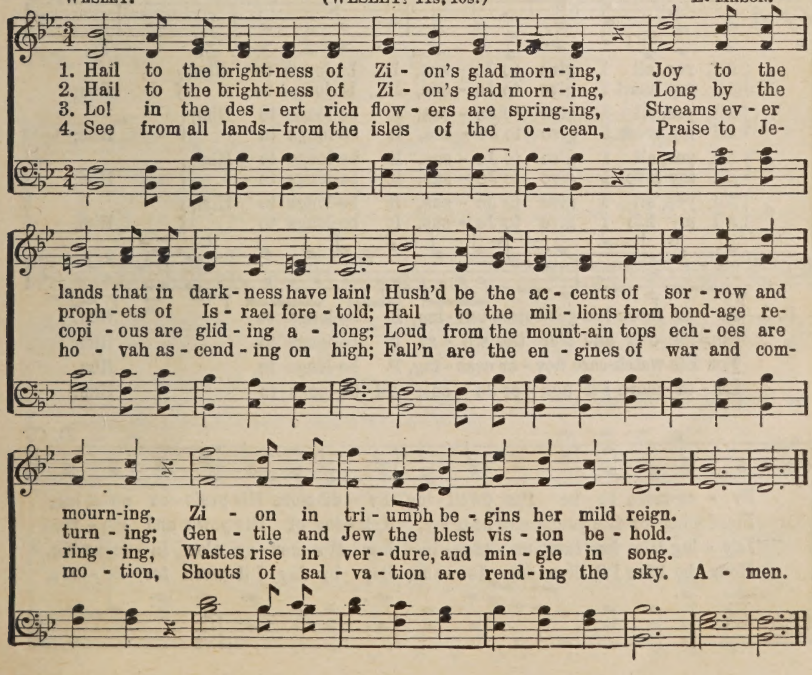
No. 240. In the Hour of Trial.

J. MONTGOMERY. (PENITENCE. 6s, 5s, D.) SPENCER LANE.


1. In the hour of tri - al, Fa-ther, strengthen me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sor-did treas-ures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, care and woe; Or should pain at-tend me
I de - part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a touch re-
Spread to work me harm; By Thy love sus - tain - ing, Fa-ther, keep Thy
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
call, Nor from Thy dear fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
child; All my foes re - strain-ing, And my pas-sions wild.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee. A - men.

No. 241. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

WESLEY. (WESLEY. 11s, 10s.) L. MASON.


1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je-
lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told; Hail to the mil - lions from bond-age re-
copi - ous are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the mount-ain tops ech - oes are
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com-
mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
turn - ing; Gen - tile and Jew the blest vis - ion be - hold.
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky. A - men.

No. 242. Look and Live.

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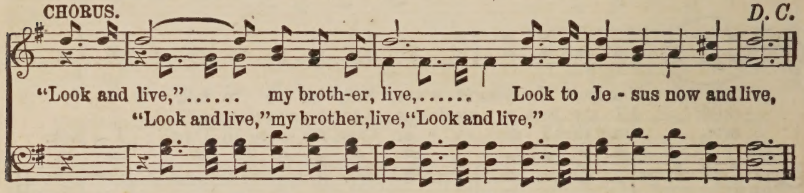
W. A. O. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. OGDEN.

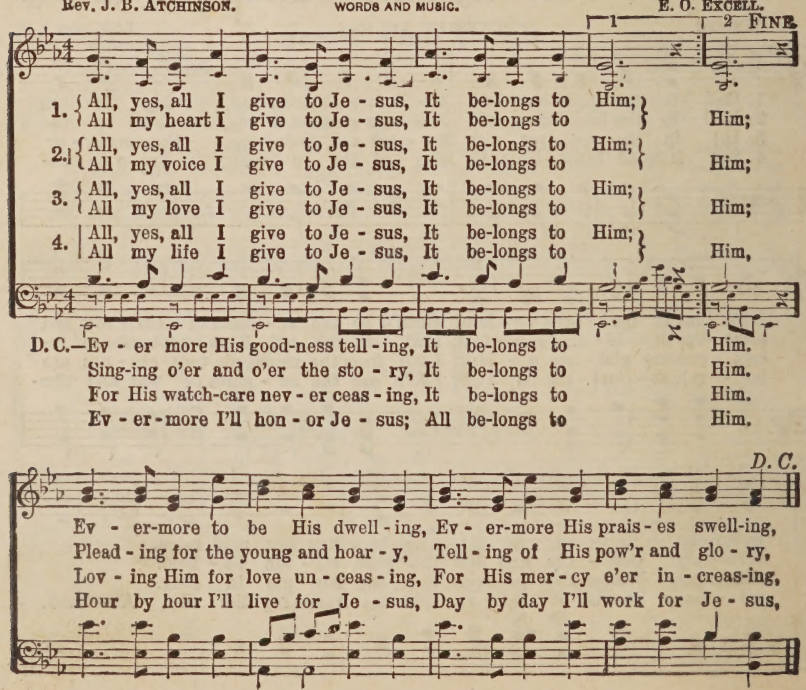
FINE
1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! This message un-to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord-ed in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you, 'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove, Hal - le - lu - jah! Jesus said it, and I know 'tis true.
3. Life is of - fer'd un - to you, Hal - le - lu - jah! E - ter-nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Jesus who a-lone can save.
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To Je-sus when He made me whole: 'Twas be-liev-ing on His name, Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust-ed and He sav'd my soul.
D.C.—'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le - lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."



No. 243. All for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

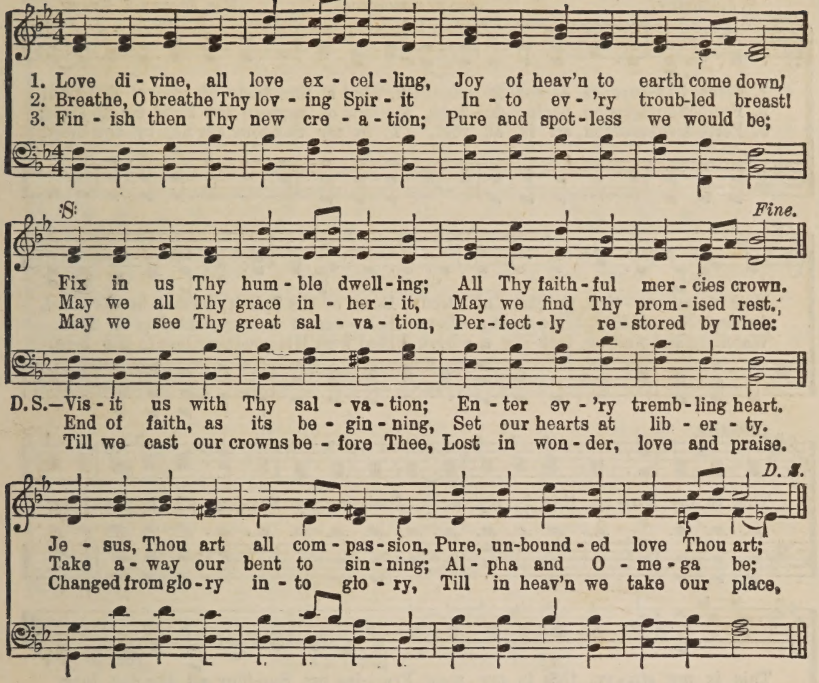
Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.


1
2 FINE
1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,
D. C.—Ev - er more His good-ness tell - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Sing-ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus; All be-longs to Him.

D. C.
Ev - er-more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er-more His prais - es swell-ing,
Plead - ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

No. 244. Love Divine.

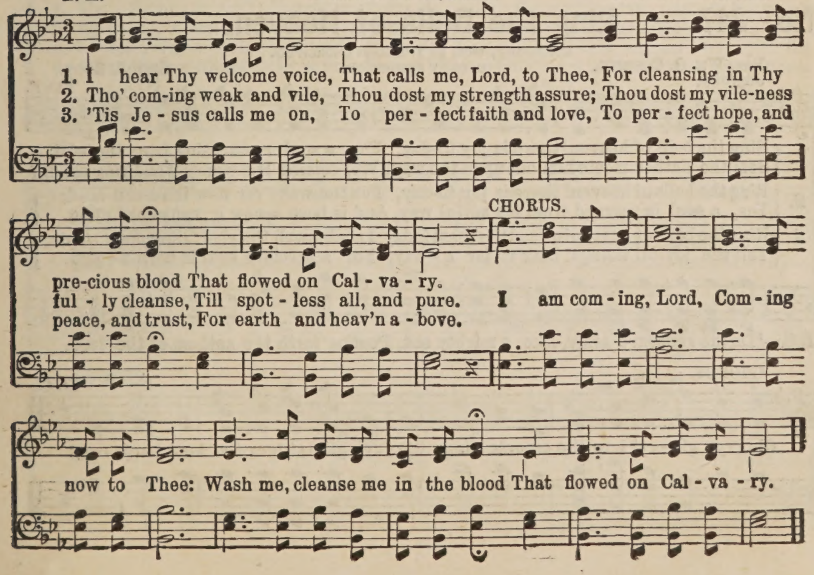
C. WESLEY. (BEECHER. 8s. 7s. D.) JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less we would be;
S.
Fine.
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
May we all Thy grace in - her - it, May we find Thy prom - ised rest.
May we see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored by Thee:
D.S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry tremb - ling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.
D. S.
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

No. 245. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY L. HARTSOUGH.
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., OWNERS.

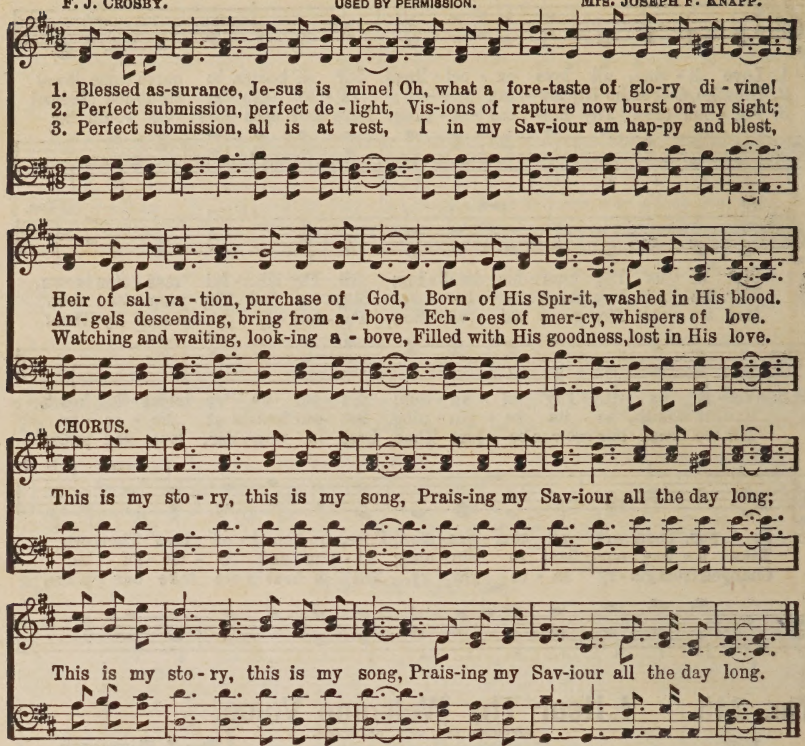
L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vile-ness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on, To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and
CHORUS.
pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure. I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

No. 246. Blessed Assurance.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. USED BY PERMISSION.

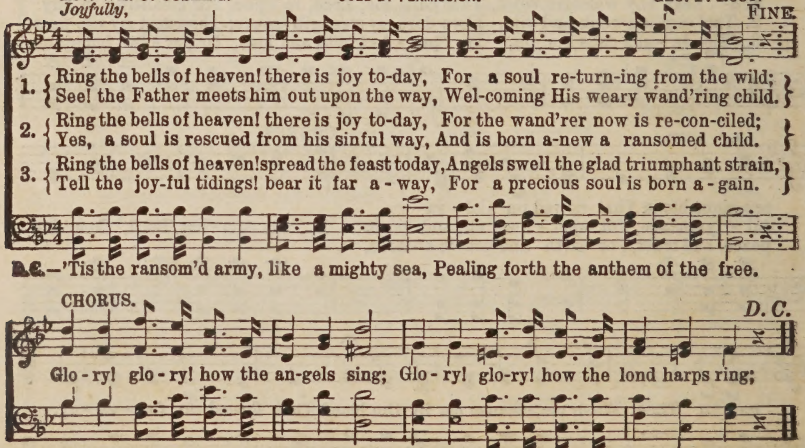
F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. Blessed as-surance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine!
2. Perfect submission, perfect de-light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight;
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest,
Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
An-gels descending, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.
Watching and waiting, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
CHORUS.
This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long;
This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

No. 247. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

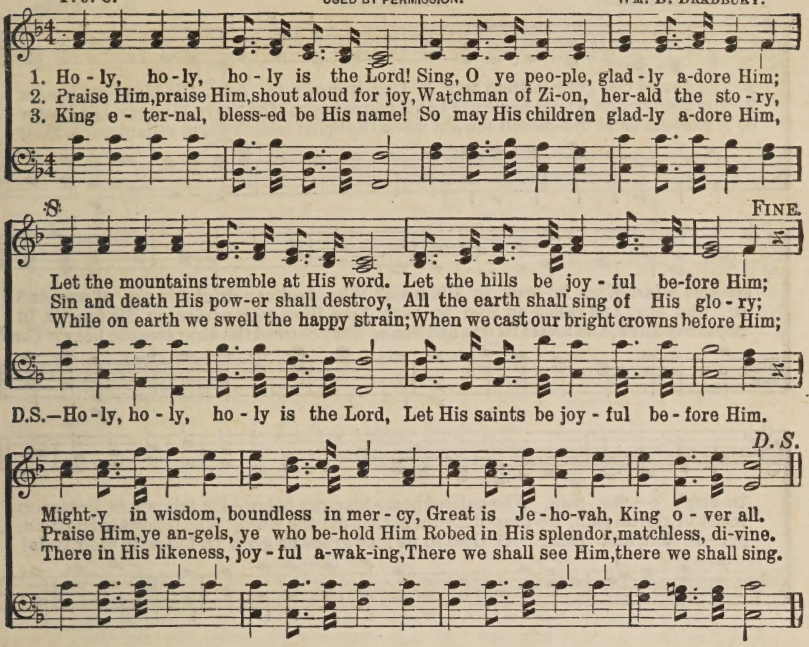
COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.


Joyfully,
FINE.
1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child.
2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child.
3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a-way, For a precious soul is born a-gain.
D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.
CHORUS.
D. C.
Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the lond harps ring;

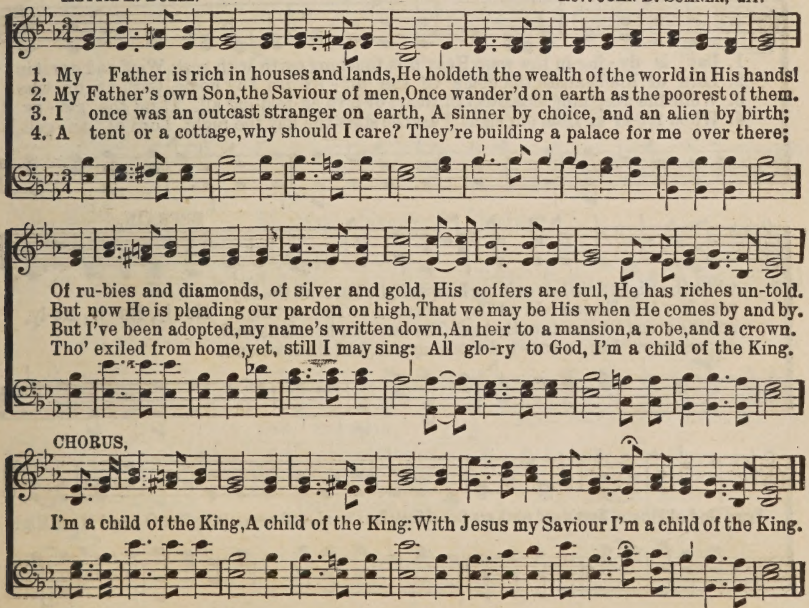
No. 248. Holy, Holy is the Lord.

F. J. C. USED BY PERMISSION. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo-ple, glad - ly a-dore Him;
2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud for joy, Watchman of Zi-on, her-ald the sto - ry,
3. King e - ter-nal, bless-ed be His name! So may His children glad-ly a-dore Him,
S.
FINE.
Let the mountains tremble at His word. Let the hills be joy - ful be-fore Him;
Sin and death His pow-er shall destroy, All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry;
While on earth we swell the happy strain; When we cast our bright crowns before Him;
D.S.—Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let His saints be joy - ful be - fore Him.
D. S.
Might-y in wisdom, boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho-vah, King o - ver all.
Praise Him, ye an-gels, ye who be-hold Him Robed in His splendor, matchless, di-vine.
There in His likeness, joy - ful a-wak-ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

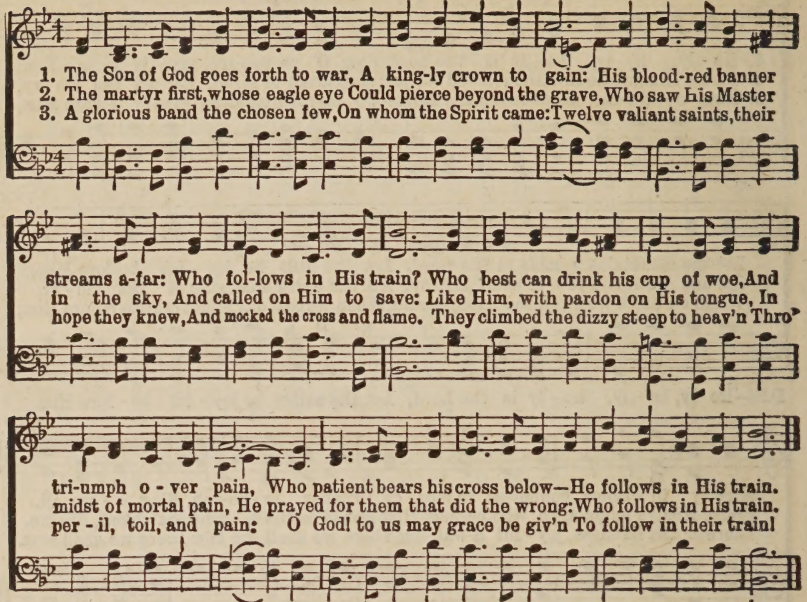
No. 249. A Child of the King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.


1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd on earth as the poorest of them.
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth;
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for me over there;
Of ru-bies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His coffers are full, He has riches un-told.
But now He is pleading our pardon on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.
But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King.
CHORUS.
I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With Jesus my Saviour I'm a child of the King.

No. 250. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

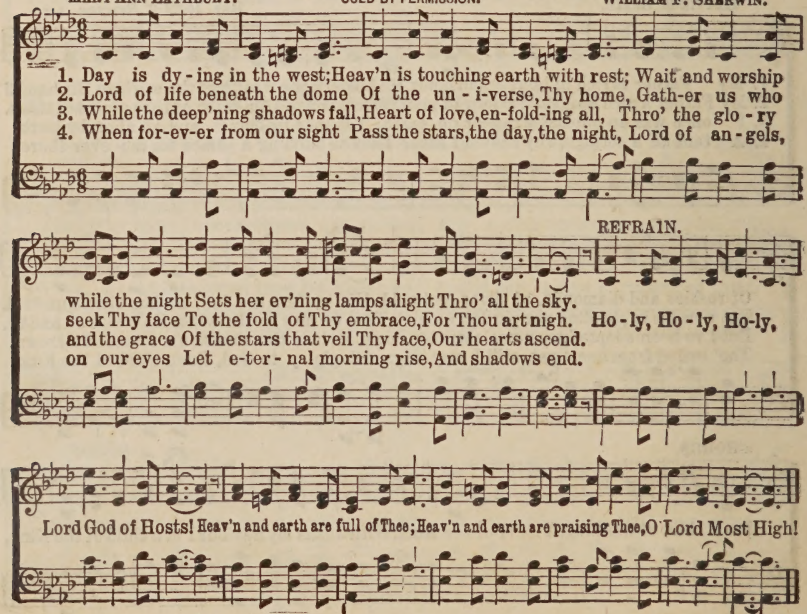
REGINALD HEBER. "ALL SAINTS." H. S. CUTLER.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain: His blood-red banner
2. The martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Master
3. A glorious band the chosen few, On whom the Spirit came: Twelve valiant saints, their
streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, And
in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with pardon on His tongue, In
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame. They climbed the dizzy steep to heav'n Thro'
tri-umph o - ver pain, Who patient bears his cross below—He follows in His train.
midst of mortal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train.
per - il, toil, and pain: O God! to us may grace be giv'n To follow in their train!

No. 251. Day is Dying in the West.

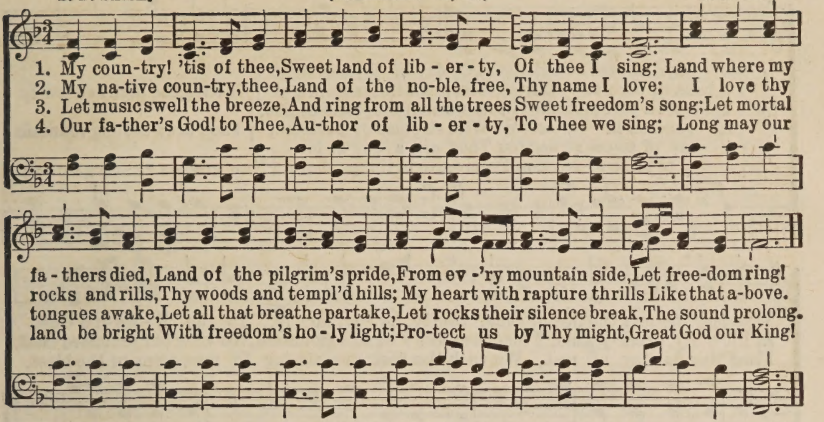
COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship
2. Lord of life beneath the dome Of the un - i-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the glo - ry
4. When for-ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels,
REFRAIN.
while the night Sets her ev'ning lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho-ly,
and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascend.
on our eyes Let e-ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.
Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

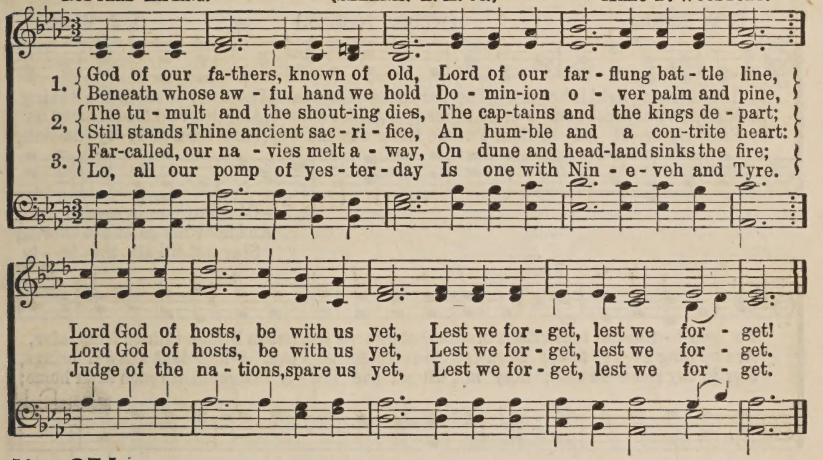
No. 252. My Country.

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) ENGLISH.


1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev -'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templ'd hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

No. 253. Lest We Forget.

RUDYARD KIPLING. (SELENA. L. M. 61.) ISAAC B. WOODBURY.


1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung bat - tle line,
Beneath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min-ion o - ver palm and pine,
2. The tu - mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de - part;
Still stands Thine ancient sac - ri - fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart:
3. Far-called, our na - vies melt a - way, On dune and head-land sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day Is one with Nin - e - veh and Tyre.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get!
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get.
Judge of the na - tions, spare us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get.

No. 254. Home Sweet Home.

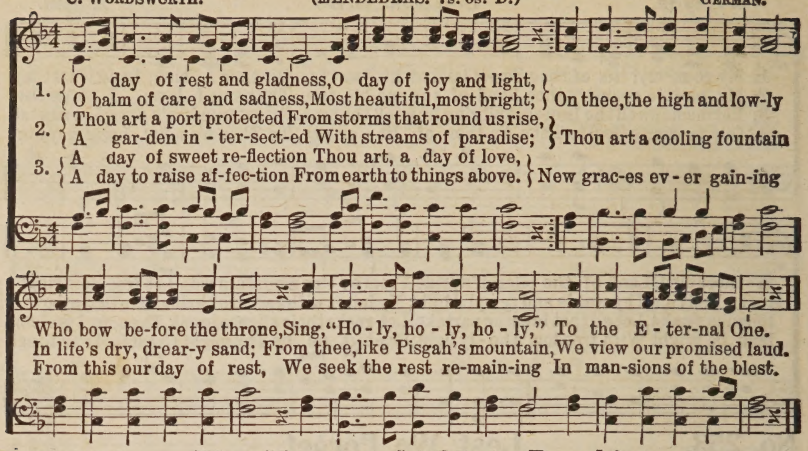
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. Mid pleasures and pal-a-ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er
D.S.—Be it ev - er so humble, there's
FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.
hallow us there, met with Home, home, sweet elsewhere. sweet home;
no place like home.

2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again:
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
And with them, God's peace, which is dearer than all.

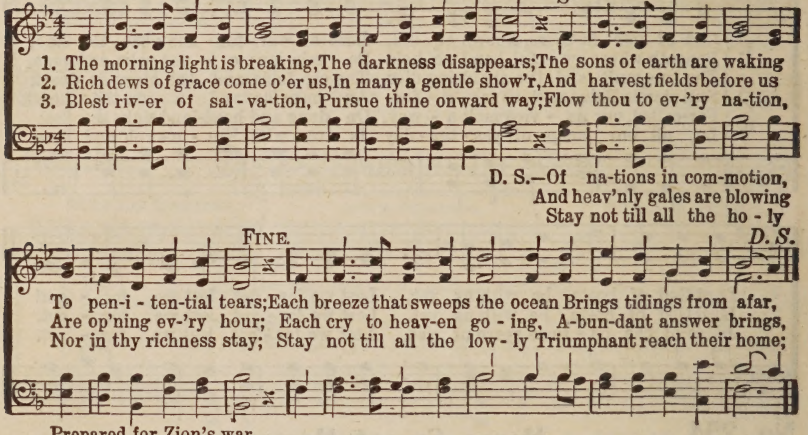
No. 255. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH. (MENDEBRAS. 7s. 6s. D.) GERMAN.


1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; On thee, the high and low-ly
2. Thou art a port protected From storms that round us rise,
A gar-den in - ter-sect-ed With streams of paradise; Thou art a cooling fountain
3. A day of sweet re-flection Thou art, a day of love,
A day to raise af-fec-tion From earth to things above. New grac-es ev - er gain-ing
Who bow be-fore the throne, Sing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the E - ter-nal One.
In life's dry, drear-y sand; From thee, like Pisgah's mountain, We view our promised laud.
From this our day of rest, We seek the rest re-main-ing In man-sions of the blest.

No. 256. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. SMITH. (WEBB. 7s. 6s. D.) G. J. WEBB.


1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle show'r, And harvest fields before us
3. Blest riv-er of sal - va-tion, Pursue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev-'ry na-tion,
D. S.—Of na-tions in com-motion,
And heav'nly gales are blowing
Stay not till all the ho - ly
FINE.
D. S.
To pen-i - ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar,
Are op'ning ev-'ry hour; Each cry to heav-en go - ing, A-bun-dant answer brings,
Nor in thy richness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Triumphant reach their home;
Prepared for Zion's war.
With peace upon their wings.
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

No. 257. Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

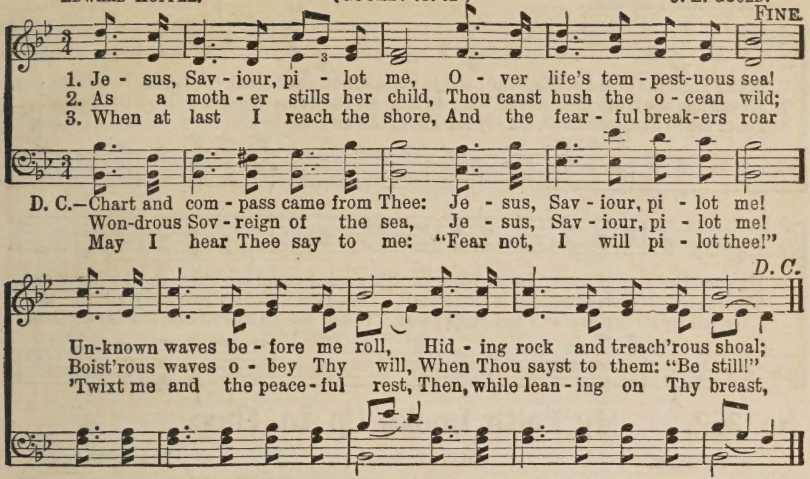
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

—*George Duffield.*

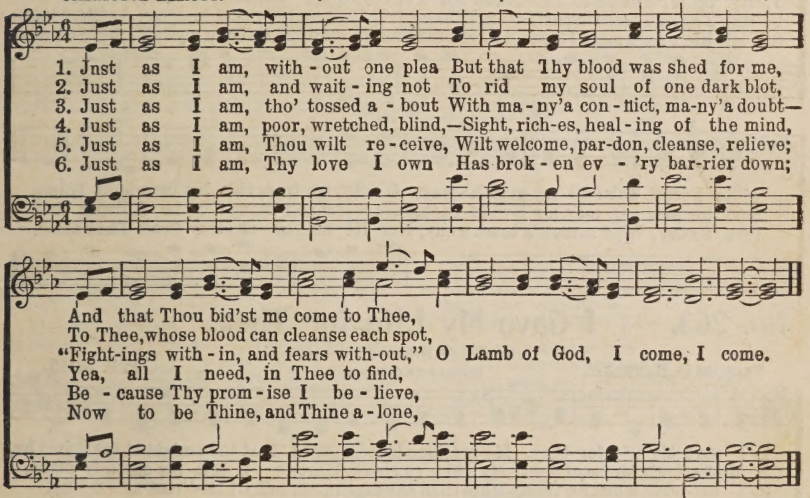
No. 258. Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. (GOULD. 7s. 6L.) J. E. GOULD.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest-uous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
Won-drous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
D. C.
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them: "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

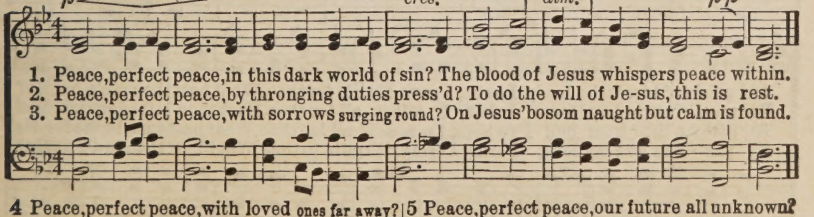
No. 259. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With ma - ny a con - flict, ma-ny a doubt—
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—Sight, rich-es, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am, Thy love I own Has brok - en ev - 'ry bar-rier down;
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
"Fight-ings with - in, and fears with-out," O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve,
Now to be Thine, and Thine a - lone,

No. 260. Peace, Perfect Peace.

Bishop EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. (PAX TECUM. 10s.) G. T. CALDBECK.


p
cres.
dim.
pp
1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd? To do the will of Je-sus, this is rest.
3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round? On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away? In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown? Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

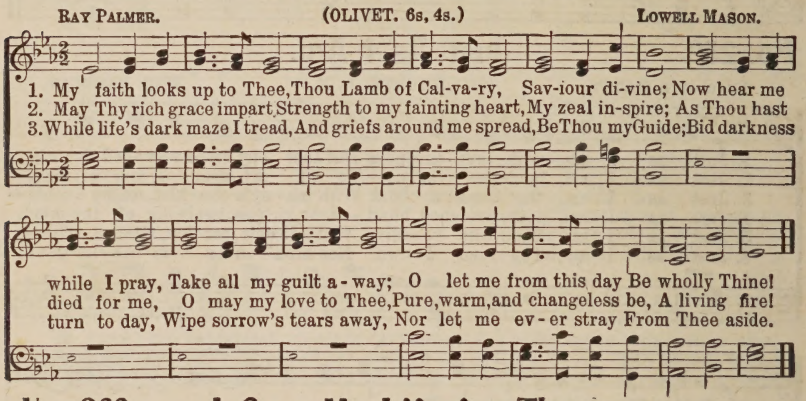
No. 261. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea.
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gali-lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis-ci-ples lived In Gal - i - lee,
Be-yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word.
Then shalt all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The Living One.

No. 262. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

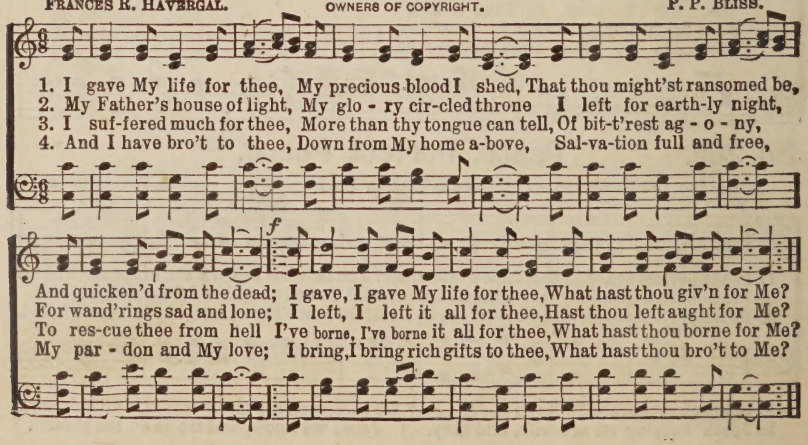
RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside.

No. 263. I Gave My Life for Thee.

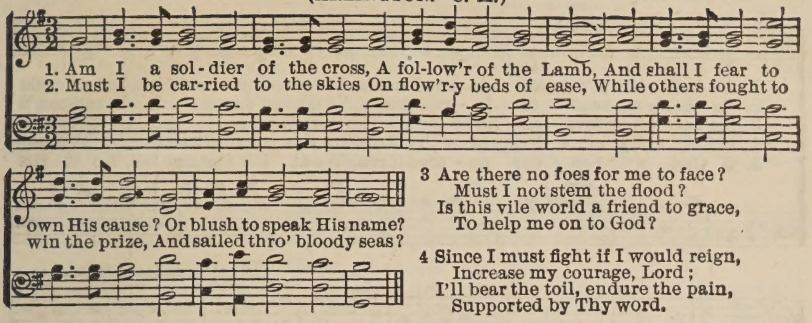
BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO. OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.


1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be,
2. My Father's house of light, My glo - ry cir-cled throne I left for earth-ly night,
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bit-t'rest ag - o - ny,
4. And I have bro't to thee, Down from My home a-bove, Sal-va-tion full and free,
f
And quicken'd from the dead; I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
For wand'rings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
To res-cue thee from hell I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
My par - don and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou bro't to Me?

No. 264. Am I a Soldier?

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb, And shall I fear to
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease, While others fought to
own His cause? Or blush to speak His name?
win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 265. Stretch Every Nerve.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis He whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

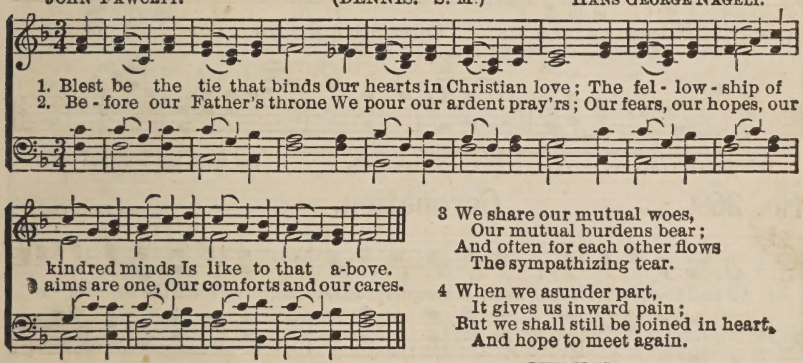
3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at Thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

No. 266. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. (DENNIS. S. M.) HANS GEORGE NAGELI.

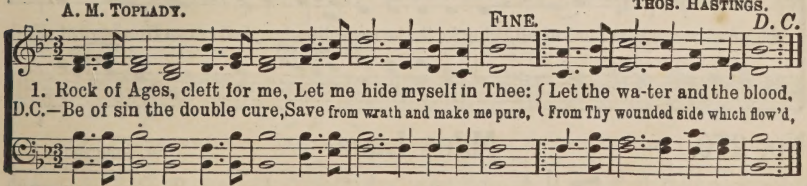

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low - ship of
2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ardent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our
kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.
aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 267. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

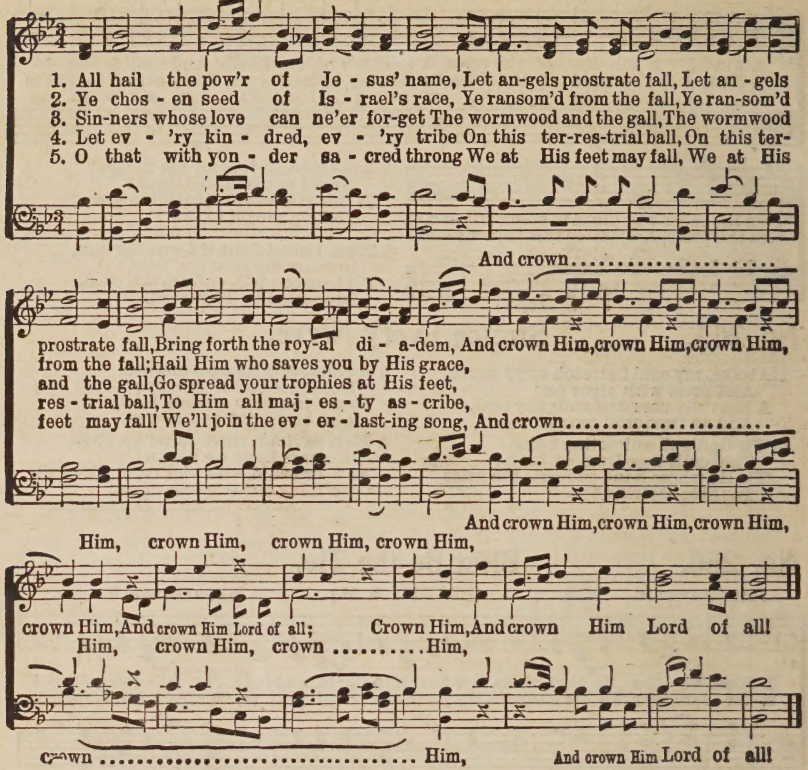

FINE.
D. C.
1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee: { Let the wa-ter and the blood,
D.C.—Be of sin the double cure, Save { from wrath and make me pure, { From Thy wounded side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

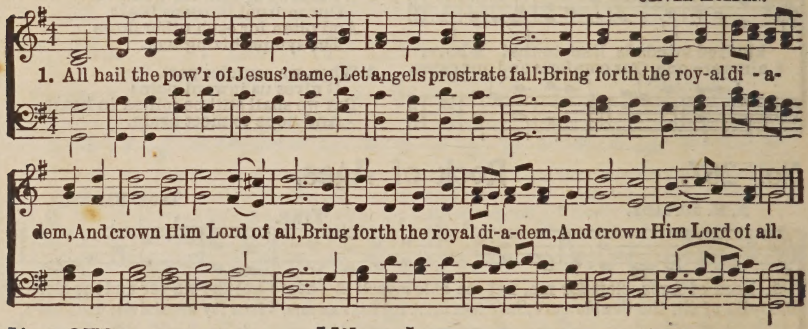
No. 268. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name?

E. PERRONET. (DIADEM. C. M.) Arr. by T. RICHARDS.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Ye ran-som'd
3. Sin-ners whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall, The wormwood
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, On this ter-
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His
And crown.....
prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
from the fall; Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
and the gall, Go spread your trophies at His feet,
res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown.....
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all; Crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
Him, crown Him, crown .....Him,
crown ..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

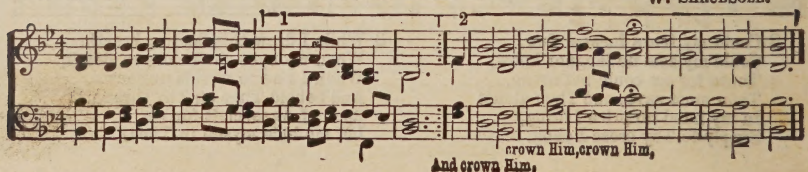
No. 269. Coronation.

OLIVER HOLDEN.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a-
dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

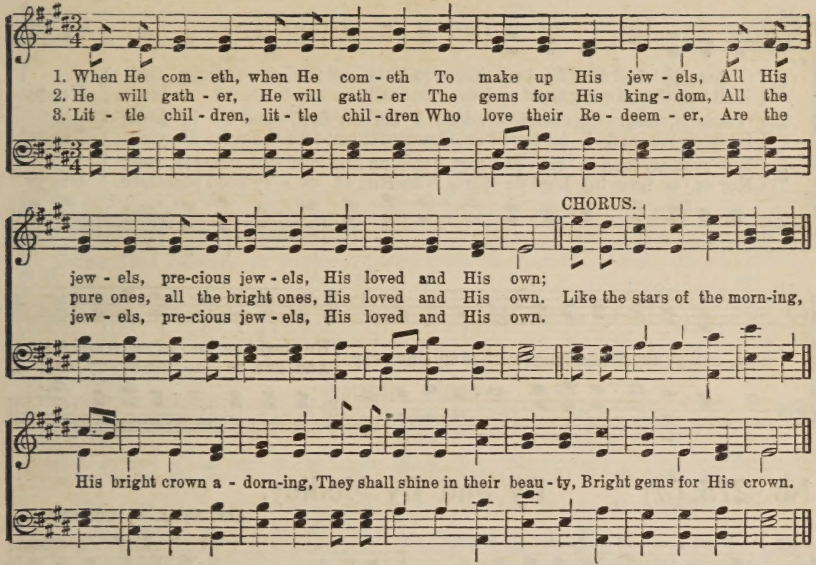
No. 270. Miles Lane.

W. SHRUBSOLE.



No. 271. Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.


1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els, All His
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom, All the
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren Who love their Re - deem - er, Are the
CHORUS.
jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own;
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn-ing,
jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
His bright crown a - dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

No. 272. While Jesus Whispers.

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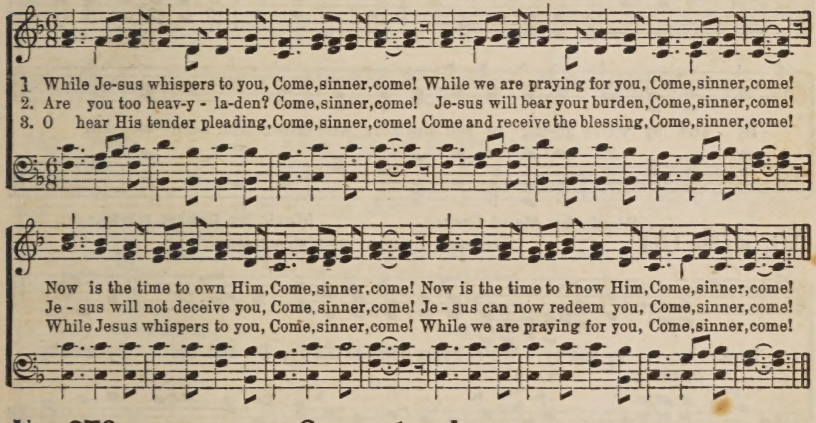
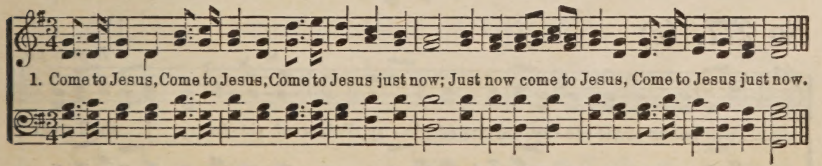
W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.


1 While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y - la-den? Come, sinner, come! Je-sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

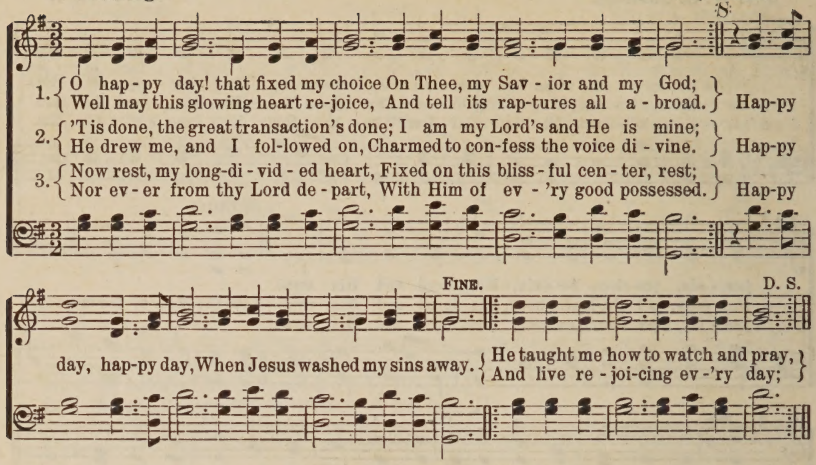
No. 273. Come to Jesus.



2 He will save you. 4 He is willing. 6 Come, obey Him. 8 He'll forgive you.
3 He is able. 5 Come, confess Him. 7 He will hear you. 9 He will cleanse you.
10 Jesus loves you. 11 Only trust Him.

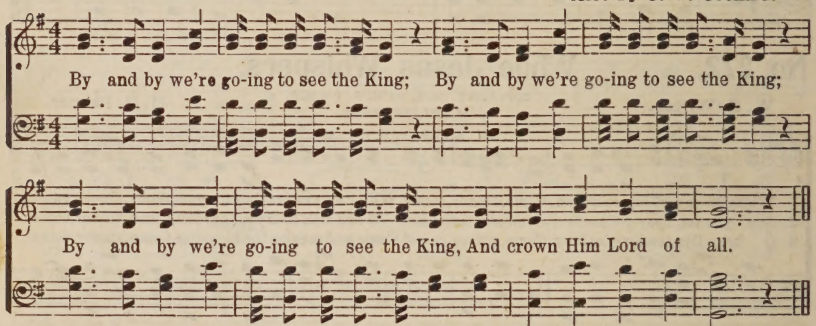
No. 274. Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.


1. O hap-py day! that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God; Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. Hap-py
2. 'T is done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine; He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine. Hap-py
3. Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest; Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good possessed. Hap-py
FINE.
D. S.
day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joi-cing ev-'ry day;

No. 275. (*a*) By and By Medley.

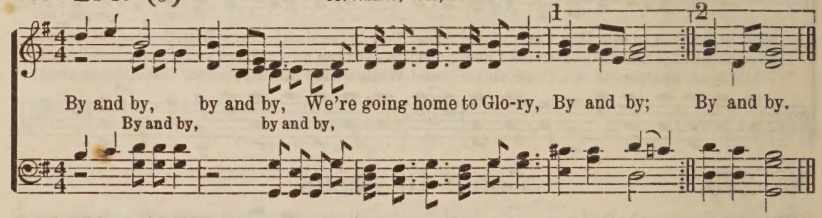
Arr. by J. V. Coombs.


By and by we're go-ing to see the King; By and by we're go-ing to see the King;
By and by we're go-ing to see the King, And crown Him Lord of all.

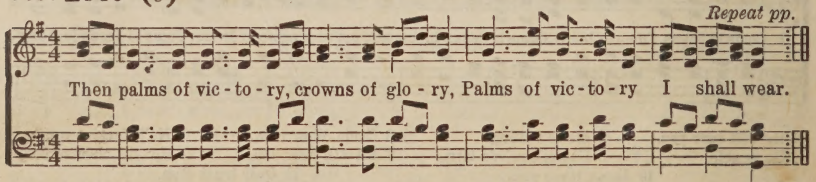
No. 276. (*b*)

Words by Maud Frazer. Music by Robert Harkness.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.

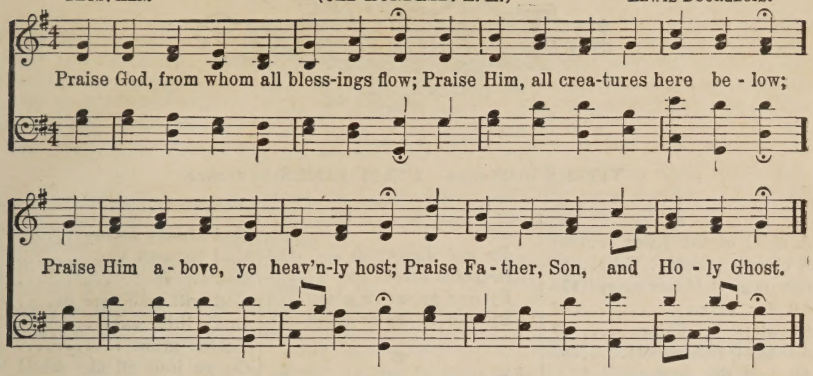


No. 277. (*c*)



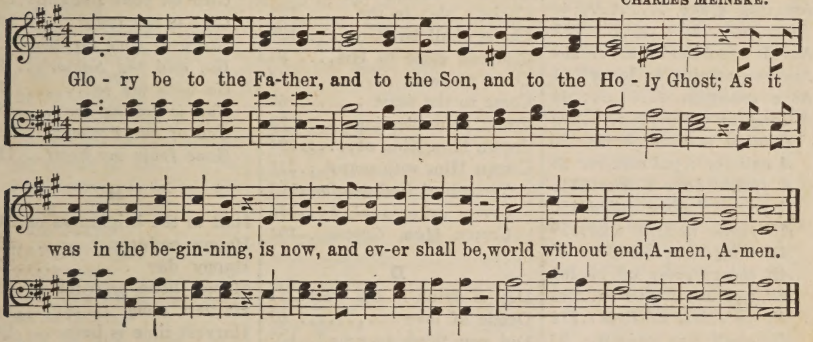
No. 278. Doxology.

THOS. KEN. (OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) LEWIS BOURGEOIS.


Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

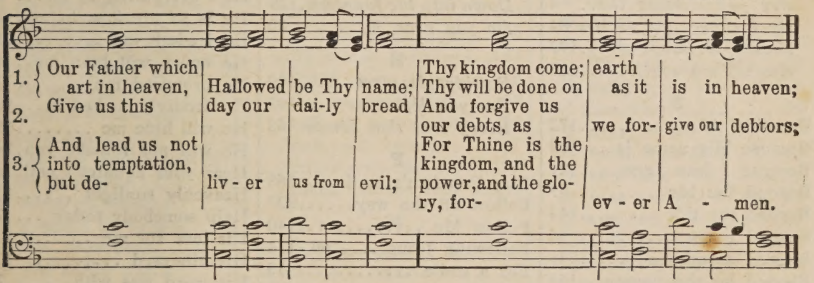
No. 279. Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.


Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be,world without end,A-men, A-men.

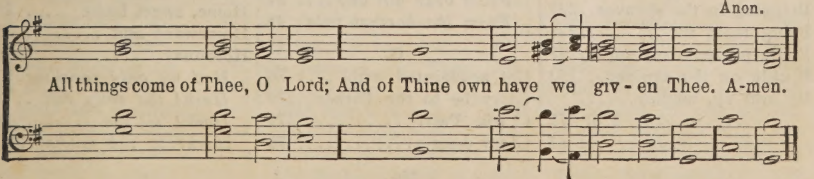
No. 280. The Lord's Prayer.

GREGORIAN.


1. Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; earth
Give us this day our dai-ly bread And forgive us as it is in heaven;
2. our debts, as
we for- give our debtors;
3. And lead us not into temptation, For Thine is the
but de- liv - er us from evil; kingdom, and the
power,and the glo-
ry, for- ev - er A - men.

No. 281. Presentation of Offering.

Anon.



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